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IN

NEW ENGLAND

TO THE HOMES OF FAMOUS MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE AND AMONG THEIR HAUNTS AND THE SCENES OF THEIR WRITINGS

BY

EDWIN M. BACON

AUTHOR OF "HISTORIC PILGRIMAGES IN NEW ENGLAND," "BACON'S DICTIONARY OF BOSTON," "WALKS AND RIDES IN THE COUNTRY ROUND ABOUT BOSTON," ETC.

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

J. H. Brensinger,
Dec. 20th 1902.
Jersey City, N.J.

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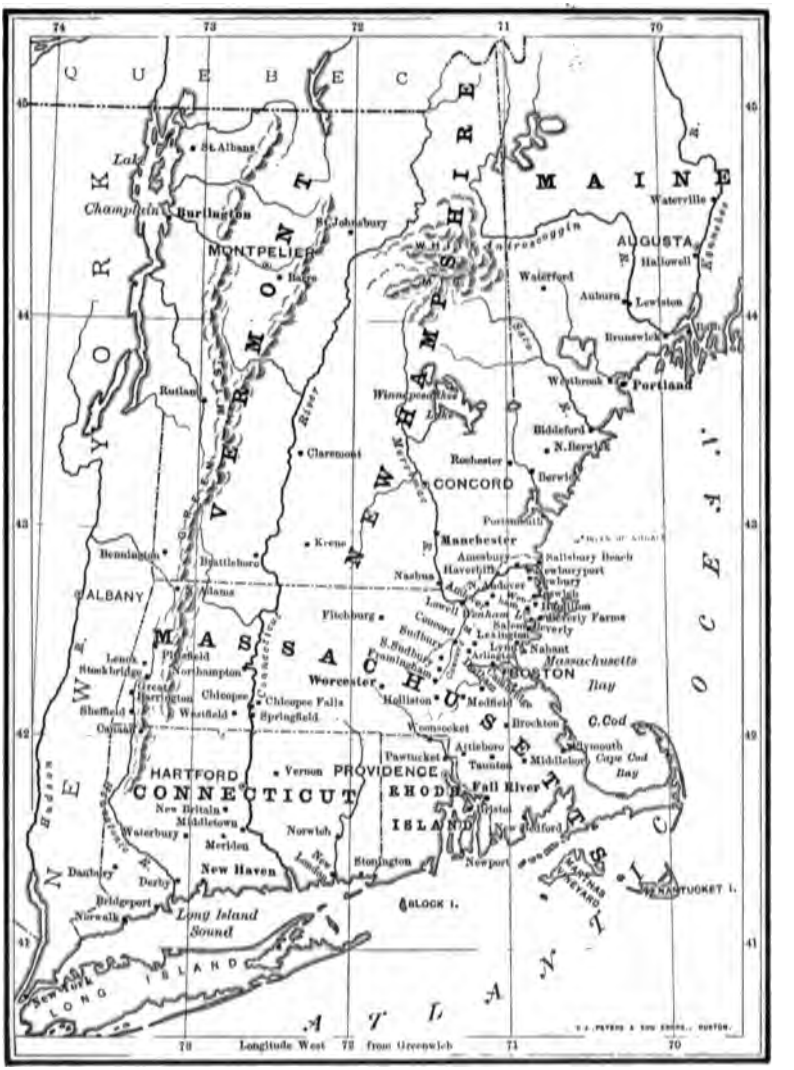

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LITERARY PILGRIMAGES.

I.

THE SCHEME.

On Train, June 1, 1902.

Arrive Boston late afternoon. Dine with me Parker's and talk it over.

Percy Denison.

This telegram was brought over to my old West End study by a natty lad in blue and brass buttons, at the very moment that I was engaged in "coaching" for the visit it announced.

I had been prepared for it by a letter previously received from my young Western friend, in which he had expressed his intention of coming East again for his summer vacation, and his desire to devote a fortnight to further Pilgrimages, under my guidance, similar to those that we had made together two years or so before, this time to literary rather than historic landmarks in New England. Ever since the receipt of this letter, I had been hard at work brushing up my own scattered knowledge of such landmarks, consulting authorities, and collecting, digesting, and condensing a mass of material, that I might, to some degree at least, meet his requirements. These were, as he put them, the story of the beginnings and development of American literature by New England writers, disclosed through visits to their landmarks, — the places where they lived and wrote, and the places about which they wrote, — together with something about their literary lives, their methods of work, and the influence of the leading ones, upon the literature of their day and time.

"In brief," wrote the charming fellow, as if his request were the simplest thing in the world to fill, "I want, through these Pilgrimages, to get the history of American literature so far as New Englanders have made it, from the beginning, as I got the history of the beginnings and development of our country through our Historic Pilgrimages."

It was a stupendous task which he thus jauntily outlined for me, and accordingly I awaited his coming with apprehension mingled with pleasant anticipations of his delightful companionship.

I met him at the appointed time, and was captivated by his appearance. He had grown since I last saw him from a handsome lad into a manly youth, long limbed, straight as an arrow, with an eager look in his bright eyes, a confident bearing, a buoyant air — a fine type of the high-bred American youth of to-day, who looks the world squarely in the face and frankly shows his liking for it, and his firm-fixed belief in his ability successfully to cope with it. He had got beyond the high school, he told me, and was now contemplating, with an easy assurance, the "preliminaries" he was next to encounter for his entrance to college.

We dined well, Percy proving an admirable host; and, as we dined, developed our scheme.

It was determined at the outset that it must spread over a wider field than that of the Historic Pilgrimages, since the landmarks which should be included were in widely separated parts of New England, and in groups short journeys apart. It should also embrace, so far as possible, the homes and haunts of all New England writers who have made a distinct mark in American literature since we have had a literature, if the story were to be obtained with an approach to fullness. With these general points settled, we speedily made up a schedule of routes covering parts of Eastern Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, Western Massachusetts, and Connecticut.

Since we should travel in all sorts of conveyances, by land

and by water, should do a good deal of walking, and should spend no more than a single night in any one place, we decided to reduce our luggage to the smallest compass, and to burden our hands with the fewest things. Percy, however, felt that he must take along his kodak, sketch-book, and field-glass as before; while I concluded to carry my note-books in a handleless cloth bag which I could tuck under my arm.

With these preliminaries at length arranged, we parted, to meet early the next morning, and make our start.

II.

ON ANDOVER HILL.

A serene old Academic Town. — Beginnings of the Andover Academies and the Theological Seminary. — Some famous academy boys. — Where "America" was written. — The Phillips Family. — Notable Andover professors: Leonard Woods, Eliphalet Pearson, Edwards A. Park, Moses Stuart, Austin Phelps. — Elizabeth Stuart and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Ward). — Story of "The Gates Ajar." — Harriet Beecher Stowe and her "Old Stone Cabin." — Her life and work there. — Her grave.

THE North Andover home of the pioneer woman-poet of America, led our list of ancient literary landmarks, but our first pilgrimage was to more modern landmarks in Andover proper. This was because the latter is reached on the railroad line out from Boston (the Boston and Maine system) before North Andover, and because the charms of the old Massachusetts academic town, with the literary flavor bestowed upon it by the scholars and writers who have dwelt within its shades, were of first interest to Percy, since he had heard of them in his Western home. He had yet to make acquaintance with gentle Anne Bradstreet's unique career of two and a half centuries ago.

Alighting at the Andover station, after a pleasant railroad journey of about twenty miles, we made our way direct to Andover Hill, — a short mile walk, — and here were at once in a scholastic atmosphere.

On either side of the broad, elm-lined, green-fringed thoroughfare, each set within ample grounds, we saw the institutions which have given Andover its wide fame, — Phillips (Andover) Academy, dating from the eighteenth century; Abbot

Academy, opened in 1829, the first academy incorporated in Massachusetts for the education of girls solely, as the earlier Franklin Academy, instituted in 1800, was the first to admit girls with boys; and Andover Theological Seminary, established in 1808, — the first divinity school in the country, and the first seminary of its kind in the world. And in close neighborhood with these institutions stood fine, old-fashioned, roomy, often stately, dwellings distinguished as the homes through long years of grave and learned professors, and of men and women of letters. As we strolled over the historic hill, Percy admired the older more than the newer buildings of the several educational groups, the sedate earlier architecture having, as he sagely pronounced, a dignity and impressiveness which the more ornate style of some, at least, of the later-day work failed to attain.

We tarried awhile at each institution, making a tour of the buildings under courteous volunteer guides, whose friendliness Percy won by his keen, fresh interest in everything pertaining to these establishments, and his intelligent, if rapid, questionings as to their history.

Phillips (Andover) Academy, the oldest of them all, was founded in 1778, and had its origin in a proposition which Samuel Phillips 3d, made to his father, Samuel Phillips 2d, and to his uncle, John Phillips, a founder of Phillips (Exeter) Academy. They were both men of wealth, and he, their sole heir, a young man "rising thirty," as Percy's informant quaintly expressed it, was just entering public life. They promptly took action upon his proposition to found a literary institution here for the education of youth. The Seminary for the training of ministers, founded thirty years later, Percy learned was originally engrafted on the Academy. Earliest among the Academy boys were two nephews of Washington, and sons of Richard Henry Lee and Josiah Quincy; with those of later years were Nathaniel P. Willis, Isaac McLellan, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Percy also heard much about the Phillips family, one of importance and distinction in its day, whose generous and repeated benefactions made these institutions possible. "They started here in Andover," said the same informant, "with the Rev. Samuel Phillips, — a great grandson of the Puritan George Phillips, first minister of Watertown, in 1630, — who came to the town in 1711 as the first minister of the South Parish, which included the earliest settlement about this hill-top. Samuel Phillips 2d and John Phillips, the founders of

OLD JUDGE PHILLIPS MANSION HOUSE.

the Academy, were his sons, and were both born here. William Phillips, another son, also born here, became a successful merchant in Boston; and his son was the rich William Phillips who was lieutenant governor of Massachusetts from 1812 to 1823, the second of the family to occupy that station. Samuel Phillips 2d became the Honorable Samuel, through his service as a representative and senator in the Revolutionary period. He married Elizabeth Barnard, a cousin to the minister of the North Parish, which included the first settlement of Andover, where Anne Bradstreet earlier lived. They had seven children.

"Their son Samuel Phillips 3d, the proposer of the Academy, also became prominent in public life. He was the first Lieut.-Governor Phillips, serving in 1801–'02. Samuel Phillips 3d married Phebe Foxcroft of Cambridge. She continued his benefactions to the Academy after his death, and became one of the founders of the Seminary, with her son, Colonel John Phillips (born in 1776). They erected its first two buildings. Colonel John Phillips married Lydia Gorham, a daughter of Judge Nathaniel Gorham of Charlestown, a member of the Continental Congress, and president of the convention that framed the Federal Constitution. Colonel John died suddenly in 1820, at the early age of forty-four, leaving his widow, at thirty-six, with thirteen children. One of their daughters, as the wife of William Gray Brooks of Boston, became the mother of the beloved Protestant Episcopal clergyman, the Bishop of Massachusetts, Phillips Brooks, and his three minister-brothers."

The story of the founding of the Seminary "to provide for the church a learned, orthodox, and pious ministry," was also given Percy in interesting outline. He was told of the difficulties encountered in its establishment, resulting in part from two distinct movements at the outset, to attain the same end, — one here, the other in Newburyport and Salem. It was partly due, also, to differences in the shadings of theological points between those who became concerned in the undertaking. In the Andover movement, developed by Eliphalet Pearson, the first preceptor of the Academy, were the united forces of Samuel Abbot, a wealthy Andover merchant; Madam Phebe Phillips, the widow of the founder of the Academy; her son, Colonel John Phillips, and others. The Newburyport and Salem movement was devised by two zealous Orthodox ministers, — the Rev. Dr. Samuel Spring of Newburyport, and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Hopkins of Salem, who were strenuous for the establishment of the institution in Newburyport, and with them were enlisted some wealthy men of those towns.

"While, however, the two parties differed as to details, and as to location," the story-teller continued, "both were agreed on the essential point, — the immediate need of a firmly rooted and thoroughly Orthodox training school for Orthodox ministers. For it was a time of theological upheavals, when Unitarianism had swept through many of the older Orthodox churches, and pervaded leading educational institutions. Professor Pearson, the Andover leader, had been professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages at Harvard for twenty years, and was at one time acting president of the college. He had lately resigned his position, upon the election of the Unitarian Professor, Samuel Webber, to the presidency of Harvard, which followed close upon the appointment of another Unitarian, the Rev. Henry Ware, to the Hollis professorship of divinity. At length, after much investigating and some compromising, the two movements were brought together harmoniously, and the institution was here planted. As finally arranged, the Andover projectors were designated 'Founders,' and the Newburyport and Salem men (William Bartlet and Moses Brown of Newburyport, and John Norris of Salem), who founded professorships, 'Associate Founders.'

"The Seminary opened with thirty-six students. Since that day thousands have been graduated and sent out over the land, and to foreign parts as missionaries, many attaining eminence in their fields. One of its graduates was Dr. Samuel F. Smith (born in Boston, 1808, — died, 1895), the author of 'America.' He wrote the hymn at Andover, in February, 1832, the last year of his student course, composing it in a short half-hour on a scrap of paper which he caught up from his table. It was written to fit some music which he found in a German music book, the same tune that the English adopted for 'God Save the King.' Dr. Lowell Mason then music master of Boston had given him the book from which to translate something for church choir or Sunday school singing. 'America' was first publicly sung at a children's celebration

of the Fourth of July, 1832, in the Park Street Church, in Boston. Dr. Smith also wrote while here his widely sung missionary hymn, 'The Morning Light is Breaking.' He was in Harvard in the brilliant class of 1829, of which Oliver Wendell Holmes was a member; and Holmes thus alludes to him in the famous lines on this class:

> 'And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
> Fate tried to crush him by naming him Smith.
> But he shouted a song for the brave and the free —
> Just read on his medal, "My country, of thee."'

"The Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods (born 1774, — died 1854), — father of the Leonard Woods, also doctor of divinity, who was the fourth president of Bowdoin College in Maine, — was the first head of the Seminary as Abbot professor of Christian Theology. Dr. Woods held his chair for thirty-eight years, and in his old age became professor emeritus. He was succeeded by Professor Edwards A. Park (born in Providence, R.I., 1809, — died in Andover, 1900), himself a graduate of the Seminary, and the first professor of Sacred Rhetoric, who as its uncompromising director for half a century gave great prominence to the institution. Professor Pearson (born in Newbury,

EDWARDS A. PARK.

Mass., 1752, — died in Greenland, N.H., 1826), who was the first professor of Natural Theology, or Sacred Literature, retired in 1810, and was succeeded by Professor Moses Stuart (born in Wilton, Conn., 1780, — died in Andover, 1852). Professor Stuart, whose services covered thirty-eight years, attained especial distinction for Biblical learning, and as a philologist. He was the author of that early Hebrew Grammar, published in 1821, the second edition of which, appearing ten years later, became the standard text-book for the study of Hebrew. Professor Park was succeeded in the chair of Sacred Rhetoric, when he took the leadership of the institution, by Professor Austin Phelps (born in West Brookfield, 1820, -- died at Bar Harbor, Me., 1890), whose notable service extended over thirty-one years."

At this point I remarked that Professor Stuart was the grandfather, and Professor Phelps the father, of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward (born in Boston, 1844), some of whose later stories I fancied Percy had read, to which he nodded assent. Of her most talked-of story, "The Gates Ajar," he confessed that he had never heard, although the book might be in the library at home. Since we were in the near neighborhood of the place where she did the work which made her known, I suggested that we take this next in order. Percy acquiescing, we crossed the campus and the thoroughfare, and came upon the dwelling, a comfortable white mansion of old-time aspect, pleasantly set a little back from the street, in a sightly spot, from the rear of which spread fine, distant views.

"This," I detailed, "was Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's home through her girlhood, from the age of two years to mature life. From her cultivated parents and grandparents, she inherited the genuine literary spirit; and from her mother came her special talent for story-writing. It was as natural that she should take to the pen, as that her brothers should follow the profession which their forebears had honored. She was Professor Phelps's eldest child, and the only daughter in a family

OLD ANDOVER HOME OF ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS (WARD).
(From "Chapters of a Life." By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.)

of five children. Her mother was Elizabeth Stuart, the oldest of Professor Moses Stuart's three daughters, all of whom were talented. She was agreeably known to readers of New England tales and juveniles in the forties and fifties, by her pen name of 'H. Trusta,' an anagram of her maiden name. She died in 1852, 'at the first blossom of her very positive and widely-promising success as a writer of simple home stories which took such a hold upon the popular heart. Her "Sunnyside" had reached already a circulation of an hundred thousand copies, and she was following it fast — too fast — by other books, for which the critics and the publishers clamored.' Such is the loving testimony of her daughter, and it is abundantly justified by the distinction which was accorded her in the literary field of her day. Besides 'Sunnyside,' 'The Angel Over the Right Shoulder,' and a 'Peep At Number Five,' 'lived,' as her daughter has said, 'before women had careers and public sympathy in them.' Professor Phelps next married her sister, Mary Stuart, who lived but a short married life, her death occurring in 1856. Subsequently he took a third wife, Miss Mary Johnson, daughter of a Boston merchant. The professor himself, though for years in delicate health, lived to a good old age. His published works embrace 'The Still Hour' (published in 1858), and his Andover lectures. He was a profound scholar and a refined gentleman. After her mother's death, Elizabeth was nearest to him; and she has thus engagingly borne witness to his learning and his kindly nature. 'He was my climate. . . . As soon as I began to think I began to reverence thought and study and the hard work of a man devoted to the high ends of a scholar's life. . . . His appreciation of the uses and graces of language very early descended like a mantle upon me. I learned to read and to love reading, not because I was made to, but because I could not help it. It was the atmosphere I breathed. Day after day the watchful girl observed the life of a student, — its scholarly tastes, its high ideals, its scorn

of worldliness and paltry aims or petty indulgences, and forever its magnificent habits of work.' She recalls his constant kindliness, his quiet direction of the studies of his children, the development of character in them, his easy conversations with them on great or profound subjects, such as 'time and eternity, theology and science, literature and art, invention and discovery.'

"Miss Phelps began to write when a girl, and she was but thirteen when she first saw her work in print. It was a pious little story, she calls it, published in the *Youth's Companion.* Her first money was made a little later from a contribution to 'some extremely orthodox young people's periodical,' for which she received two and a half dollars. Her first serious work, from which she dates the real beginning of her literary career, was a short war story, 'A Sacrifice Consumed,' written when she was about sixteen, and published in *Harper's Monthly.* For this she received twenty-five dollars on acceptance. She had kept the venture a profound secret. Even her father knew nothing of it; and when she placed before his eyes the editor's letter with the check, 'the pleasure on his expressive face was only equalled by its frank and unqualified astonishment.' After this she wrote pretty steadily. Her stories were accepted by various magazines, and she did much 'hack work,' including a lot of Sunday school books, some of them in sets of four volumes, written to order. Not a little of this work was accomplished before she left school, which was close upon her nineteenth birthday. Meanwhile hers had been a wholesome girlhood. She was an 'out-of-door girl,' entering joyously into the games of the seasons, — in winter skating, and coasting 'standing up on the biggest sled in town, down the longest hills, and on the fastest local record.'

"Then came 'The Gates Ajar,' remarkable for the time and its source. This was begun when she was approaching twenty-one, and was published in 1868, more than three years afterward. It brought her quick and widespread fame, together

with a storm of criticism from portions of the religious press because of its heterodoxy. Its almost startling frankness and freedom in attempting to describe the celestial life, its picturing in much detail a material heaven and the inhabitants thereof, led many to assume that its young author was moved by a deep motive, a hope, perhaps, of establishing a new religion or a new creed. But she herself, in after years, dispelled all such theories. If she had any object at all in its conception, she declared it was that she wished to say something that would comfort some few of the women whose misery crowded the land at the time she began the story, — the closing period of the Civil War. Quoting her own words (and I drew my note-book from my cloth bag): 'The country was dark with sorrowing women. The regiments came home, but the mourners went about the streets . . . It came to me, as I pondered these things in my own heart, that even the best and kindest forms of our prevailing beliefs had nothing to say to an afflicted woman that could help her much. . . . At this time . . . I had no interest at all in any special movement for the peculiar needs of women as a class. . . . I was taught the old ideas of womanhood in the old way, and had not to any important extent begun to resent them.'

"According to her custom, she said nothing to relative or friend about the work as it was progressing; and unknown to her father, she dedicated it to him, — 'To my father, whose life, like a perfume from beyond the Gates, penetrates every life which nears it, the readers of this little book will owe whatever pleasant things they may find within its pages.'

"Of the good man's reception of this dedication she relates these incidents, which illustrate his gentle delicacy and sweetness of disposition: In it 'there was a slip in good English; or, at least, in such English as the professor wrote and spoke. I had used the word "near" as a verb, instead of its proper synonym, "approaches." He read the dedication quietly, thanked me tenderly, and said nothing. It was left for me to find out

my blunder for myself, as I did in due time. [The word was changed in subsequent editions of the book.] He had not the heart to tell me of it then; nor did he insinuate his consciousness that the dedication might seem to involve him — as it did in certain citadels of stupidity — in the views of the book.'

"The story lay some time in her Boston publishers' hands; indeed, for two years, hanging meanwhile 'upon a delicate scale.' Then it ventured forth between covers; and one morning, not many weeks after, Miss Phelps received a cordial note from James T. Fields, of the publishing house, reporting that the book was 'moving grandly; it has already reached a sale of four thousand copies,' and enclosing a cheque for six hundred dollars — the largest sum upon which she had 'ever set her startled eyes.' Subsequently the American circulation, approaching one hundred thousand, was outrun by that of Great Britain, and translations appeared in French, German, and Dutch. Nearly twenty years later 'The Gates Between,' of similar nature, but more mature, appeared. Her popular story, 'Hedged In,' published in 1870, was also written here in Andover; and other work was done which sustained her fame. Andover and this old house remained her home until her marriage with Herbert

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

D. Ward, in 1888, when she removed first to Gloucester, by the sea, and afterward to Newton, near Boston."

This long monologue began as we stood contemplating the "white mansion," and continued while we afterward strolled up and down the neighboring sidewalk under the elms to avoid the suspicious observation of passers. It was drawn out by Percy's ardent desire for every detail and his flattering attention to it all, which showed him to be a model listener. At its finish he proposed that we make bold to call at the house, and, frankly stating our interest in its literary associations, ask to be permitted to look into the study where Miss Phelps — and perhaps her mother before her — had written. But this was not worth while, for there was no one special room where either of them wrote. "Till after the publication of 'The Gates Ajar,'" I recalled, "Mrs. Ward has said that she had no place by herself, except her little room at the back of the house, with its one window over-looking the garden, unheated in winter. Accordingly she was obliged to write where she could. Sometimes she worked in the large dining-room while the boys were at play there. Sometimes, to escape the noise of the house, she stole up to the attic with pen and paper, or into some unfrequented closet; or, in summer time, to a hay-mow in the barn. At last, after 'The Gates Ajar' appeared and many orders came to her as a result of its popularity, she secured a study in a sunny room in the farmhouse of the Seminary estate, then next to the 'white mansion'; and in later years she made her workshop in 'a built-over summer house under a big elm in the garden,' which her mother had once used for a study."

Since it was nearing the luncheon hour we recrossed the campus, and walked through the avenue of elms along the front of the Seminary buildings, which many a theologue has paced in deep meditation, wrestling with solemn problems. Our steps were directed to the Mansion House on the west side of the boundary road.

While awaiting the mid-day meal we looked about the older part of the hostelry. "For this," I observed, "is historic as the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe (born 1811 — died 1896) during her husband's service in the Seminary as professor of Sacred Literature, from 1852 to 1863. When the Stowes took the house it was known as the Old Stone Workshop, having been in earlier days used by Seminary and Academy students in fashioning packing boxes and wheelbarrows; and for a few years just preceding their occupancy it had been utilized as the Seminary gymnasium. They transformed it into a delightful home, and it became famous as a literary center, where were graciously entertained many persons of distinction abroad, as well as in our own country. The Stowes gave it the name of 'The Cabin.'"

At this Percy exclaimed with animation, "So it was here that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was written."

"No. But the 'Key' to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' giving the original facts, documents, anecdotes, and other data on which the celebrated book was based, was written here. So was 'Dred,' the complement to 'Uncle Tom's' in which Mrs. Stowe utilized material collected for the 'Key.' This story was suggested by a negro insurrection in Virginia, in 1831, led by one 'Nat' Turner, one of the principals being named 'Dred.' Here, too, were written 'The Minister's Wooing,' and, 'The Pearl of Orr's Island.' And that story of Italy, 'Agnes of Sorrento,' begun in Florence, was completed here. 'Uncle Tom's' was composed, for the most part, in Brunswick, Maine, where the Stowes were living previous to their coming to Andover, while Professor Stowe occupied a chair in Bowdoin College. We shall find some of its 'landmarks' upon our pilgrimage to that pleasant college town later on."

We had to imagine what the old stone house was in the Stowes' day, for the changes in the interior have been radical. Mrs. Ward's slight description of it as it appeared in her girlhood helped us to picture it to the mind's eye with its "long par-

lor running the full width of the house, whose deep embrasured window-seats seemed to me only less wonderful than the soft and brightly-colored, rather worldly-looking pillows with which these attractive nooks were generously filled. There were flowers always, and a bower of ivy made summer of the eternal Andover winters in the stone house; and there were merry boys and girls, — Mrs. Stowe was the most unselfish and loving of mothers, — and there were always dogs, big and little, curly and straight. . . . It was an open, hospitable house, human and hearty and happy."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
(From portrait at Phillips (Andover) Academy.)

With the surroundings here Mrs. Stowe was charmed. During her first summer (in 1852), she wrote her husband, who was still in Brunswick, and part of the season in Cincinnati: "What a beautiful place it is! . . . Yesterday I was out all the forenoon sketching elms. There is no end to the beauty of these trees. I shall fill my book with them before I get through."

"The Stowes," I went on to relate, "came to Andover flushed with the phenomenal success, financial and literary, of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which had first appeared in book form

the preceding spring, after its run through the *National Era*, in Washington, as a serial. Within four months from the day of its issue, it had paid the author ten thousand dollars in royalties, lifting her suddenly from comparative poverty and hardships to something quite resembling affluence, while her fame was spreading over the world. Within its first year one hundred and twenty editions of the book, or over three hundred thousand copies, had been issued and sold in this country; while in Great Britain and the colonies over one and a half million copies were circulated in the same period. Numerous cheap London editions were published; and, though there was no international copyright then, some honorable publishers offered the author interests in their sales. Translations were also issued in nineteen different languages—Armenian, Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish, French, German, Hungarian, Illyrian, Italian, Polish, Portuguese, Romaic or Modern Greek, Russian, Servian, Spanish, Wallachian, and Welsh. Nothing like the success of this book in so wide a field had been chronicled in the history of modern literature.

"From this house Mrs. Stowe started for her first visit to Europe, in 1853, that triumphal journey through Scotland and England, during which she, her husband, and her brother, the Rev. Charles Beecher, were guests of friends of the cause of emancipation in the United Kingdom. A second trip abroad was made after the completion of 'Dred' in the summer of 1856, this time begun with quite a family party, including her husband, as before, her two eldest daughters, her oldest son, Henry, and her sister, Mrs. Mary Beecher Perkins. During this visit courtesies more marked even than on the first one were extended to her. In England she was received by the Queen, and formed acquaintance with 'divers of her lords and ladies.' She was the guest of the Duke of Argyll at Inverary Castle in the Highlands; spent some days at Dunrobin Castle, where 'everything was like a fairy story;' received distinguished attentions in Edinburgh and other parts; back

in England was entertained at numerous lovely country seats, and visited the family of Charles Kingsley and other literary lights. Meanwhile 'Dred' was proving a quick financial success there, one hundred thousand copies having sold in four weeks; while, as Mrs. Stowe wrote home, the critical journals, and the newspapers, pretty generally, were attacking it, both from a literary and a religious point of view.

"In the late autumn Mrs. Stowe with her party crossed the Channel, and settled for the winter in Paris, for the express purpose of studying French. Professor Stowe had some time previously returned to his professional duties, followed later by their son Henry, who went back to enter Dartmouth College. Afterward the party made leisurely journeys into Italy, tarrying for some time at Rome, Naples, and Venice, and finally returned home to Andover, after an absence of a year.

"Almost immediately after her return, with a heart full, and her mind crowded with pleasant memories, Mrs. Stowe received a crushing blow in the death of the son Henry, drowned while bathing in the Connecticut River at Hanover, N.H., at the close of his Freshman year in Dartmouth. This sorrowful event inspired her touching poem, 'Only a Year.' The young man's grave was made here in Andover in the Seminary burying ground, in the lot which became the Stowes' family lot and the burial place forty years after of his gifted mother.

"In the summer of 1859 Mrs. Stowe left this Andover home for her third and last European tour, accompanied by her husband and all her children, except the youngest, Charles. The early winter following was spent in Italy; and while in Rome she formed a warm friendship with the Brownings. It was during this visit that she wrote out, in Florence, the rough sketch of 'Agnes of Sorrento,' finished and published four years later, in 1863, the last year of the life in this 'Stone Cabin.' From here the family moved to Hartford, Conn., where Mrs. Stowe's remaining years were spent."

"Dinner" was called before I had finished this long narra-

tion. Afterward we crossed over to the Seminary burying-ground near by and Percy copied the brief inscription on the modest monument over Mrs. Stowe's grave, close to the marble cross marking that of her beloved son Henry.

Completing with this our round of old Andover literary landmarks, we returned to the main thoroughfare, and taking an open trolley car which soon came down the way, — decorously, as befitted these serene, scholastic parts, — we began our little journey to North Andover, the home of Anne Bradstreet.

III.

AT THE HOME OF ANNE BRADSTREET.

The ancient Bradstreet homestead. — Where the first American woman-poet wrote. — Her volume of verses and its reception. — Her family. — Colonel Dudley Bradstreet and the witchcraft delusion. — After-history of the old house. — Simeon Putnam's boarding-school. — Story of Anne Bradstreet's life. — The old Phillips manse.

It was an agreeable short hour's ride through Andover village and into more rural parts, finishing a short distance beyond the North Andover railway station. At this point the old Boston and Haverhill road makes a sharp turn, disclosing the ancient Bradstreet place on the left, and just above, on the opposite side, the more stately Phillips manse, in later years the summer home of Phillips Brooks. As we left the car by the Bradstreet house, which presented a side to the road, Percy's eye took in the pleasing prospect round about it, a spread of fair fields over a rolling country and distant woodlands.

From a swing-gate in the old-fashioned fence we followed the short path to the front door, which opened to our ring, and gave us hospitable entrance; for we were happily accompanied by a friend of its occupants, themselves lineal descendants of one of the old Andover families, in whose possession the estate has been for a long period.

We were received into the comfortable "keeping-room," which opened at the right from the narrow entry, with its small windows on the front and side, its deep fireplace in the massive, strongly-buttressed chimney running up through the middle of the house, and its old style furnishings harmonizing

with the ancient frame. And as we sat in this rare room, dating back to early colonial times, Percy was told the story of the house, our kind hosts embellishing, from their store of family traditions, the record drawn largely from the "Historical Sketches of Andover," by Sarah Loring Bailey, whose birthplace this homestead was.

Thus ran the tale. The house was built presumably about 1667, in place of the original house which Simon, Anne Bradstreet's husband, erected on the same site twenty and more years before, when his family moved here from Ipswich. That house was burned to the ground on a July night of 1666, with most of its contents, — furniture brought out from England, family portraits and heirlooms, and a library of eight hundred volumes, a rare thing in the early Puritan homes. The lamentable event moved Mistress Anne Bradstreet to some "Verses Upon the Burning of Our House, July 10th, 1666," of which the following are samples:

"In silent night when rest I took
For sorrow neer I did not look,
I waken'd was with thundring nois
And Piteous shreiks of dreadfull voice.
That fearfull sound of fire and fire
Let no man know is my Desire.

I starting up, the light did spye,
And to my God my heart did cry
To strengthen me in my Distresse
And not to leave me succourlesse.
Then coming out beheld a space,
The flame consume my dwelling place.

. . . . . .

Then streight I 'gin my heart to chide,
And did thy wealth on earth abide?
Did'st fix thy hope on mouldring dust,
The arm of flesh didst make thy trust?
Raise up thy thoughts above the skye
That dunghill mists away may flie.

Thou hast an house on high erect,
Framed by that mighty Architect,
With glory richly furnished,
Stands permanent tho: this bee fled.
It's purchased, and paid for too
By him who hath enough to doe.

. . . . . .

Anne Bradstreet (born in England, 1612[13]) lived in this house only about five years, for she died in the autumn of 1672, at

OLD BRADSTREET HOUSE.

the age of sixty. A year afterward Simon Bradstreet removed to Salem, probably relinquishing the homestead to their third son, Dudley, who had just married. He was the only son then remaining in Andover.

Dudley Bradstreet became a leading man of affairs. He served successively as a selectman of the town; a representa-

tive in the General Court; a colonel of militia; one of the Council of Safety between 1689 and 1692, when his father was governor; and a magistrate. During the witchcraft delusion of 1692, after granting a number of warrants for the apprehension of proclaimed "witches," he checked the frenzy. He drew up and headed a plea for a number of Andover women, who had been terrorized into confession of witchcraft, asserting his belief in their innocence. Then he himself was accused of having practiced witchcraft, and had to fly from this home and hide till the delusion was dispelled. His wife was also "named" as a suspected "witch."

In March of 1698, when the Indians fell upon Andover, this house was attacked by a band of forty, and its inmates were "dragged out into the wintry air to see their neighbors' houses in flames, and the snow stained with the blood of their townspeople." A remembered act of kindness by the magistrate, some years before, to one Indian of the band, happily saved the family from slaughter; and after being carried off about fifty rods to a secluded spot, they were released unharmed.

Colonel Dudley died in 1702; and a few years afterward the old house was purchased for the Rev. Thomas Barnard, minister of the First Parish, the parsonage having been burned down in 1707. Thereafter it was the home of First Parish ministers till into the nineteenth century. Its last ministerial occupant in direct line was the Rev. Dr. William Symmes, the fifth minister, a great grandson of Zachariah Symmes, first minister of Charlestown, who came out with Winthrop's company in 1630. After Dr. Symmes's death it became the summer home of John Norris of Salem, one of the Associate Founders of the Andover Seminary.

A little later a boarding-school was kept here by Simeon Putnam, a famous schoolmaster of his day; and the neighbors used to tell of the grass "worn smooth by the roadside, where he kept the idlers and dunces sitting to con their tasks, a spectacle to passers by." The room in which we were sitting

was the schoolroom; and one of its windows long bore this rhyme cut upon it by one of the boys: —

> "Stranger, these tainted walls depart,
> Within are fetters to a freeman's heart!"

Cut on the glass, also, were formerly the autographs of two boys who afterward took creditable rank, the one in business, the other in professional life, — Amos A. Lawrence, who became an eminent Boston merchant, and Chandler Robbins, tenth minister of the Second Church of Boston, succeeding Ralph Waldo Emerson in the pulpit of Increase, Cotton, and Samuel Mather of Puritan days.

The old place has had its day as a "haunted" house, and it is related that its "ghost" once made "a frightful clattering" in the chamber of a young negro servant.

Now the treasured volume from which the verses on the burning of the first house had been quoted was again produced; and Percy was given Mistress Anne Bradstreet's story, with further samples of her work.

She was the eldest daughter, and second child, of Thomas Dudley, the first deputy governor, and afterward governor of the Massachusetts Colony. When a girl of sixteen she was married to Simon Bradstreet, nine years her elder; and she was but eighteen when she came out from England to the new country with her father, mother, and husband, to begin the hard life of a colonist. Her young girlhood had been spent amid gentle surroundings, and with exceptional advantages, at the Earl of Lincoln's castle of Sempspringham, her father having become steward of the earl's estate when she was about six years old. She early displayed literary tastes, which she cultivated, as is evident from her poems, through poetical and historical studies pursued with unusual diligence for one of her age and her sex in those days of unlearned womanhood.

Bradstreet was also in the Earl of Lincoln's family and under Dudley's care, having been taken into the household

when he was sixteen or seventeen years old, two or three years after the death of his father, who was a Nonconformist minister of Lincolnshire. The girl and the youth were thus "brought up" together. For a while Bradstreet served as steward during Dudley's absence in Boston, Lincolnshire, where the latter became acquainted with the minister of St. Botolph's church, John Cotton, afterward the honored minister of Boston in New England. When Bradstreet married Anne Dudley, however, he was steward of the Countess of Warwick.

The Dudleys and Bradstreets all came out to America presumably on the *Arbella*, the "flag-ship" of Governor Winthrop's "fleet," with the other principal folk, for Dudley had been elected deputy governor, and Bradstreet was of the "Court of Assistants," before the sailing from England. The two were of the leaders who began the settlement at Newe Towne, which became Cambridge, and each built a substantial house there. In 1635 they were among the settlers at Ipswich. In 1639 Dudley moved to Roxbury, where he lived during the remainder of his life. Two or three years later, sometime before 1644, Bradstreet moved to the plantation about the Cochichewick River, which became Andover, and of which his family were among the first settlers. It was about this time, it is conjectured, that the first Bradstreet house here was built.

Anne Bradstreet wrote at first for her own pleasure and that of her family and friends, with no thought of publishing. As the Rev. John Woodbridge said in the preface to the first edition of her poems, they were "the fruit of but some few houres curtailed from her sleep and other refreshment," and they were at that time brought to public view without her knowledge and contrary to her expectation. Woodbridge described her as "a woman honoured, and esteemed where she lives, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her family occasions."

FACSIMILE OF ANNE BRADSTREET'S HANDWRITING.

But while she was accorded all these virtues, her neighbors, or some of them, evidently criticised her literary proclivities, for she wrote in "The Prologue": —

> "I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
> Who says my hand a needle better fits,
> A Poets pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
> For such despite they cast on Female wits:
> If what I do prove well, it won't advance,
> They'l say it's stoln, or else it was by chance."

John Woodbridge was the first ordained minister of the Andover church; and he was closely connected with the Bradstreets, having married Anne's sister, Mercy Dudley, in 1639. Going back to England for a visit in 1647, it is assumed that he took his sister-in-law's manuscript poems with him and there arranged for their publication; for the first edition, a volume in small 16mo, appeared in 1650 while he was in London. The prefatory address "To the Reader," and the introductory poetical address "To my dear Sister the Author of these Poems," are both evidently from his pen.

Poetical tributes to the author were also printed in the introductory pages. Among them were words from the Rev. Nathaniel Ward of Ipswich, author of the unique "Simple Cobler of Aggawam," who was Mrs. Bradstreet's minister and neighbor when she was living in Ipswich; and from the Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge, brother of the Rev. John, like him a first settler of Andover, whose name stands first on the list of Harvard graduates. Later fulsome praise was given her work by learned leaders. John Rogers, president of Harvard from 1682 to 1684, and earlier a minister of Ipswich, whose wife was a niece of Mistress Anne, wrote that "twice drinking of the nectar of her lines" left him "weltering in delight." Cotton Mather in his "Magnalia" referred to her poems, "divers times printed," as having "afforded a grateful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles."

The second edition, like the first a 16mo, contained the author's revisions and some later productions, as the title-page states. It was brought out in Boston six years after her death, by John Foster, who had issued the first book ever printed in Boston.

Another edition appeared also in Boston, in 1758, but without a publisher's name. This was a reprint of the second edition in large form. A century later, in 1867, all of her extant writings were brought together by John Harvard Ellis, and published under the title of "The Works of Anne Bradstreet in Prose and Verse," Mr. Ellis supplying a valuable historical introduction. The volume is a handsome quarto, bearing the imprint of Abram E. Cutter, Charlestown; and the edition was limited to two hundred and fifty numbered copies. The prose section is arranged under the titles of "Religious Experiences and Occasional Pieces" and "Meditations Divine and Moral," the latter in seventy-seven paragraphs. The poems were reproduced from the second edition; and the miscellaneous prose writings printed from a precious relic preserved by Mrs. Bradstreet's descendants, — a small manuscript book which belonged to her. This contains the "Meditations" in her own handwriting, some verses on two sides of a leaf also in her handwriting, and several pages in her son Simon's handwriting, being a copy of another manuscript book of hers. The book includes, also, a Latin translation of the first few "Meditations," and their dedication, by a great-grandson, the Rev. Simon Bradstreet, minister in Marblehead for a goodly period from 1738. Mr. Ellis gives a facsimile of Mistress Bradstreet's handwriting, which Percy was shown. He was able to decipher it in parts, when he had mastered the odd spelling and had overcome the confusion of the old style *ss* with the *fs*.

This piece was written, as the date indicates, in the Andover home. But most of the poems which were printed in the first London edition were written before the removal of the family

hither. The more extended poems were probably composed in the Ipswich home, and the earliest writings, perhaps, were done in the home in "Newe Town." Possibly a few of the "divers pleasant and serious poems" were written here in Andover; but this home is associated especially with the author's more mature work.

Anne Bradstreet was a most devout woman, almost morbidly conscientious, and her piety is reflected in her writings. She was much an invalid; and, as Mr. Ellis says, she "looked upon her various maladies as tokens of divine displeasure at her thoughtlessness and wrong-doing." In her little address to her "dear children," which has been termed her autobiography, she writes: "After some time I fell into a lingering sicknesse like a consumption, together with a lamenesse, which correction I saw the Lord sent to humble and try me and doe me Good: and it was not altogether ineffectual." And again: "Among all my experiences of God's gracious Dealings with me I have constantly observed this, that he hath never suffered me long to sitt loose from him, but by one affliction or other hath made me look home and search what was amisse — so usually thus it hath been with me that I have expected correction from it, which most commonly hath been upon my own person, in sicknesse, weakness, paines" . . . and so on.

Her pleasantest verses, disclosing the most poetic feeling, were on domestic subjects, and on nature and the rural scenes about her Andover home, or by the banks of the Merrimac. This, for example, from her "Contemplations":

> "Then on a stately Oak I cast mine eye,
> Whose russling top the Clouds seem'd to aspire;
> How long since thou wast in thine Infancy?
> Thy strength and stature, more thy years admire,
> Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born?
> Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell of horn,
> If so, all these are nought, eternity doth scorn.
>
> . . . . . .

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black clad Cricket, bear a second part,
They kept one tune, and plaid on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little Art.
Shall creatures abject, thus their voices raise?
And in their kind resound their maker's praise:
While I as mute, can warble forth no higher layes.

. . . . . .

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm
Close sat I by a goodly Rivers side,
Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;
A lovely place, with pleasures dignified.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell."

Mistress Bradstreet was the mother of eight children, three of whom were born in Andover. Among her descendants were the celebrated preacher William Ellery Channing, the poet Richard Henry Dana, the elder, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Wendell Phillips.

Four years after her death, Simon Bradstreet took a second wife, Anne Downing Gardner of Salem, a widow of six months only. Her first husband, Captain Joseph Gardner, had been killed in the Great Swamp Fight with the Narragansett Indians in December, 1675: this second marriage occurred in June 1676. Bradstreet then established his home in the house built years before by his new wife's father, Emanuel Downing, Governor Winthrop's brother-in-law. This building long remaining a landmark, came to be known as the old Salem Bradstreet house, and it stood on the lot now owned by the Salem Athenæum. Simon Bradstreet lived twenty-one years longer, serving as deputy governor, and as governor, thirteen years in all, and died in his Salem home full of honors, at the age of ninety-four.

"Ah, yes," Percy here spoke up, "these interesting facts came out during our historic pilgrimage to Salem." And he

ANCIENT BURYING GROUND AT NORTH ANDOVER.

recalled that the widow Gardner was the sister of that George Downing, a member of the first class graduating at Harvard College, who went to England, engaged in politics there, married well, became Sir George Downing, Bart., and, serving successfully two masters, held the post of ambassador to The Hague under Cromwell first and Charles II. afterward. Percy further recalled that the Downing farm in Brooksby, now Peabody, became the farm of John Procter, one of the most prominent of the martyrs to the witchcraft delusion.

Our talk finished, we were shown other rooms of the stout old house, and its various quaint features; and then we reluctantly took our departure, heartily thanking our new friends for the rich treat they had afforded us. We next strolled across the fields to the ancient burying-ground near by the site of the first meeting-house, where vague tradition intimates that Anne Bradstreet's grave was made. But if it were here, no sign of it remains. In fact, the best authorities agree that her burial-place is absolutely unknown.

Coming back along the old road, we stopped and admired the still handsome gambrel-roofed Phillips manse, which Judge Samuel Phillips built in 1735. Here his distinguished great-grandson, Phillips Brooks, spent much of his boyhood; and in later years, as we know, it became the bishop's summer home. In the south-east parlor, so Percy was told, Washington was once received by Madam Phebe Phillips and her friends. It was this good lady, he was reminded, who so generously continued the family benefactions to the Academy on Andover Hill, and was herself a founder of the Seminary. In the words of contemporaries, she "was graced with every social accomplishment," and her "style of conversation surpassed that of any one, male or female, in this country."

A ten-minute walk brought us to the railway station, and after a short wait we took the train for Haverhill.

IV.

IN WHITTIER'S COUNTRY.

Along the poet's beloved Merrimac.— Points about Haverhill celebrated in his poems.— The old homestead where he was born.— Scenes made memorable by him.— Pictures from "Snow Bound": the family group about the great fireplace.— Life on the farm.— Early poems under the influence of Burns.— The first poem in print.— First meeting of Whittier and Garrison at the homestead.— The poet's earlier editorial work.

At Haverhill we were in Whittier's country. Alongside the little hill-city winds the beloved Merrimac which the poet has made classic, the scene of "The Bridal of Pennacook," "The Exiles," "The Norseman," and other favorite poems; the river of which he sang:

> "Home of my fathers! — I have stood
> Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood:
> Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
> Along his frowning Palisade;
> Looked down the Appalachian peak
> On Juniata's silver streak;
> Have seen along his valley gleam
> The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
> The level light of sunset shine
> Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;
> And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
> Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
> Yet whereso'er his step might be,
> Thy wandering child looked back to thee!"

The city itself was the frontier village called by the Indians Pentucket, the scene of the midnight massacre of 1708 portrayed in his poem of "Pentucket."

Where now is the thickening town, stood Hugh Tallant's "Sycamores,"

> "In the outskirts of the village
> On the river's winding shores,"

those "Occidental plane-trees" which "the rustic Irish gleeman," the first Irishman in Haverhill, planted early in the seventeenth century, in front of his master's mansion.

In the town center was the Haverhill Academy where the poet got his "higher education," in two short terms of six months each in 1827 and 1828, paying his own way through the first term by his earnings from making slippers, — hence his sometime sobriquet of "the shoemaker poet," — and through the second term by wages earned in school-teaching and in keeping books for a Haverhill storekeeper. So closely did he calculate every item of expense at the outset, his biographer, Mr. Pickard says, "that he knew before the beginning of the term that he would have twenty-five cents to spare at its close, and he actually had this sum of money in his pocket when his half year of study was over." For the dedicatory exercises of the Academy, of which he was among the first pupils, he contributed an ode which gave him "a certain social and literary distinction at the start;" while already, though under twenty, he had a local reputation as a rising poet.

In East Haverhill lies Kenoza Lake, the "Great Pond" of the poet's boyhood, upon which he bestowed the Indian name which signifies pickerel, in his poem of "Kenoza Lake," dedicating its shores to public park uses.

And beyond, farther out in East Haverhill, the original East Parish, still in rural parts, is the Whittier homestead, the poet's birthplace.

We could take a trolley-car at the railway station direct for this shrine; but Percy wished, first, to stroll a little about the city, and see some of the spots commemorated by the poet, as I had been describing.

The walk finished, we boarded our car in Washington Square. It was a three-mile ride out; and the route carried us through a pleasant residential section of the city, and into the open country. At length, after a succession of turns in the leafy road, — it was the old Haverhill and Amesbury highway, — the conductor called our "station" — "Whittier house;" — and

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, HAVERHILL.

to the left, a few rods back from the highway, the ancient homestead appeared in picturesque setting, while by the road-side loomed up a massive granite guidepost, or tablet, marking the place.

As we approached it by the crossroad on the east side, Percy expressed surprise at its well-preserved appearance, having heard that it was more than two centuries old. I related with much satisfaction how the homestead had been saved, its surroundings restored as near as possible to their original condition, and

opened to the public "that thereby the memory of and love for the poet and the man may be cherished and perpetuated."

"This was accomplished," I related, "through the worthy act of a citizen of Haverhill, the late Hon. James H. Carleton, in purchasing the estate soon after Whittier's death in 1892, and transferring it by deed of gift to the Haverhill Whittier Club, which has carried out his wishes as expressed therein. It was Mr. Carleton's desire that the natural features of the landscape should be preserved, and this has been done so far as possible. But nature has effected certain changes, as you will see when we compare the present setting with that of Whittier's boyhood and youth, as described by the poet himself, and by his biographer." And we stopped in the road, Percy's eye roaming over the scene spread about him, while I read these descriptions from my notebook. First, the poet's, given in one of his early prose sketches, "The Fish I Didn't Catch:"

"The house was surrounded by woods in all directions save to the south-east, where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista of low green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland. Through these, a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky falls by our garden-side, wound silently and scarcely visible, to a still larger stream, known as the Country Brook. This brook in its turn, after doing duty at two or three saw and grist mills, the clack of which we could hear in still days across the intervening woodlands, found its way to the great river, and the river took it up and bore it down to the great sea."

Then the biographer's filling in of the picture: —

"Job's Hill, named for an Indian chief of the neighborhood, its great dome now almost bare of trees, in Whittier's youth well covered with giant oaks, rises so steeply from the right bank at the foot of the garden that it is difficult for many rods to get a foothold. . . . From the left bank of the noisy brook the garden lot sloped gently upward toward the front of the house, till it met a terrace upon which were the flower garden and the well with its ancient sweep. . . . Between the brook and the house [which faces south-east] was a row of butternuts, walnuts, and maples, and at the gateway stood picturesque Lombardy poplars. . . . On the oppo-

site side of the road [this crossroad] were the barn, a granary, and an ancient shop once supplied with a forge. The barn was built . . . when the poet was thirteen years of age. The old barn, on the same side of the road with the house [and behind it], stood for some years after the erection of the new one. Mr. Whittier once told the writer that the old barn had no doors, and the winter winds whistled through it, and snow drifted upon its floors, for more than a century. The horses and cattle were but slightly protected in their stalls and 'tie up.' This was the early practice throughout New England. . . . The pioneers and their descendants for four or five generations adopted the policy of "toughening" themselves by exposure to cold, and they saw no reason for making their cattle more comfortable than themselves. . . . Almost two centuries passed away before barns were made comfortable, and flannels and overcoats ceased to be regarded as extravagances. . . . The 'new barn' . . was built with most of our modern conveniences. [It has since been doubled in length, but the end toward the road is practically unchanged.]"

Of the features that are still preserved Percy found most charming the brook, wandering through the grounds and gliding beneath the bridge on our crossroad. The stone wall between the brook and the gateway attracted him particularly when he learned that the boy Whittier had helped to build it, and that it was the "garden wall" of "The Barefoot Boy" —

> "Laughed the brook for my delight
> Through the day and through the night,
> Whispering at the garden wall,
> Talked with me from fall to fall."

And it was the same garden wall that is alluded to in "Telling the Bees," the scene, in detail, of the homestead. The beehives were on the terrace near the now restored well-sweep, —

> ". . . . . ranged in the sun;
> And down by the brink
> Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed o'errun,
> Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

The tall poplars by the house have disappeared, but some of the other trees yet remain.

Then we passed through the gateway, noting at its left the stone "bridle-post" mentioned in "Snow Bound," when the old familiar sights about the farm took marvelous shapes from the snow —

> "The bridle-post an old man sat
> With loose flung coat and high cocked hat" —

and stepping up to the corner porch, we entered the house.

The porch gave directly upon the great kitchen of generous width, and extending almost the entire length of the house, thirty-six feet. Here the restoration to its condition and fittings of eighty years ago appeared to be quite complete, and Percy's first sweeping glance over "the old rude-furnished room" filled him with delight. Here in the massive chimney, around which the house is built after the fashion of the ancient Bradstreet house in North Andover, was the huge fireplace, eight feet wide, with the old crane and its trammels swinging at one side; the oven at the back on the other side, and the Turk's head andirons, where —

> "We piled, with care, our nightly stack
> Of wood against the chimney-back, —
> The oaken log, green, huge and thick,
> And on its top the stout back-stick;
> The knotty forestick laid apart,
> And filled between with curious art
> The ragged brush; then, hovering near
> We watched the first red blaze appear,
> Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
> On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
> Until the old rude-furnished room
> Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom."

Against the opposite wall was the cupboard, alluded to in "Yankee Gypsies," in the "Literary Recreations." Close by stood the stout old kitchen table, upon which "the mother" and "the girls" prepared the bakings for the oven. Scattered about were the furniture and the family heirlooms restored to

their old places. Off from the porch entrance by the eastern window, where it had stood an hundred years before Whittier's day, was the ancient desk of the great grandfather, the first Joseph Whittier, at which the poet wrote his earliest verses, his momentous pamphlet on slavery, "Justice and Expediency," and many of his earlier sketches.

At the farther northwest corner, a step or two above the kitchen floor, opened the "mother's room," furnished, we supposed, as in the time of this sweet woman. In the southwest corner, and at the front of the house, opened the "spare room," sometimes used as a parlor, Mr. Pickard tells us, and sometimes as a bedroom, in which on December 17, 1807, our poet was born. In the southeast corner, and at the front, opened the family sitting room. Both these rooms, as we afterward saw, opened also into the little front entry, from which the steep front stairs, turning against the back of the chimney, as in the Bradstreet house, ascend to the second story. A straight flight of back stairs, almost as steep as a ladder, reach up from the western porch. In the second story was the "boys' chamber," where —

> "Within our beds awhile we heard
> The wind that round the gables roared,
> With now and then a ruder shock,
> Which made our very bedsteads rock.
> We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
> The board-nails snapping in the frost;
> And on us, through the unplastered wall,
> Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.
> But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
> When hearts are light and life is new."

On this floor are four other chambers, roughly or partially finished, these, and the "boys' chamber," all grouped around a larger and unfinished one. Above is the attic, with its rafters studded with nails and pegs, from which, as Mr. Pickard pleasantly pictures it, "five generations of careful Quakers have

suspended braids of seedcorn, bunches of medicinal herbs, and all the articles to which the ancient New England attic is consecrate, and on the floors of which the boys of two centuries have spread butternuts, walnuts and acorns around the great chimney."

Sitting in the old kitchen, with a copy of "Snow Bound" before us, and my note-book of extracts and memoranda for

KITCHEN, WHITTIER HOMESTEAD.

ready reference, we pictured the family group of Whittier's youth, gathered about the great fireplace, and recalled the family history, our talk running in this wise:

"The father,

> 'A prompt, decisive man, no breath
> Our father wasted' . . .

He was John Whittier, fourth in line of the household heads from Thomas Whittier, the sturdy pioneer who built the house, with the help of his sons hewing its stout oaken beams on the brook bank. The successive heads were in this order: Thomas,

from about 1688, presumed to be the date of the homestead, to his death in 1696 at seventy-six; Joseph, Thomas's youngest son, from 1710 (after the death of Thomas's widow) till his death in 1739, aged seventy; Joseph 2d, Joseph's youngest child, till his death in 1796, at eighty; then this John, Joseph 2d's youngest son, from his father's death. John died in 1830, at seventy.

"Each was a notable man in his day. Thomas, the pioneer, came over from England in 1638, when he was eighteen years old. With him were two uncles, John and Henry Rolfe, and a lass bearing the winsome name of Ruth Green, a distant relative, whom he married a few months after his arrival. He settled first in Salisbury on land now within the limits of Amesbury on the Powow River; — the 'swift Powow' of Whittier's verse — a tributary of the Merrimac, the neighborhood of which we are to visit in the next stage of this Pilgrimage. Thence he removed to Newbury, and thence came to Haverhill, settling on the banks of Country Brook, then called East Meadow Brook. There, at a point about half a mile southeast of this homestead, he built a log house in which he lived with his large family for forty years. In this rude home were born all of his ten children, save the eldest. Five of them were sons, each six feet tall, and each stalwart like the father — Mr. Pickard quotes family tradition that he was of gigantic strength, making the astonishing statement that he weighed more than three hundred pounds before he was twenty-one.

"When living in Salisbury Thomas was a representative in the General Court, and in the Haverhill settlement he was steadily a leading man. He was interested in the Quaker doctrines, and suffered for advocating clemency toward Quakers, but it does not appear that he ever joined the Society of Friends. The family were living in the log cabin and in this homestead through the long continued Indian troubles in which Haverhill so grievously suffered. Occasionally, says Mr. Pickard, the Indians in their war paint passed up Country Brook,

and the evening firelight in this big kitchen 'would reveal a savage face at the window.' But the Whittier household was never harmed, and their freedom from molestation may be accounted for by the respect of the savages which Thomas Whittier had won by his fearless and just dealings with them.

"From Joseph Whittier, Thomas's successor in the homestead mastership, our poet was in direct line. Joseph's wife, the poet's great grandmother, was Mary Peasley, granddaughter of Joseph Peasley, in his time the leading Quaker of Haverhill. Joseph Whittier became a Quaker of prominence in the community, and thereafter nearly all of his descendants for four generations were Quakers. The Peasleys also lived in this East Parish, not so very far from the Whittiers; and the Peasley homestead was used as a garrison house, a place of refuge for the settlers on occasion of attack, during the French and Indian wars. Joseph and Mary Whittier had nine children.

"Joseph 2d, the third head of the homestead, married Sarah Greenleaf, of West Newbury, on the opposite side of the river, of a family early settled there, and of Huguenot descent. They had eleven children, six of whom lived to maturity; and only three of these married — Joseph, Obadiah, and John. The poet was named for his father, and for his grandmother Greenleaf's family.

"John Whittier was of stalwart frame, strong of muscle and of character, beyond middle life, in his forty-eighth year, when the poet was born. Before his marriage he had journeyed through the wilderness of New Hampshire into Canada, and engaged in barter among the Indians and trappers; and tales of his adventures with Indians, and of his sojourn in the French villages, were recounted in the circle gathered about this generous fire-place.

"The mother. She was of heroic Quaker lineage, and born in 'the Indian-haunted region of Somersworth, New Hampshire, between Dover and Portsmouth,' a woman of rare good-

ness and benignity, her kind face 'full and fair, her eye dark and expressive:'

> 'Our mother, while she turned her wheel
> Or run the new-knit stocking heel,
> Told how the Indian hordes came down
> At midnight on Cocheco town,
> And how her own great-uncle bore
> His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
> Recalling in her fitting phrase,
> So rich and picturesque and free,
> (The common unrhymed poetry
> Of simple life and country ways,)
> The story of her early days, —
> She made us welcome to her home;
> Old hearths grew wide to give us room.'

"She was Abigail Hussey Whittier, twenty-one years her husband's junior. Her father, Samuel Hussey of New Hampshire, was a descendant of Christopher Hussey, who was a contemporary of Thomas Whittier in Haverhill, and was associated with him in standing out for the persecuted Quakers. Christopher Hussey, before he came out from old Boston in England, married Theodate Bacheler, daughter of the Rev. Stephen Bacheler, a most remarkable man, who, after long preaching as a Nonconformist minister in English pulpits, came to New England at the age of seventy-one. For the twenty-two years that he remained here, he was in pretty constant conflict with the Puritan authorities because of his independent ways. At the age of seventy-eight, in 1639, the vigorous old man went down the eastern coast from Lynn, with Christopher Hussey, and planted the ocean-side town of Hampton, New Hampshire, where he was made the first settled minister. At the venerable age of eighty-nine he took to himself a third wife. Not long after, he separated from her, and returned to England. He was then ninety-two, and he died in his hundredth year. A daughter of one of his sons was the grandmother of Daniel Webster, and so the statesman and the poet

were kinsmen. His was the 'Bacheler eye,' dark, deep set, and lustrous, which was so marked a peculiarity of both Webster and Whittier.

"Next 'Aunt Mercy.' She was the mother's youngest sister, Mercy Evans Hussey, and she had had her romance:

> 'The sweetest woman ever Fate
> Perverse denied a household mate,
> Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
> Found peace in love's unselfishness.
> And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
> A calm and gracious element,
> Whose presence seemed the sweet income,
> And womanly atmosphere of home.'

"Then 'Uncle Moses.' He was the father's bachelor brother, Moses Whittier, who owned the farm with him, and spent all his life at the homestead; who delighted in hunting, fishing, and story-telling; who was the companion of the boys in their country rambles; a man of blameless, simple life:

> 'Our uncle, innocent of books,
> Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
> The ancient teachers never dumb
> Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A simple, guileless, childlike man,
> Content to live where life began;
> Strong only on his native grounds,
> The little world of sights and sounds
> Whose girdle was the parish bounds
> Whereof his fondly partial pride
> The common features magnified.'

"Then the poet's elder sister, Mary: —

> 'A full, rich nature, free to trust,
> Truthful and almost sternly just,
> Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
> And make her generous thought a fact,
> Keeping with many a light disguise
> The secret of self-sacrifice.'

"The other sister, Elizabeth. She was 'the pet and pride of the household, one of the rarest of women,' the poet's sympathetic supporter and co-worker in the unpopular reforms he advocated, herself gifted with the poetic spirit: —

> 'As one who held herself a part
> Of all she saw, and let her heart
> Against the household bosom lean,
> Upon the motley-braided mat
> Our youngest and our dearest sat,
> Lifting her, large, sweet, asking eyes.'

"The only brother, Matthew Franklin. He was five years younger than the poet; and they two alone of the family circle were living when 'Snow Bound' was written, in 1865: —

> 'Ah, brother, only I and thou
> Are left of all that circle now, —
> The dear home faces whereupon
> That fitful firelight paled and shone.'

"Matthew married Amy, a daughter of Joseph Rochemont de Poyen, cousin of Count Vipart. The count's first wife, Mary Ingalls of Haverhill, was the heroine of Whittier's 'The Countess.' Matthew became an earnest anti-slavery man, and in middle life, while living in Portland, published a series of satirical letters directed at the pro-slavery politicians, over the signature of 'Ethan Spike of Hornby.' For the last twelve years of his life he was in the Boston Custom House. He died in 1883, at seventy-one.

"Last the poet himself: 'tall, slight, and very erect, a bashful youth, but never awkward,' thus a contemporary has described him at the age of nineteen. Another at this period recalls the 'liveliness of his temper, his ready wit, his perfect courtesy, and infallible sense of justice.' In him were manifest the influence of his Quaker bringing up, and the refinement of this country home — though isolated, enjoying the best social privileges of the town, drawing around it 'a circle of more

than usual cultivation,' its hospitality proverbial. He was quiet and thoughtful from childhood, with a head full of fancies and day-dreams. He began to make verses when a schoolboy, at school and in the evening at home after the chores were done, filling his slate with rhymes instead of 'sums.' He was none the less a thorough going, wholesome farmer boy. Though never robust, he performed his full share of farm work, milking the seven cows, driving the oxen, caring for the sheep; but the swinging of the flail by which the grain was threshed in the barn was beyond his strength, so this task fell to his hardier brother.

"This family group was broken first when Whittier was seventeen, by the death of 'Uncle Moses,' who was killed by a falling tree that he was cutting down. A few years later, Mary married and went to town to live. Then the father died.

"Six months after the father's death, the farm was sold and the family life in the homestead closed, to be taken up in the cottage in Amesbury which was then purchased. That was in 1836, when Whittier was twenty-nine, already the author of more than a hundred published poems, with a reputation as an editor, a politician, and as an anti-slavery leader."

"It seems odd," Percy observed, "that in this secluded country home, with an education limited to two short terms in an academy, and with no literary companionship, he should have accomplished so much and such varied work, and won renown at so early an age."

"The same thought has impressed others who have traced the beginnings of his career. Underwood, in his biographical and critical sketch of the poet, declares his quick acquirement with his poor outfit, of the mastery of verse, to be one of the mysteries of genius. With only a brief time given to study, he seems to have got at the core of knowledge. His first acquaintance with poetry was limited to the 'songs of one man written in an obscure dialect, yet that one guide had led him into the land of immortal day-dreams.'

"This man was Robert Burns, and Whittier has given us the story of his introduction to his songs. It came through a wandering old Scotchman who chanced at the farm, and received the entertainment of the kitchen, as wanderers and peddlers were wont to do in those unsuspicious times when the tramp as we know him was unknown. 'After eating his bread and cheese, and drinking his mug of cider, he gave us Bonnie Doon, Highland Mary and Auld Lang Syne. He had a full, rich voice, and entered heartily into the spirit of his lyrics. I have since listened to the same melodies from the lips of Dempster (than whom the Scottish bard had had no sweeter or truer interpreter): but the skillful performance of the artist lacked the novel charm of the gaberlunzie's singing in the old farm-house kitchen.' Then the poet's reminiscence continues, 'When I was fourteen years old, my first schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin . . . brought with him to our house a volume of Burns's poems, from which he read, greatly to my delight. I begged him to leave the book with me, and set myself at once to the task of mastering the glossary of the Scottish dialect at its close. This was about the first poetry I had ever read (with the exception of that of the Bible, of which I had been a close student), and it had a lasting influence upon me. I began to make rhymes myself, and to imagine stories and adventures.'

"Meanwhile, Whittier had absorbed his father's little library, composed mostly of journals and disquisitions of the pioneers of the Friends' Society, with one dreary poem, 'The Davideis,' by Thomas Ellwood, an English Quaker and friend of Milton. And other books had come in his way. Whenever he heard of a book of biography or of travel in a friendly hand, he would walk miles to borrow it. When he went to the academy, or perhaps before, he had access to the small but well chosen library of Dr. Elias Weld, the 'wise old doctor' of 'Snow Bound,' to whom the poem of 'The Countess' was inscribed. At this period the circulating library of the village book-

seller was 'the opening of a new world of enjoyment' to him; and it was his good fortune to board through the week-days in the cultivated family of Abijah W. Thayer, then the editor of the Haverhill *Gazette*, who became one of his most valuable friends and advisers.

"Whittier's first poem in print appeared when he was eighteen. It was published in the Newburyport *Free Press*, much to his astonishment, for it had been sent to the editor without his knowledge. This editor was William Lloyd Garrison, and the *Free Press* had been recently started by him to advance humanitarian reforms. It came regularly into the Whittier homestead, the father having become an early subscriber. Confident that her brother's compositions were equal in merit to those she saw there, the sister, Mary, was moved to venture this poem for its 'Poet's Corner.' Selecting it from a mass of verses which the youth had already written, covering several foolscap pages, she forwarded it by the postman without intimating to the editor its source or authorship, simply signing the initial 'W.'

"When the paper containing it came to the farm, Greenleaf was at work with his father mending a stone wall by the road side. The postman, passing on horseback, tossed the paper to him, and opening it, he turned mechanically to the 'Poet's Corner.' 'His heart stood still a moment when he saw his own verses. Such delight as his comes only once in a lifetime of any aspirant to literary fame. His father at last called to him to put up the paper, and keep at work. But he could not resist the temptation to take it again and again from his pocket to stare at his lines in print. He has said he was sure that he did not read a word of the poem all the time he looked at it.'

"This poem was entitled 'The Exile's Departure,' and was written just a year before its publication, or in June, 1825.

"The following week another poem from the lot, written the previous year, was ventured. This was 'The Deity,' an

amplification of the passage from Scripture in the nineteenth chapter of 1st Kings, eleventh and twelfth verses, wherein the prophet relates the appearance of the Lord. It also was promptly published, and, furthermore, was distinguished with an introductory note by the editor, who had meantime ascertained from the postman whence these poems came. This note remarked the youth of the author, and commended his poetry, as bearing the stamp of true poetic genius, which, if carefully cultivated, the editor added prophetically, would 'rank him among the bards of his country.'

"Then following close upon this flattering publication, the family at the farm were surprised by a call from young Garrison, who had driven over from Newburyport to make the acquaintance of his promising contributor. Whittier was at work in a field, barefooted, and clad only in shirt, trousers, and rough straw hat, —for the day was warm,— when he was summoned to the house by the astonishing message that a stranger had come in a carriage to see him. Slipping in by the back door, the shy youth learned who his caller was, and strove to be excused. But Mary persuaded him to 'tidy up' and receive his visitor. Thus first met these two remarkable men who were destined to work together for years — not always in harmony as to methods, but always in friendship, — for an unpopular cause, the triumph of which both lived to celebrate with thanksgiving."

"So it was Garrison who discovered Whittier. That is interesting. Their meeting in this old homestead would make a fine subject for an historical painting, I should say," Percy ventured.

"So it would. Garrison was only two years older than Whittier; but his position as an editor, and his larger knowledge of the world, gave him far greater weight than his years to the country youth. Accordingly his evidently sincere praise of the poet's work, and expression of belief in his capacity for greater achievement, must have been inspiring. His earnest

advice that the youth should develop his talents by broad education must have struck a responsive chord. But the father, when appealed to and urged to give his son a better training than the district school afforded, told Garrison that 'he did not wish him to put such notions in the boy's head.' It wasn't that the good man discouraged his boy's literary tendencies, as some have held; it was only that money was very scarce on New England farms in those days. We have Whittier's own testimony on this point: 'My father did not oppose me; he was proud of my pieces, but as he was in straitened circumstances, he could do nothing to aid me. He was a man in advance of his times, remarkable for the soundness of his judgment, and freedom from popular errors of thinking.' The opportunity for higher schooling came, however, the next year, when Whittier himself met the expense, as we have seen; and the broader education was acquired through his studies in a wide field pursued without a master.

JOHN G. WHITTIER AT THIRTY.

"After the first publications in Garrison's paper, the young author's poems appeared with growing frequency. In one year, that of his first term at the academy, more than forty were published in the Haverhill *Gazette;* the next year nearly fifty. They were also seen in other papers, notably the *National Philanthropist* of Boston, which Garrison was then editing. Prose sketches, too, and political articles began to appear from his pen.

"Soon after his graduation from the academy, he left the farm, and made his first venture as an editor, going up to Boston to edit the *American Manufacturer*, a weekly political journal devoted to Henry Clay. There he wrote spirited articles in advocacy of a protective tariff, and on other political questions of the time; occasional sketches, and a poem for almost every issue. This editorship continued for about a year; and he received a salary of nine dollars a week, half of which he saved, and applied to the reduction of the mortgage on the homestead. The failing health of his father called him home, for he was needed to take care of the farm. While conducting it, he edited the Haverhill *Gazette* for several months, doing his editorial work at home.

"Meanwhile he continued his studies, and also contributed political essays and poems to the *New England Review* of Hartford, at that time the leading Whig journal of Connecticut. This brought him into friendly relations with the brilliant George D. Prentice, then its editor, who afterward founded the *Louisville Journal*, now the *Courier-Journal* of Louisville, Kentucky. Subsequently, upon Mr. Prentice's removal to Kentucky, Whittier was called to the editorship of the *Review*, and he thereupon established himself in Hartford. For this work his salary was ten dollars a week; and part of these earnings he used to clear the little mortgage from the home farm. For his published poems he had thus far received no compensation, nor did he earn anything from these productions for some years to come; for poetry in those days was not a marketable commodity. To the *Review*, during his editorship, he contributed numerous poems, besides political leaders, legends, and tales.

"While he was in Hartford, his first book appeared, 'Legends of New England in Prose and Verse.' That was in 1831, when more than one hundred poems from his pen had been published in periodicals. It is a notable fact that of these, only twenty were deemed by him worthy of reproduction 'between covers;' and that moreover, in later years every copy

of this first book which he could obtain, he destroyed, sometimes paying a high premium for possession. Such was the severity of his estimate upon this earlier, or developing, work, which yet had won for him a recognized place among his literary contemporaries.

"He retained his Hartford editorship for about a year and a half; and during the last nine months edited the paper at long range from the farm to which he was obliged to return. He was then compelled to resign his position on account of the delicate state of his health, which all through his long life was a check upon his efforts. Still he continued to accomplish a vast amount of varied work. While managing the farm, writing sketches, and composing poems at his great-grandfather's desk in the kitchen corner, he took a directing hand in politics. He helped Caleb Cushing to his election to Congress; concerned himself in state affairs, and in the advancement of national issues, and he was becoming active as an anti-slavery leader.

"Then he came to the cross-roads where he must decide between that which led to political preferment, and that which led away from his cherished ambitions. For though we are mostly accustomed to think of Whittier as the retiring man of letters, the bard of New England, his chief desire at this period of his life was to become a prominent politician. In a letter to Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, the poet, then at Hartford, in 1832, he wrote: 'I love poetry with a love as warm, as fervent, as sincere as any of the more gifted worshipers at the temple of the Muses. . . . But I feel and know that

> 'To other chords than mine belong
> The breathing of immortal song,'

and in consequence, I have been compelled to trust to other and less pleasant pursuits for distinction and profit. Politics is the only field now open for me; and there is something inconsistent in the character of a poet and modern politician.'

"Before taking the step which carried him irrevocably

into the anti-slavery struggle, he counted the cost, as his biographer says, with Quaker coolness of judgment. Having once decided, he threw himself with ardor into it, and never faltered to the end. Before the removal from this homestead, he had written and published his 'Justice and Expediency,' as we have seen; had signed the Anti-Slavery 'Declaration of Sentiments' adopted by the Philadelphia Convention of 1833, of which he was a foremost member; had published in Garrison's *Liberator*, the famous Lines, 'Expostulation;' and had been mobbed when speaking on public platforms with George Thompson, the English agitator. He had also served a term in the Massachusetts Legislature, and had been proposed for Congress."

We were now out of doors again, and were loitering over the neighboring fields, while Percy, as our talk went on, absorbed the yet pastoral scenes about us. A little way up the old road by the homestead side, we came upon the venerable "Whittier Elm." In its neighborhood stood

> . . . "the schoolhouse by the road
> A ragged beggar sleeping,"

scene of the dainty gem "In School Days."

Then retracing our steps, we took a look once more at the old part of the "new barn" which the boys on that December day of "Snow Bound" "reached with merry din,"

> "And roused the prisoned brutes within:"

when —

> "The old horse thrust his long head out,
> And grave with wonder gazed about;
> The cock his lusty greeting said,
> And forth his speckled harem led;
> The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
> And mild reproach of hunger looked;
> The horned patriarch of the sheep,
> Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
> Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
> And emphasized with stamp of foot:"—

Back on the main road, we took a trolley-car for the other Whittier shrine, in Amesbury, eight miles away.

V.

AT WHITTIER'S AMESBURY HOME.

The "Garden Room." — Work in verse and prose done here. — Later editorial labors. — The *Atlantic* poems. — The poet's first published volume. — Productions of his riper years. — The Old Quaker Meeting-house. — The poet's pew, where "Laus Deo" was thought out at a "Fifth Day" meeting. — The poet's grave on the hilltop overlooking familiar scenes of his verse.

HAPPILY the Whittier house in Amesbury is preserved with the same pious care as the poet's birthplace, and Percy was privileged to see it quite as the poet left it; for the poet's niece, Mrs. Pickard, established it as a memorial of his life of more than half a century here. The house grew, Percy learned, as Whittier slowly prospered, expanding from the original little cottage of a few small rooms to its present pleasant proportions. For the first eighteen years of his occupancy of it no change was made. Then, as Mr. Pickard states, the eastern end was raised to two stories, and an addition of the same height was built at the southeast corner. Thirty years later the western end was raised a second story. The little parlor at the northwest corner, with its genial open fireplace and the portraits of the poet's mother and sister Elizabeth on the walls, is the original parlor of the cottage.

When the addition at the southeastern corner was made, the lower room was fitted up as a study. This is "the garden room," so frequently and lovingly described. In this family sitting-room Whittier did his work among the home circle; for he "loved domesticity, and could read and write without disturbance in the midst of household affairs." Here also he received his friends. From the first the bookshelves occupied

the recess on one side of the chimney, before which was the Franklin stove that warmed the room in winter; and in the recess on the other side was the poet's desk. The north window next the desk fits in a door communicating with the little veranda, or porch, on the garden side, and gives a view of the street, with the slope of Po Hill overlooking the house, as

A BIT OF THE PARLOR IN WHITTIER'S AMESBURY HOME.
(Mrs. Whittier's picture over mantel.)

Job's Hill overlooks the Haverhill homestead. The room above the garden room was the sister Elizabeth's chamber until her death in 1864, and thereafter Whittier's. The garden was rich in flowers and fruits, especially pears and apples, and vegetables were grown in a secluded part in the poet's time.

This house and the garden room, identified with the ripened fame of Whittier, awakened in my impressionable friend the liveliest emotions. Here, he was reminded, were written most

of the anti-slavery poems, those "bursts of passionate verse" which came at white heat from the poet's pen as the struggle went on; the best of his prose works, — "Old Portraits," "Literary Recreations," and that unique sketch, or historical novel, "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal"; his noble poems, "In War Time"; his religious poems and hymns; the sweet lyrics of his mature years; the legendary poems; and the idyls

WHITTIER HOMESTEAD, AMESBURY.

which so endeared him to the people. True, the anti-slavery work in which he was actively engaged during the first twenty or twenty-five years of the family life here, and his editorial labors in connection with various journals, took him at intervals out into the world, but ill health or the ties of home repeatedly drew him back to the serene homestead; so that this was throughout his most constant working place.

Sitting in the garden room, where Percy occupied the seat of honor by the poet's desk, we took up the thread dropped at

the farm, and traced further the development of Whittier's genius.

"His purely literary work was practically suspended through the most of the anti-slavery contest, was it not?" Percy asked.

"Not at all. Though his anti-slavery writings dominated, some of his most popular literary productions were of that period. In the journals which he edited, or to which he contributed, during that time, he published not a little of what has been called his foundation work, — that is, the work which laid the basis of his fame. Between the years 1837 and 1847 he contributed to the *Democratic Journal*, a partisan paper antagonistic to the abolition cause, published at Washington, an important series of poems which did not treat of slavery. These were, 'Pentucket,' 'The Familist's Hymn,' 'Cassandra Southwick,' 'Hampton Beach,' 'The New Wife and the Old,' 'The Bridal of Pennacook,' and 'The Norseman's Ride.' At the same time he contributed various prose sketches.

"A still more important series appeared in the *National Era*, also of Washington, of which he was corresponding editor, so called, for thirteen years from 1847, doing his editorial work in Amesbury. This list included 'Randolph of Roanoke,' 'Barclay of Ury,' 'The Drovers,' 'The Huskers,' 'Calef in Boston,' 'The Hill Top,' 'Tauler,' 'Burns,' 'Maud Müller,' 'A Lady of Old Time,' 'The Last Walk in Autumn,' and 'The Pipes of Lucknow'; together with his prose sketches, 'Old Portraits,' several of the papers in his 'Literary Recreations,' and 'Margaret Smith's Journal.' The *Era* was the anti-slavery organ edited by the intrepid Gamaliel Bailey, in which first appeared 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' you will recall. Hawthorne's 'The Great Stone Face' was also first published in this journal, after the manuscript had been submitted to Whittier. Other frequent contributors were Grace Greenwood, Alice and Phœbe Cary, and Lucy Larcom.

"In 1838 and 1839 Whittier edited the aggressive *Pennsylvania Freemen* of Philadelphia, and he was in the Quaker

City when in May, 1838, the first Pennsylvania Hall, erected as a forum for free discussion, was burned by a mob. At the same time the office of that paper was sacked.

"It was, however, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, started in November, 1857, with James Russell Lowell as editor, that Whittier's choicest work first appeared. The brilliant initial number contained his legendary poem, 'The Gift of Tritemius.' Next appeared 'Skipper Ireson's Ride,' begun, by the way, nearly thirty years before under 'Hugh Tallant's Sycamores,' in Haverhill, its origin being a story told him by a schoolmate at the academy. Others followed in fairly rapid succession during the next few years, including his war poems, 'In War Time,' and 'Barbara Frietchie.' The *Atlantic* publications, too, were the most remunerative.

WHITTIER IN LATE LIFE.

"But the poet's material prosperity grew very slowly. Between 1831, when his first volume appeared, and 1857 — his fiftieth year — when the first complete edition of his poems was published by Ticknor and Fields, his returns were very modest, although several volumes of verse and prose had been issued during that period. When, at the opening of 1864, he received the royalties on his volume, 'In War Time,' he wrote to Fields: 'Thy favor with three hundred and forty dollars received. It makes me as rich as Crœsus.' The first substantial returns came from 'Snow Bound,' brought out in 1865.

His first profits on this idyl were ten thousand dollars, a great surprise. It was a competence for him. Thereafter a good income was assured, and the latter quarter century of his life were days of comfort and tranquillity so far as financial matters were concerned."

A visit to the grave of the poet was to conclude this day's pilgrimage. But first we strolled farther down Friend Street to see the Friends' meetinghouse where the Whittiers worshiped. We found it at a junction of roads, a short walk from the homestead: a severely plain structure, resembling an old-time country schoolhouse enlarged. The only ornamentation about the grounds was a row of beautiful roadside trees.

"One of the reasons for the removal of the Whittiers from the farm to this village was their desire to be nearer the meetinghouse. This is not, however, the house which they first attended," I replied to Percy's questions. "That stood nearly

FRIENDS' MEETINGHOUSE.
(Whittier's pew was the second from the front on the right.)

opposite the cottage, on the spot where its predecessors had stood from the first setting up of a Quaker meetinghouse in Amesbury, in the seventeenth century. But the present structure is to us especially interesting as the house built under

Whittier's direction half a century ago. When the details of its construction were left to him, his biographer relates, there was some fear among the conservatives that, since he had at that time mixed with the world's people more than with his brethren, he would provide too many modern comforts in it,—perhaps even give it a steeple. But, to offset this feeling, he shrewdly employed as builders three unquestioned Quaker carpenters, one of them a Quaker minister, and the other two, elders of the society, with the result, as we see,— a thoroughly Orthodox Quaker meetinghouse, within and without."

Percy was shown the sober interior, and sat in Whittier's pew. We recalled that it was here, during the silent worship of the regular "Fifth Day" meeting on the last day of January, 1865, as the village bells and the cannon were proclaiming the passage of the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, that Whittier thought out his "Laus Deo," beginning—

"It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun,
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town.

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!"

And upon returning home he recited to the household, in the garden room, a portion of the poem not then committed to paper. Later he said in a note to Lucy Larcom, "It wrote itself, or rather sang itself, while the bells rang."

It was a longer walk to the hillside burying-ground, where are the graves of the Whittiers, in a more rural part of the village. Following the directions of a village blacksmith,

whose little gray shop stood at the foot of the hill, we came to this "God's acre," on a side road, just off the highway to Newburyport. On the way up the foot-path to the hilltop, we passed a boulder marked, "The first meeting house in Amesbury erected on this spot in 1665."

The Whittier lot was easily recognized from the description given us: a long lot surrounded by a thick hedge of arbor vitæ. An opening at one side gave admittance to the grassy enclosure. We stood before a line of plain, low marble headstones. The first, larger than the rest, marked the poet's

AMESBURY FROM POWOW HILL, THE VIEW IN "MIRIAM."

grave; the others, the members of the family group portrayed in "Snow Bound." "It was Whittier's request in his will," I recalled, as Percy's eye glanced down the line, "that his gravestone should be of the same size as the others; but it was decided, notwithstanding, most fitting to distinguish his grave by the slightly loftier mark."

Percy copied the simple inscriptions. The first bore on its face only this:

John Greenleaf Whittier
1807–1892

and on the reverse,

"Here Whittier lies."
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

— a phrase from Oliver Wendell Holmes's tribute to Whittier after his death, being the last words of the last verse:

"Lift from its quarried ledge a flawless stone;
Smooth the green turf and bid the tablet rise,
And on its snow-white surface carve alone
These words, — he needs no more, — *Here Whittier lies.*"

Two tall cedars, Percy noted, break the hedge line: one at the foot of Whittier's grave, the other at the corner of the brother Matthew's grave.

The June sun was dropping as we stood on the little eminence and gazed upon the landscape below and about us, the valley of the Powow River, with Amesbury town, the winding Merrimac, the distant hills of Newbury, all familiar scenes of Whittier's verse. Then we returned to the main road and took the trolley car for Newburyport, where we were to spend the night.

VI.

ROUND ABOUT NEWBURYPORT.

Whittier's picture of "the old and quiet town." — By the "Swinging chain-bridge." — Deer Island. — Harriet Prescott Spofford and her work. — Scene of "The Tent on the Beach." — Workplace of a galaxy of writers: Richard Hildreth, Theophilus Parsons, Cornelius C. Felton, Lucy Hooper, Caleb Cushing, George Lunt, John Pierpont, James Parton, T. W. Higginson. — Whittier's schoolmaster. — The old "Church of Federal street" and Whitefield's tomb. — The Parsonage where the "Marvellous Preacher" died. — Birthplace of William Lloyd Garrison. — His work in Newburyport and afterward. — The Lowell family. — Home of Hannah Flagg Gould. — The Longfellow homestead in old Newbury.

We wished that we might have had our first sight of Newburyport as Whittier and Lucy Larcom saw it, at sunset, looking down from the summit of Whittier Hill:

> "Its windows flashing to the sky,
> Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,
> Far down the vale, my friend and I
> Beheld the old and quiet town;
> The ghostly sails that out at sea
> Flapped their white wings of mystery;
> The beaches glimmering in the sun,
> And the low wooded capes that run
> Into the sea-mist north and south;
> The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth;
> The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,
> The foam-line of the harbor bar."

Still, our approach was a pleasant one, with glimpses and broadening views of the Merrimac; and it took us across the little river island by the "swinging chain-bridge," where Harriet Prescott Spofford (born 1835 —) has her home:

> ". . . . . set like an eagle's nest
> Among Deer Island's immemorial pines,
> Crowning the crag on which the sunset breaks
> Its last red arrow. . . . . ."

This was the romantic feature of the trip, and although it was now early evening we could not resist the temptation to stop and explore the lovely spot by the light of a young moon. So we left the car, and spent the half hour before another one was due, about the place where "Deer Island's mistress sings." Its great trees near by the traveled road, — "old pine forest

CHAIN-BRIDGE BY DEER ISLAND.

kings," Whittier called them, — shelter, they say, hawks and crows, kingfishers and herons. The low, spreading, roomy house set in a thick-grown orchard and garden of fruit trees, old fashioned flowers, shrubs, and vines; bushes of lilac and sumac, and wild flowers growing out from the crevices of the rugged rocks on the water's edge: all this, with the secluded walks and the river summer-house made it an ideal home for a poet and story-teller, so Percy thought. And the charm seemed complete when within the house Percy saw the rambling rooms opening from cheerful halls and entries, the

comfortable furnishings, the well-stocked library, the literary work-room, and the windows looking out upon the river.

Our half hour up, the car appeared, and we resumed our journey to the end of the route in the center of the town (or city, we should say), two miles distant.

As we left the "enchanted island" (this was Percy's blithe term for it), our talk turned naturally upon Mrs. Spofford's

HOME OF HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, DEER ISLAND.

career and work. She had not always lived on the island, as Percy fancied.

"Nor was her fame altogether associated with it," I explained. "On the contrary, her place in literature was firmly fixed before this became her home. But Newburyport is identified with all her literary work."

"It was her birthplace?"

"No. She is of Maine birth, born in the picturesque little town of Calais, on the St. Croix River, close to the Canadian line. She is a kinswoman of Sir William Pepperell—his great-

grandniece — and of New England stock on both sides. Her father was first a lumber merchant, then a lawyer; and when, in 1849, the California gold fever broke out, he went to the Pacific coast. There he became one of the founders of Oregon City, and served as mayor before returning east. Lingering paralysis came upon him afterward, and he lived a painful life for twenty years longer. Her mother was a woman of fine mind. She attained a ripe old age, and died in this Deer Island home.

"Harriet Prescott came to Newburyport when a girl of fourteen, to an aunt's home. She disclosed her literary bent as a Newburyport grammar school girl, by winning a prize for an essay on 'Hamlet.' This attracted the attention of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, then minister of the Newburyport Unitarian Church; and he became her literary guide, encouraging her in the cultivation of her talent. She also wrote several little plays for her mates to perform at the school exhibitions. Having finished her schooling at Pinkerton Academy in Derry, New Hampshire, she set diligently to work at story-writing, to help support the family.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"Her first story was published when she was eighteen, in one of the 'family story papers' of the time. For this she received five dollars and a request for more stories. During the next three years she supplied the same paper with one hundred stories. But the rate paid her grew smaller as the volume of her work increased, although she was growing in

popularity. So she resolved to try a higher field. She sent a story to the *Atlantic Monthly*, then in its promising first years under the editorship of James Russell Lowell. This was the tale entitled 'In a Cellar,' the scene of which was laid in Paris. Its local coloring was so exact, and its atmosphere so unmistakably French, that Mr. Lowell wrote her asking if it were not a translation. Assured of its originality, he accepted it; and in due time she was cheered by a cheque for one hundred dollars, accompanied by an encouraging note urging her to pursue the vein she had thus auspiciously opened. That was in 1859. The tale was widely commended for its imaginative strength, skillful characterization, and artistic setting.

"Then followed a succession of good stories,—'Sir Rohan's Ghost,' 'The Amber Gods,' 'Azarian,' 'The Thief in the Night,' and 'New England Legends,' all published first in the *Atlantic* during Lowell's and Field's editorship, and afterward in book form. Thereafter, for a while her writings appeared in *Harper's* and *Scribner's* — the first *Scribner's*, from which developed the *Century* magazine. These included 'The Marquis of Carabas,' 'Hester Stanley at St. Mark's,' and some of her poems.

"Her first book published was 'Sir Rohan's Ghost,' in 1860. Her first book of poems came more than twenty years afterward, in 1882, when her name as a writer of lyrics had been established through magazine publications. Five years later her 'In Titian's Garden, and Other Poems' was issued between dainty covers. Her 'Priscilla's Love Story' came out in 1898.

"Her place as first among story writers of her class was recognized under her maiden name of Harriet Elizabeth Prescott. She married in 1865, after a long engagement, Richard S. Spofford, a Newburyport lawyer, himself of the poetic temperament. Upon his death Whittier wrote —

> 'No fonder lover of all lovely things
> Shall walk where once he walked, no smile more glad
> Greet friends than his who friends in all men had
> Whose pleasant memory to that Island clings.'

"The island home was purchased and built up a few years after their marriage."

We began our explorations of the next day in the cool of early morning, with a trip to the neighboring Salisbury Beach, the scene of the "Tent on the Beach"; for in this region we were yet in Whittier's country.

The poet has definitely indicated for us the locality of this poem: a slope near the mouth of the Hampton River which winds through the salt meadows of Hampton, lying at about the southern extremity of the long line of sandy beach which defines almost the whole of the New Hampshire sea-coast. Northward appears Great Boar's Head, and southward the Merrimac, with Newburyport, "lifting its steeples above brown roofs and green trees" on its banks. The mouth of the Hampton River also was the scene of the "Wreck of Rivermouth."

Percy was aware, having familiarized himself with the poem, that the poet fancies himself camped out here with two friends, to whom he reads his poems; their comments furnish the slender chain along which the verses are strung. And he had read that the friends — one "a lettered magnate lording an ever-widening realm of books," the other, a "free cosmopolite," whose "Arab face was tanned by tropic sun and boreal frost," — were James T. Fields, the Boston publisher, and Bayard Taylor, the traveled *litterateur*. Whittier long outlived these two friends, I remarked by the way, though both were younger and physically stronger than he.

I recalled the opening lines of the introduction to the poem, by which the author gracefully recognized his fellow poet's similarly fashioned "Tales of a Wayside Inn," which had appeared four years earlier. The lines run thus:

> "I would not sin, in this half-playful strain,—
> Too light, perhaps, for serious years, though born
> Of the enforced leisure of slow pain,—
> Against the pure ideal which has drawn
> My feet to follow its far-shining gleam: —"

Like Longfellow's work, too, I added, this included poems previously published singly at intervals in the magazines, mostly in the *Atlantic;* but the new setting gave them new interest; and the work was as marked a success as "Snow Bound," twenty thousand copies being sold in less than a month.

Back in Newburyport we rambled about the "breezy, bowery," town the forenoon through, and after the old-fashioned mid-day dinner, drove toward the older Newbury, covering in all such a variety of landmarks of early and later literary workers that Percy's interest never flagged. It struck him as a most happy coincidence that within the region of the ancestral home of Whittier the progenitors of Longfellow and of Lowell should have planted themselves. And he heard with pleased surprise of the galaxy of writers, men and women of various epochs, who were born in these parts, or here began the work which gave them place in our literature.

He found that Newburyport was the earliest working-place of Richard Hildreth (born in Deerfield, Mass., 1807; died in Florence, Italy, 1865), whose "History of the United States," he said, was in his father's library at home. It was the starting-point of Theophilus Parsons (born in Byfield, Old Newbury, 1750; died 1813), chief justice of Massachusetts from 1806 till his death, who was called the "giant of Greek criticism" from his intimate knowledge of the structure of the Greek language and its literature, the study of which he pursued as recreation from his legal duties. In Judge Parsons's law office, as students, were John Quincy Adams (born in Braintree, now Quincy, Mass., 1767; died in the Capitol at Washington, 1848), and Robert Treat Paine, Jr. (born in Taunton, Mass., 1773; died in Boston, 1811). Mr. Adams, while here, wrote the town's address to Washington upon his New England visit in 1789; and Robert Treat Paine, Jr., author of the famous song "Adams and Liberty," wrote the eulogy on Washington for the town's memorial service in 1800.

In old Newbury originated the Sewall family of American judges, of whom not the least distinguished was Samuel Sewall (born in Bishopstoke, Eng., 1652; died in Boston, 1730), the "witchcraft judge," he of the famous Diary — the Boston Pepys. Old Newbury, too, was the birthplace of Cornelius C. Felton (born 1807; died 1862), the eminent Greek scholar, and president of Harvard College from 1860 till his death.

Newburyport was the almost life-long home of Caleb Cushing (born in Salisbury, 1800; died 1879), lawyer, statesman, and diplomat, whose "Reminiscences of Spain," and scholarly contributions to the then critical *North American Review*, gave him a literary standing distinct from his political fame. Of Newburyport birth were George Lunt (born 1803; died 1885), poet and editor, whose novel of "Eastford" and the lyrics, sonnets, and longer poems first scattered in magazines, then issued in half a dozen small volumes at intervals between the thirties and fifties, ranked him with his best contemporaries; Lucy Hooper (born 1816; died 1841), Whittier's friend, who, dying at twenty-five, had won a fair name as a graceful poet and prose-writer; and Joshua Coffin (born 1792; died 1864), schoolmaster, historian, antiquary, "of genial and kindly spirit and subtle humor," as Mrs. Spofford has written. Whittier has celebrated Joshua Coffin in "To My Schoolmaster:"

"Old friend, kind friend! lightly down
Drop Time's snow-flakes on thy crown!
. . . . . .
I the urchin unto whom
In that smoked and dingy room,
Where the district gave thee rule
O'er its ragged winter school,
Thou didst teach the mysteries
Of those weary A B C's
. . . . . .
Luring us by stories old,
With a comic unction told,
More than by the eloquence
Of terse birchen arguments

(Doubtful gain, I fear), to look
With complacence on a book!
Where the genial pedagogue
Half forgot his rogues to flog,
Citing tale or apologue,
Wise and merry in its drift
As was Phædrus' twofold gift,
Had the little rebels known it,
Risum et prudentiam monet!"

Others more or less identified with the old town were the versatile Hannah Flagg Gould (born in Lancaster, Vt., 1789; died in Newburyport, 1865), who did her life-work here; and John Pierpont (born in Litchfield, Conn., 1785; died in Medford, Mass., 1866), compiler of the "American First Class Book," our first national school reader, and author of many hymns, and patriotic and political verses, who wrote his earlier, and some of his best poems here. Then there was James Parton (born in England, 1822; died in Newburyport, 1891), who passed his later years, and did his finer biographical work here; and his daughter, Ethel Parton, inheriting his genius, succeeded to his desk. Thomas Wentworth Higginson (born in Cambridge, Mass., 1823), while minister of the Unitarian church from 1847 to 1850, produced here some of the first fruits of his keen and graceful pen. And William Lloyd Garrison was born here.

After the first manner of most pilgrims to Newburyport, we turned toward the Old South meetinghouse, where —

"Under the church of Federal Street,
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,
Walled about by its basement stones,
Lie the marvelous preacher's bones.
No saintly honors to them are shown,
No sign nor miracle have they known;
But he who passes the ancient church
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,
And ponders the wonderful life of him
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim."

"This marvelous preacher," I related, for Percy had but a vague idea of him, "was George Whitefield, the evangelist, son of an English inn-keeper, born in the Bell Inn, Gloucester, in 1714, and a graduate of Oxford. He preached in England and Scotland in prisons, churches, and the open fields, to great multitudes, and made extraordinary evangelizing tours in our country beginning in 1738, when he was twenty-four years old.

HOME OF JAMES PARTON.
(From "Ould Newbury," by permission.)

It is recorded, as you will see, that he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times; and in a ministry of thirty-eight years delivered thirteen thousand sermons. He died here in Newburyport, suddenly, in September, 1770,—from asthma, which he had contracted in speaking constantly in the open air. He was buried at his own request beneath this church.

"As to his remarkable powers and persuasiveness we have the testimony of our own Benjamin Franklin," — we were now in "the shade of the belfry-porch" and from my note-book I read these quaint extracts from the philosopher's autobiography:

"He had a loud and clear voice, and articulated his words and sentences so perfectly, that he might be heard and understood at a great distance, especially as his auditors, however numerous, observ'd the most exact silence. He preach'd one evening from the top of the Court-house steps [in Philadelphia], which are in the middle of the Market-street, and on the west side of Second-street, which crosses it at right angles. Both streets were fill'd with his hearers to a considerable distance. Being among the hindmost in Market-street, I had the curiosity to learn how far he could be heard, by retiring backwards down the street towards the river; and I found his voice distinct till I came near Front-street, when some noise in that street obscur'd it. Imagining then a semi-circle, of which my distance should be the radius, and that it were fill'd with auditors, to each of whom I allow'd two square feet, I computed that he might well be heard by more than thirty thousand. This reconcil'd me to the newspaper accounts of his having preach'd to twenty-five thousand people in the fields, and to the ancient histories of generals haranguing whole armies, of which I had sometimes doubted.

. . . . . .

I happened . . . to attend one of his sermons in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me asham'd of that, and determin'd me to give the silver; and he finish'd so admirably, that I empty'd my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."

"Others said of him that he 'preached like a lion.' His voice has been described as melodious as well as penetrative, his countenance most expansive, his gestures incessant and graceful."

The old church was courteously opened to us, and its treasures were displayed by a Newburyport gentleman to whom we had been referred as having the most intimate knowledge of their history and associations. He proved the kindliest of

guides. Percy was shown, and permitted to hold in his hands, the Bible which Whitefield had used. He stood before the cenotaph at one side of the pulpit erected "with affectionate veneration" to Whitefield's memory, and copied the inscription on its face, giving the facts already related, with high eulogy of the preacher's work and worth. He scanned the various portraits of the preacher on the wall back of the cenotaph. And then, piloted by our good friend, he descended into the crypt under the pulpit where the honored remains are deposited. The clerical trappings in which Whitefield was buried, — gown, cassock, bands, and wig, — had disappeared when the original coffin was opened fifty years after the burial. On the coffin Percy noticed a skull which he was told was a cast of Whitefield's skull taken many years ago. By its side was a box containing an arm bone; and the gruesome story of its theft years ago, its conveyance to England, and final return, when the purloiner was dying and full of repentance, was related to him.

THE "OLD CHURCH OF FEDERAL STREET," NEWBURYPORT.

Two other coffins, across the feet of which Whitefield's lay, contained the dust of the earlier ministers of the church, — the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, Whitefield's intimate friend, at whose

home he died, and the Rev. Joseph Prince. They died, respectively, in 1776 and 1791. In the vestry Percy was shown Mr. Parsons's quaint old desk upon which Whitefield wrote.

Back in the church the pew which Caleb Cushing occupied, No. 53, at the end of the row on the right side of the pulpit, was pointed out to him; and that of Hannah Flagg Gould, No. 44, the first next the pulpit, on the broad aisle. Lastly, having been told of the whispering gallery of the church, he tested this feature with most satisfactory result.

PARSONAGE WHERE WHITEFIELD DIED.

The parsonage where Whitefield died stands close by, on School Street, upon which the church sides — the second house beyond, now a private dwelling adjoining an old-fashioned garden. We next visited this house, while the story of the preacher's last dramatic exhortation to the people was related in this wise. He had come from Exeter, N.H., where he had preached, after a week of incessant labors. His arrival at the parsonage was at nightfall of Saturday. When the early evening prayers were over, he sought his chamber exhausted.

Meanwhile this narrow little street continued crowded with people displaying the greatest anxiety to hear his voice. So, halting on the stairway, candle in hand, he faced the open door and exhorted them in his most impassioned and fervid manner, with tearful eyes, till the candle had burned away and died out in its socket. Then he ascended to his room, — it was the west corner chamber of the second story, — and at six o'clock the next morning he breathed his last. Upon the occasion of

BIRTHPLACE OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON (House on the Right)
School St., Newburyport.

his funeral in the old church, where he was to have preached on the day of his death, a vast concourse assembled, harbor-guns were fired, and all the village bells tolled.

As we returned to Federal Street Percy's attention was directed to the first house next the church, on the same side of School Street, which he had passed unnoticed in going to the old parsonage. This, he was told, was William Lloyd Garrison's birthplace. Nearly opposite where the public school-

house now stands, was the "writing" or primary school where he got the beginnings of his education. Percy wanted to look inside the cottage; but he was assured that it really wasn't worth while, for everything is changed since the Garrisons' day. Furthermore, their life here covered but a short period.

"They were in humble circumstances when they came to Newburyport," our talk ran on, "so they hired only a few rooms in this little house, then the home of Captain and Martha Farnham, he being captain of a vessel in the coasting trade. They came here from New Brunswick in the spring of the year of William Lloyd's birth, which was on the 10th of December, 1805. The father, Abijah Garrison, was, like his friend Farnham, a ship-master. Three years after the birth of William Lloyd, and after making sundry little voyages, Captain Garrison disappeared and never returned. The mother with her children was thus left destitute. Meanwhile, between her and Martha Farnham a strong friendship had grown up; so the little family was sheltered here till the mother could make provision for its support. She found some employment as a nurse; and William Lloyd, when old enough, was sent out on ''lection' and 'training' days to peddle the 'nice sticks of molasses candy which she was an adept in making,' thus bringing a few pennies to the scant family purse. At length, when he was between seven and eight years old, the mother with the other children moved to Lynn, there the better to follow her calling, while he was left behind in a new home. This was with Deacon Bartlett, deacon of the Baptist church which the family had attended, who was living down near the river."

"Can we see that house?"

"It has disappeared. Deacon Bartlett, too, was in humble circumstances. To gain a living he sawed wood, sharpened saws, and sold apples from a stand in front of his dwelling. To him and his home the boy became much attached. His schooling was confined to a grammar school on 'the Mall,' in the town center, and after three months there he was taken out

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

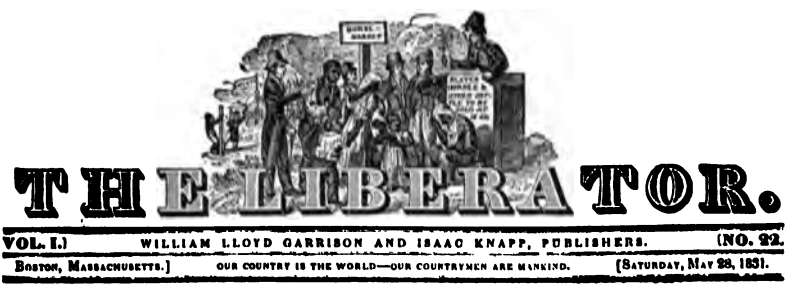
to do chores for the deacon. He was fond of music, and sang on Sundays in the Baptist choir, sometimes acting as chorister. At nine he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Lynn to learn the trade; but this work soon proved too hard for his delicate frame. At ten he went to Baltimore, Md., with his mother and brother, to work for another Lynn shoemaker who was moving his business there. That enterprise failing, he returned to Deacon Bartlett's home, and shortly after was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in Haverhill. Becoming homesick, he soon ran off and tried to get back to Deacon Bartlett; but on the way he was restored to his master. A little later, however, he was permitted to return to his old friend.

"At thirteen he became an apprentice, for a term of seven years, in the office of the Newburyport *Herald* to learn the printer's trade. This proved the vocation most to his liking, and in it his progress was rapid. He read and studied much, and early began contributing to the paper. His first contributions were made secretly, under the *nom de plume* of 'An Old Bachelor.' Early, too, he displayed an interest in politics, and engaged in political writing for other journals. His apprenticeship ended in his twenty-first year, and he immediately launched his own journal. This was the *Free Press*, in which Whittier's first poems appeared. Then and there the young editor and agitator began his uncompromising war against slavery and his vehement advocacy of unpopular reforms. After about two years of toil he sold out the *Free Press* as an unprofitable venture, and went to Boston to seek new employment.

"This closed Garrison's Newburyport life. In Boston he became, first, editor of *The National Philanthropist*, the pioneer total abstinence paper of the country. Thence, after a little while, he went up to Bennington, Vermont, to become editor of the *Journal of the Times*. In 1829–'30, he was in Baltimore again, editing the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. During this editorship he spent forty-nine days in jail for non-payment

of a fine of fifty dollars imposed upon him for libel in denouncing in his paper a Newburyport ship-master, Francis Todd, as being engaged in 'domestic piracy,' in shipping a cargo of slaves.

"Back again in Boston, on New Year's Day, 1831, he started *The Liberator*, with his demand for unconditional emancipation, and his opening declaration, 'I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not retract a single inch, — and I will be heard!' In this bold enterprise he had at the start but a single associate, — Isaac Knapp, a fellow townsman of Newburyport, — and a negro boy for assistant at the press. Garrison himself used both pen and composing-stick. His office was an attic in a


THE LIBERATOR.
VOL. I.) WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND ISAAC KNAPP, PUBLISHERS. (NO. 22.
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.] OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE MANKIND. [SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1831.

FACSIMILE OF THE TITLE OF "THE LIBERATOR,"

dingy building, where he lived as well as worked. This was the famous newspaper which continued through obloquy and mobbing, peace and war, for thirty-five years, till the end for which it had been instituted was accomplished.

"Throughout his life Garrison retained an affection for his birthplace. On the fiftieth anniversary of the completion of his apprenticeship with the *Herald*, he came down here to Newburyport and celebrated the event in the old office, when he 'set up' at the case a poem of Whittier's. And three years later, shortly before his death, he again visited the old office and 'set up' one of his own sonnets. He died in May, 1879, after his work was finished, and a 'chorus of affectionate congratu-

lations had marked his closing days.' His grave is in the Forest Hills Cemetery of Boston."

Later in our ramble we saw the statue of Garrison, downtown, in Brown Square. Percy had already seen Warner's nobler statue in Boston.

A short walk brought us to the landmark of the Lowell family. This was the old house on Temple Street off Federal Street, under the shadow of the tall elm, where lived the grandfather of James Russell Lowell. From here the poet took the painted panel, originally set above the fireplace of the chief room, which he placed against the wall of his own study at "Elmwood," in Cambridge. It presents a picture of a merry clerical party, and beneath is the legend:

> "In essentialibus unitas, in non-essentialibus
> libertas, in omnibus charitas — "

The legend was the motto of the poet's great-grandfather, the Rev. John Lowell, who, true to its spirit, was the only preacher to open his pulpit to Whitefield upon the evangelist's first coming to Newburyport in 1740.

This John Lowell (born in Boston, 1702; died in Newburyport, 1767) was the first minister of the first church of Newburyport, which in after time became the first Unitarian Church. He served there for forty-three years, from his twenty-fourth year to his death. He has been described as a man of exceptional culture and refinement, of scholarly attainments, and a free and liberal user of his powers, giving tone to the community in which he lived. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, his later successor in the Unitarian pulpit, alludes to him as almost, if not quite, the earliest of liberal preachers anywhere. He was the direct descendant of the first John Lowell, in America, — or Lowle, as the ancestor spelt the name, — one of the original settlers of Newbury. His son, John Lowell, was eminent as a jurist and was the author of the clause in the Massachusetts Bill of Rights declaring that "all men are born free and equal." And

his three sons, — John, the pamphleteer, Francis Cabot, the manufacturer (for whom the city of Lowell, Massachusetts, was named), and Charles, the minister, — with their sons, ably sus-

LOWELL HOUSE.
(From "Ould Newbury," by permission.)

tained the Lowell name. James Russell, the minister Charles's son, led the family in distinction as the man of letters.

On another cross-street near by, we saw Hannah Flagg Gould's home, — a broad, deep, brick house, of Colonial or provincial fashion, well set, with ample side yard. Hers was a

HOME OF HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.
(From "Ould Newbury," by permission.)

name unknown to Percy before this pilgrimage; but this was not at all surprising, for, although she was a favorite writer in her day, that was a day long since passed. She was of a family, he now learned, identified in later years with science as well as with literature. Most distinguished of the family was the late Benjamin Apthorp Gould, the astronomer; while it is to-day represented in letters by Elizabeth Porter Gould. Hannah was the daughter of a soldier of the Revolution, who was at Lexington and served all through the war. He was the hero of her little poem "The Veteran and the Child," once a favorite piece for school declamation; and the child was her nephew, the astronomer. The scar of a bullet wound which the veteran bore on his cheek inspired her verses entitled "The Scar of Lexington."

She was born in Vermont, but was brought to Newburyport when a child of eleven, in 1800, and here her life was spent. Her writings were begun early, and continued until a few years before her death. These consisted of poems collected in book form in 1832, 1835, and 1847; prose sketches later brought together under the title of "Gathered Leaves"; and many verses for children.

Our ride took us along High Street, past the delightful Mall, the old Sewall place, and the Caleb Cushing place, toward "Old Town"; then past the vine-embowered home of Whittier's schoolmaster — the Joshua Coffin homestead, — and, just beyond, the Old Town church with the oldest burying-ground opposite; thence by a roundabout way over old Newbury and the Byfield parish.

The Longfellow homestead was seen in Byfield, on a sightly spot at the head of tide-water on the Parker River, in the midst of a picturesque region. The ancient house remained standing well into the poet's day. It is supposed to have been built by William Longfellow, the family progenitor, who came from Yorkshire and settled here about 1651, subsequently marrying one of the Sewall girls — Anne Sewall. I quoted a sketch of

OLD LONGFELLOW HOMESTEAD, NEWBURY.
(From "Ould Newbury," by permission.)

the homestead given in a letter to Whittier's biographer, by one of the later generation who was born beneath its roof, as were his father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather, son of William Longfellow. He described the rear roof descending nearly to the ground; a long kitchen with low ceiling, wide fireplace, and a big brick oven in which were baked the Thanksgiving pies and puddings; a large "best room," and winding stairs to upper rooms; in the yard at the end of the house, the well-curb with its long sweep, in front the granite horse-block, and over all a large spreading elm.

Then the Longfellow ancestry was recalled, beginning with the emigrant William. He was an ensign in a Newbury company, which took part in the disastrous expedition of Sir William Phips against Quebec in 1690. He was lost on the return voyage of the fleet, when the vessel which contained the Newbury company went ashore during a fierce storm on a desolate island. He is said to have been a merchant. His son Stephen was a blacksmith. Stephen's son, Stephen 2d, was a teacher, graduating from Harvard in 1742. He was the first of the Longfellows in Portland, Maine. His son, Stephen 3d, was a judge. His son, Stephen 4th, was a lawyer, and the father of the poet, "whose birthplace and boyhood home," I concluded, "we shall see on our pilgrimage into Maine."

VII.

THE "OLD TOWN BY THE SEA."

Birthplaces of T. B. Aldrich, James T. Fields, Celia Thaxter, "Mrs. Partington." — Scenes of various classics. — On the old Pier. — The "Earl of Halifax" taverns. — Scene of the opening picture of "Lady Wentworth." — Aldrich in Portsmouth, and afterward. — The old Athenæum. — James T. Fields's career. — Benjamin P. Shillaber and the development of "Mrs. Partington"; His *Carpet Bag*. — Some Portsmouth mansions. — Daniel Webster's home. — The Wentworth "Great House" at Little Harbor. — On Kittery side.

We went on to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, by an evening train, and spent that night at the Rockingham House.

Our interest in the drowsy "old town by these a" was, primarily, as the birthplace of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, James T. Fields, Celia Thaxter (the "poet of the Shoals"), her cousin, Albert Laighton, and "Mrs. Partington" (Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber); and as the scene of various classics. But the quaint town itself, with its picturesquely faded glories, its rambling old streets, historic mansions, and stately houses of a past type, — these engaged our attention quite as fully as its literary landmarks, for they constitute its especial charm. Everywhere are relics of its grandeur in the sumptuous days of the West India trade, when Portsmouth bade fair as a maritime port to outstrip both Boston and New York. We found the town yet as Aldrich pictured it a dozen years ago in his delightful sketch. It was still "the interesting widow of a once lively commerce," enjoying now the comfort which comes with sagacious traffic in "first mortgage bonds."

After breakfast at our fine inn we strolled first along the older streets tending toward the river side. We lingered about

the old "worm eaten wharves, some of them covered by a sparse, unhealthy beard of grass" and gazed at the weather-

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH IN BOYHOOD.
(From "The Story of a Bad Boy," in the Riverside School Library. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.)

stained unoccupied warehouses "with their sarcastic cranes projecting from the eaves" for hoisting cargoes which no longer come; and looked out over the now idle Piscataqua.

We strove to recall the scenes presented here in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, — when "at the windows of these musty counting-rooms which overlook the river used to stand portly merchants in knee breeches and silver shoe-buckles, and plum colored coats with ruffles at the wrists, waiting for their ships to come up the Narrows;" and when "the cries of stevedores and the chants of sailors at the wind lass used to echo along the shore where all is silence now." We tried to picture the busy scenes of shipbuilding days, when "Portsmouth turned out the best ships as it did the ablest ship-captains in the world." When she set a-sailing with their roving commissions, in the War of 1812, her fleet of privateers, "the sauciest small craft on record." When she built those famous California clippers of 1849 and ten years on; and those as famous clipper ships of the packet lines which plied between Boston or New York and Liverpool, London, Havre, and Antwerp. We tried, too, to recall the "gondolas," or "gondalows" as the natives termed them, — the freighters of earlier days which sailed up and down the river, — those queer, broad, flat-bottomed scows, with huge lee-boards, one on each side, in place of keel or center-board, and a great lateen sail set on a short stump mast; and the passenger ships, rigged like the freighters.

We lingered longest on the old pier at the foot of Court Street, which, during the War of 1812, was "a noisy, busy place crowded with sailors and soldiers;" and we sat with Aldrich's lounger in the shadow of the silent warehouses looking out upon the lonely river as it went "murmuring past the town." To us, as to him, it was "a slumberous, delightful, lazy place." Now, as then, "the sunshine seems to be a foot deep on the planks of the dusty wharf which yields up to the warmth a vague perfume of the cargoes of rum, molasses, and spice that used to be piled upon it. The river is as blue as the inside of a harebell. The opposite shore stretches along like the silvery coast of fairy land." Directly opposite us spread

the Navy Yard in Kittery, Maine, "with its neat officers' quarters and workshops, and arsenals, and its vast shiphouses in which the keel of many a famous frigate has been laid." At our right lay a cluster of small islands, on the larger of which are the fading remains of earthworks thrown up in the War of 1812. Between this island and another, opened the Narrows, three miles off, to the sea.

Returning up Court Street we passed, in a tenement house at the corner of Atkinson Street, the old frame of John Stavers's "Earl of Halifax" tavern, — changed in name, after the Royalist Stavers's hard experience with the "liberty men" at the outbreak of the Revolution, to the "William Pitt." Here, it was related, Lafayette was received in state by officers of the French fleet anchored in the harbor in 1782; hither came John Hancock in his gaudy coach with his retinue of servants; here the portly General Harry Knox often stopped; here Washington was received by New Hampshire's governor on his visit in 1789. This was the second "Earl of Halifax" tavern. It was the first one, on another site, which was the opening scene of Longfellow's "Lady Wentworth":

> "One hundred years ago, and something more,
> In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door,
> Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
> Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,
> Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.
> Above her head, resplendent on the sign,
> The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
> In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
> Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
> Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,
> And half resolved, though he was past his prime,
> And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
> To fall down at her feet, and to declare
> The passion that had driven him to despair."

We would visit the "Great House" where Martha Hilton seven years after reigned as Lady Wentworth, I promised, later

in the day. In speaking of stage-coach times, I remarked that Bartholomew Stavers, brother of the "Earl of Halifax" landlord, established the first stage between Portsmouth and Boston beginning in 1761. It was announced as "a large stage chair," with two horses, "to perform once a week and carrying four passengers." This was the first regular stage north of Boston. Stavers's "Portsmouth Flying Stage-Coach," with from four to six horses, running every Thursday, fare three dollars, was got under way two years later. It was the aged skeleton of

BIRTHPLACE OF T. B. ALDRICH.

the last of these yellow mail coaches, abandoned when the railroad came in, which the boys ran down the hill from "Ezra Wingate's" tumble-down barn and landed in their bonfire in the Square, with such dire results, on that memorable Fourth of July, as related in Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy."

Farther along on Court Street we came to Aldrich's birthplace (born 1836 —). This was the home of his grandfather, a comfortable house with broad hall running through the middle, cheerful rooms and old-time furnishings, noble trees in front

and garden behind: all so pleasingly pictured in the same classic, — "The Story of a Bad Boy," — which I was glad to find Percy knew well, and counted among his treasured possessions.

"The best part of Aldrich's boyhood," I chatted on, "was passed here. Before he left the old town, in his teens to go to work, he had tried his hand at verse-making, and so effectively that, as the autobiographical story intimates, an uncle in New York hastened him into a clerkship lest he should become a poet! He was a merchant's son, born the same year as Celia Thaxter (born Laighton). When he was about a year and a half old, his parents moved to New Orleans, and his home was with them there till it was time for his education to begin. Then he was brought back to attend the Portsmouth schools, under his grandfather's care. He was through the high school and prepared for college when his father died, and his mother returned to her old home with small resources. So his hope of a course at Harvard had to be abandoned. Then the New York uncle made a place in his own counting-room for him, and he tried hard to learn the ways of business. But while he toiled faithfully at the clerk's desk, he kept on writing, withal doing much reading of good literature; and at length, in spite of his good uncle's efforts, he had actually become the dreaded thing — a poet. The appearance of his tender ballad of 'Babie Bell' and its wide republication in the newspapers, first brought him into the bright light.

"You remember the often quoted opening lines? —

'Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,

Hung in the glistening depths of even, —
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers, — those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.'

"He was at this time nineteen, at the end of about three years in the counting-room, and was publishing both verse and prose in the *Putnam's* and *Knickerbocker* magazines, and also in the New York *Evening Mirror*, a paper in which was interested a group of poets, among them Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose friendship he early won.

"Now Aldrich felt justified in abandoning the counting-room for the literary workshop. He began as manuscript and proof-reader for a New York publishing house on a slender salary, and the next ten or twelve years were full of work with small irregular returns. For a while he was a regular contributor to the *Evening Mirror*. For three years, 1856–1859, he was on the *Home Journal*, then edited by Nathaniel P. Willis. In the early sixties he was associated with a clever band in the *Saturday Press*, an unconventional journal of a brief and eccentric career.

"During this period he brought out half a dozen volumes of verse and prose. These included, in 1854, his juvenile verses gathered in 'The Bells, a Collection of Chimes'; in 1856, the story of 'Daisy's Necklace, and What Came of It'; in 1858, 'The Ballad of Babie Bell, and Other Poems,' and 'The Course of True Love Never did Run Smooth'; in 1861, 'Pampinea'; in 1862, the prose romance 'Out of His Head'; in 1863, 'Poems,' a new collection; in 1865, the first complete edition of his poems up to that time. After his marriage, in

1865, he removed to Boston, which has since been his home. His 'Story of a Bad Boy' appeared in 1869. Next came the unique 'Marjorie Daw,' which has been translated into several languages. Later, the tales and novels which increased his fame — 'Prudence Palfrey'; 'A Rivermouth Romance,' laid here in Portsmouth; 'The Queen of Sheba'; 'The Stillwater Tragedy'; with a pretty steady flow of lyrics and poems.

"In 1870 his first work as an editor began, in the conduct of *Every Saturday*, started that year as a journal of extracts from foreign periodical literature, and subsequently expanded into an illustrated newspaper after the fashion of the London *Graphic*, its career covering about four years. His next charge was the *Atlantic Monthly*, which he edited for ten years, 1880–1890; giving to that high-bred periodical an especial brilliancy. While in the *Atlantic* editorship his poetical drama of 'Mercedes' appeared, and was performed in a New York theater; also his sketches of travel under the happy title of 'From Ponkapog to Pesth'; his 'Wyndham Towers,' and 'The Sister's Tragedy.' Of a later period are his 'Unguarded Gates,' and 'Judith and Holofernes.' His collected works have been published in England, France, and Germany, and his lyrics are classed in English literature with the best in the language. He wears with modesty the honorary degree of LL.D. which Yale conferred upon him full thirty years ago.

"Of the thoroughness of Aldrich's workmanship," I ventured, "not too much can be said in praise. He plans and fashions his productions with the precision of the true artist, and never tires of revision to bring them toward the perfection at which he aims. As one critic has observed, he believes thoroughly in that long, patient search for the best word of which the unthinking reader little dreams. And in this tireless patience the critic discovers the secret of the distinction of style which makes his prose writing 'a model of directness, and his flawless lyrics live in the memory like those of Herrick, of Lovelace, and Carew.'"

We were by this time strolling along "The Parade," the large open space upon which the Old North Church faces, formed by the junction of four streets. Crossing the square, we next visited the Athenæum, the old library and museum, instituted shortly after the war of 1812. The boy Aldrich haunted this place; and here years before, James T. Fields, in his favorite corner in the broad window seat of the library room, mastered the greater part of the collection of books.

While here I recalled the career of Fields (born 1816; died 1881), as the literary publisher, the story running as follows. He was born on the last day of December, the son of a ship-master. The father was lost at sea soon after the boy's birth, leaving the mother with scant means to bring up his elder brother and himself. At fourteen, after graduating from the high school, he left home and went to Boston, where a family friend had found a place for him as boy in the shop which became the familiar "Old Corner Bookstore." Within a few weeks he was promoted from the boy's place to a clerkship.

His quick absorption of book-lore was as marked as his ready acquirement of the details of business. Every night he would carry to his lodgings an armful of books, the contents of which he would often absorb before returning to work the next morning. He early joined the Mercantile Library Association, then newly instituted; and there began a friendship, which was lifelong, with Edwin P. Whipple, the essayist. They were then boys of eighteen or nineteen. Whipple has given this sketch of their acquirements when they first met, which shows the fine sort of self-culture practiced by the aspiring youth of that period; and I read these reminiscent passages transcribed in my note-book:

"It happened that both of us were inflamed by a passionate love for literature and by a cordial admiration of men of letters; that we had read — of course, superficially — most of the leading poets and prose writers of Great Britain, and had a tolerably correct idea of their chronological

succession; that both of us could write verse in various measures, and each then thought that the ten-syllabled couplet of Dryden and Pope was the perfection of poetic form; and that Fields had made his reputation a few days before our acquaintance began as the first anniversary poet of the association. Before a large audience he had read an original poem which commanded general applause. . . .

One of the most notable facts in the lives of clerks with literary tastes and moderate salaries is the mysterious way in which they contrive to collect books. Among the members of the Mercantile Library Association, Thomas R. Gould (now known as one of the most eminent of American sculptors), Fields, and myself had what we called 'libraries' before we were twenty-one. Gould was a clerk in a dry goods jobbing house, Fields in a bookstore, I in a broker's office. Fields's collection much exceeded Gould's and mine, for he had in his room two or three hundred volumes, — the nucleus of a library which eventually became one of the choicest private collections of books, manuscripts, and autographs in the city. The puzzle of the thing was that we could not decide how we had come into the possession of such treasures. We had begun to collect before we were in our teens, and as we had neither stolen nor begged we concluded that 'our libraries' represented our sacrifices. In the evening, after the day's hard work was over, Gould and I drifted by instinct to Fields's boarding-house; and what glorious hilarity we always found in his room! He was never dull, never morose, never desponding. Full of cheer himself, he radiated cheer to us."

Fields became a publisher at twenty-three, in the shop where he had begun as boy, with his promotion from clerk to partner in the firm of Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. This firm afterward became successively Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood, & Co., until Fields's retirement from business in 1870. He was editor of the *Atlantic* through the last eight years of his business life — from 1862 to 1870.

From his retirement till shortly before his death, he devoted himself chiefly to lecturing on literary subjects and personages, in various cities of the Northern States. The publications of his own works were during this period, after he had himself ceased to be a publisher. His widely read "Yesterdays with Authors" was the first of the series, appearing in 1871. Then followed, six years later, his volume of sketches, "Underbrush"; the next year "The Family Library of British Poetry," compiled

in association with Whipple; and in 1880 his "Ballads and Other Verses."

The distinctive characteristic of Fields as a publisher was his attitude toward literary workers. Whipple says that from the start he had deliberately formed in his mind an ideal of a publisher who might profit by men of letters, and at the same time make men of letters profit by him. Dr. Holmes remarked his value as a literary counselor and friend. Very rarely if ever, he has said, has a publisher enjoyed the confidence and friendship of so wide and various a circle of authors. Of Fields's curtained corner in the old Boston bookstore, George William Curtis once discoursed thus charmingly in his "Easy Chair":

"Suddenly, from behind the green curtain, came a ripple of laughter, then a burst, then a chorus; gay voices of two or three or more, but always of one — the one who sat at the desk and whose place was behind the curtain, the literary partner of the house, the friend of the celebrated circle which has made the Boston of the middle of this century as justly renowned as the Edinburgh of the close of the last century, the Edinburgh that saw Burns, but did not know him. That curtained corner in the Corner Bookstore is remembered by those who knew it in its great days, as Beaumont recalled the revels at the immortal tavern. . . . What merry peals! What fun and chaff and story! Not only the poet brought his poem there still glowing from his heart, but the lecturer came from the train with his freshest touches of local humor. It was the exchange of wit, the Rialto of current good things, the hub of the hub. . . . It was a very remarkable group of men — indeed, it was the first group of really great American authors — which familiarly frequented the corner as the guests of Fields. There had been Bryant and Irving and Cooper, and Halleck and Paulding and Willis of New York, but there had been nothing like the New England circle which compelled the world to acknowledge that there was an American literature."

From Fields we turned to Shillaber (born 1814; died in Chelsea, Mass., 1890), who was his schoolmate. "Shillaber," I related, "was one of the older boys, being two years Fields's senior, — a long period in boyhood. He left school at sixteen,

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and became a journeyman printer in one of the local newspaper offices. At eighteen he also went up to Boston by the old 'Flying Stage Coach,' to seek his fortune. There he was first employed in a book-printing shop, where were printed the popular 'Peter Parley' (Samuel G. Goodrich) books, and several periodicals of note. Among them were the *Anti-Slavery Annual* and other publications of Lydia Maria Child (born in Medford, Mass., 1802; died in Wayland, Mass., 1880), then, as Shillaber has described her, 'a charming woman, short and plump, with a ruddy and very expressive face, and eyes sharply comprehensive of everything they rested on.'

"In this printing shop he became familiar with the ways of pen-workers, but he did not try his own hand till many years afterward. It was in the late forties, when connected with a Boston paper, that he made his first venture in the 'Sayings of Mrs. Partington,' with no thought of attempting a new line in humorous literature. How it came about, and how he came to utilize Sydney Smith's Mrs. Partington as the vehicle for his droll conceits and merry quips, he has told in his 'Experiences During Many Years,'—his last publication. 'The heroic, yet futile act of Mrs. Partington, as per Sydney Smith, when she endeavored to sweep back the ocean which overflowed her kitchen at Sidmouth,' he said, was ever funny to him, and her name was present in his mind when the first 'Saying' was conceived. He declared that 'there was no thought beyond that passing moment, no dream of subsequent effort, nor the most remote idea of future fame: but the time was favorable for something of the kind, the ambition of a first success was excited, more was called for, and soon that which was so singularly and unpretendingly begun became a necessity of the author, grew famous in a small way, and attained voluminous proportions.'

"The first 'Saying' was suggested by a remark made by one of the printers in the office one night, when the news of an

advance in breadstuffs had come in by an English steamer. The printer said that he 'didn't care, for he bought his flour by the pound.' So in a little paragraph in the next morning's paper 'Mrs. Partington' was quoted as saying that 'it made no difference to her whether flour was dear or cheap, as she always had to pay just as much for a half-dollar's worth.' This was at once widely copied, and the author was encouraged to try another 'Saying,' which he did with like success. Then

BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER ("Mrs. Partington").

more Sayings were set agoing till, 'like the whistle of the schoolboy that whistles itself, Mrs. Partington, as she expressed it, had attained a "memento" she could not check.' In a little while the genial old dame with her antique bonnet, her 'ridicule,' and her 'specs,' became a household delight throughout the land where newspapers were read. 'Ike,' her mischievous grandson, was a subsequent creation, as a foil to her. He was an 'imitation of the universal "human boy" whose pranks served to point a moral.' When, in 1854, the

'Sayings' were published in book form, under the title of 'Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington,' fifty thousand copies were quickly sold. 'Ike and his Friends' appeared twenty-five years after.

"When the Partington conceits were at their height Shillaber edited *The Carpet Bag*. This was one of the earliest American 'funny papers,' started in 1851, and one of the best. But it was the 'unfortunate offspring of credulous hope,' and 'despite all the means applied for its support, it died happy after its second year.' It had a remarkable corps of contributors. Among them were Charles G. Halpine (part of the time an assistant editor), the 'Miles O'Reilly' of the Civil War period; John T. Trowbridge, then making fame as a story writer under the *nom de plume* of 'Paul Creyton'; 'Artemus Ward' (Charles G. Browne), just beginning his career; 'Ethan Spike' (Matthew F. Whittier, the poet's brother); 'M. Quad,' in later years of the *Detroit Free Press;* Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the prolific writer of sensational stories; and Louise Chandler Moulton, then signing sketches and poems as 'Ellen Louise.'

"Shillaber also wrote much light and humorous verse. His cheery life closed at the mellow age of seventy-six."

Resuming our walk we next called at the Public Library, which occupies an old academy building, dating from 1800, and interesting as a design of Charles Bulfinch, the pioneer Boston architect, who built the "Bulfinch Front" of the State House there, the old part of the Capitol at Washington, and other notable structures. Here we saw a portrait of James T. Fields in young manhood, and a full-length portrait of Celia Thaxter in her maturity.

We could here take a car on Middle Street, which would help us along the way to Little Harbor, the seat of Governor Benning Wentworth and the scene of the finish of Longfellow's "Lady Wentworth"; but first I suggested that we stroll among some of the old mansions of the neighborhood which

have figured in literature. So working around to Pleasant Street we came upon the Governor Langdon house, standing back from the street, shaded by great oaks and elms, and approached over a tesselated marble walk. Here, Aldrich relates in his "Old Town by the Sea" from which we have quoted so liberally, the governor resided from 1782 till the time of his death in 1819. During this period many an illustrious man passed between the two white pillars that support the little balcony over the front door; among the rest Louis Philippe and his brothers, the Ducs de Montpensier and Beaujolais,

DANIEL WEBSTER HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, N.H.

and the Marquis de Chastellux, a major-general in the French army under the Count de Rochambeau whom he accompanied from France to the States in 1780. The marquis, in recounting his visits about the town while the fleet was lying in the harbor, described this house as "elegant and well furnished, and the apartments admirably well wainscotted." Governor Langdon he found "a handsome man and of noble carriage;" his wife, "young, fair and tolerably handsome;" but, singularly for a Frenchman, "he conversed less with her than with her husband," for the soldierly reason, however, that he was prejudiced in the husband's favor "from knowing that he had

displayed great courage and patriotism at the time of Burgoyne's expedition."

Farther along on Pleasant Street we saw the Governor John Wentworth mansion. He was the last Governor Wentworth, nephew of Governor Benning Wentworth, whom he succeeded in 1767. He served till the brink of the Revolution, when he went to England. He was afterward governor of Nova Scotia, from 1792 to 1800, and died in Halifax in 1820. He was a royalist of the "most florid complexion." In 1775, he harbored and refused to surrender one John Fenton, an ex-captain in the British army, who had offended the Sons of Liberty. His house here was mobbed, and the attacking party planted a small cannon before the doorstep. Then pressing into the mansion, they did considerable damage, marks of which are still shown in a broken marble chimney piece. The family escaped by the back yard when the cannon was placed. That it wasn't loaded did not signify, for this important fact was unknown to the besieged at the time. The great deep hall with its portraits, the old parlor and its adornments, long retained as they appeared in the governor's time, have been reproduced in story.

Among other century or more old mansions of similar interest which grace the shaded streets is the Warner house, — a house of brick brought out from Holland, three stories high, with gambrel roof and luthern windows, and interior rich in paneling and carvings. We are told that a wealthy Scotchman built it in 1718, — one Captain Archibald Macpheadris, a member of the King's council. It was his daughter Mary, granddaughter of the first Governor — or Lieut.-Governor — John Wentworth (father of sixteen children), whom Jonathan Warner married. Warner, in his turn, was a Provincial councilor and served till the Revolution.

But the house which most concerned Percy was a two-story gambrel-roofed dwelling on Vaughan Street; for this was Daniel Webster's first house in Portsmouth, to which in 1808,

he brought his bride to begin housekeeping. "She was Grace Fletcher, the daughter of a minister of Hopkinton, Massachusetts," I remarked, "whom Webster met and wooed during her visits to a sister of hers in Salisbury, New Hampshire, his birthplace. He was then twenty-six, of striking appearance, at the opening of his remarkable career."

It is a cheerful house, its aspect changed little from Webster's day. It has the same broad hall running through the middle: the same easy stairway with fluted, twisted, and flask-shaped banisters: the staircase window with the name "Sally" cut on the glass, — handiwork of Sally Reserve, a daughter of George Reserve, the stamp distributer for New Hampshire under the "odious Stamp Act" of 1765, who built the house: — the front chamber wainscoted to the top: the dining-room below, enlarged by Webster to meet the demands of his generous hospitality. Webster lived in this house, Percy was told, till his removal to the house on Pleasant Street, which was burned down in the "great fire" of 1813. He lost then his library and all the furniture, and the family barely escaped with their lives. After that he took his third and last Portsmouth house, on High Street, and in 1816 he moved to Boston.

As we walked away we talked of Webster's ten years in Portsmouth, of his speedy leadership in his profession, his public service, his associations, his friendship especially with Jeremiah Mason, the great exponent of the common law, often opposed to him in legal cases, but always with friendship unbroken. "It was of them," I recalled, "that George S. Hillard in after years said: 'Mason was a great lawyer, but Webster was a great man practicing law.' It was from Portsmouth that Webster was first sent to Congress; and it was in a Portsmouth paper — the *Chronicle* — that his career as a political writer began."

And then our talk drifted to other legal lights of Portsmouth. To Levi Woodbury among them, with whom Franklin Pierce, afterward President Pierce, was a law student; then to that successful practitioner of an earlier time, Jonathan

Mitchell Sewall, writer of stirring lyrics sung "in every camp and by every patriotic fireside" during the Revolution. He it was who wrote that couplet which long since passed into familiar proverbial use:

> "No pent up Utica contracts your powers,
> But the whole boundless continent is yours!"

This was the finish of an epilogue which he composed to Addison's "Tragedy of Cato" when it was played in the old Bow Street Theatre of Portsmouth, in 1778, the concluding lines running:

> "Rise, then, my countrymen! For fight prepare,
> Gird on your swords, and fearless rush to war!
> For your grieved country nobly dare to die
> And empty all your veins for liberty.
> No pent up Utica contracts your powers,
> But the whole boundless continent is yours!"

Now began our short journey to Little Harbor. We boarded our car alongside the old Parade in the Square, and rode around through handsome Middle Street and beyond to open country. At the farther end of the great South Burying-ground, thick with tablets and monuments, we left the car and took to the road. This was the Little Harbor Road of historic interest and present beauty. It was a charming, winding, shaded walk of about a mile or so ending abruptly at the water-side. And not till we had reached the end did we get a glimpse of the Wentworth "Great House," which the thick foliage of the roadside completely veiled from view. Then we saw it much as pictured in "Lady Wentworth,"—

> . . . "a pleasant mansion, an abode
> Near and yet hidden from the great high road,
> Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
> Baronial and colonial in its style;
> Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
> And stacks of chimneys rising high in air, —
> Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that blew
> Made mournful music the whole winter through."

To Percy's eye it was a queer confusion of architecture, with its square, flat-roofed main part of two stories, lifted above irregular wings which joined three sides of a square opening upon the water. He was informed that it dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, having been completed in 1750. It was once somewhat larger than now, a portion containing seven rooms having been removed many years ago, and set up as a separate house on the Newcastle side of the harbor. In the governor's day it had fifty-two rooms. Chief among these was the Council Chamber for the transaction of business of state, an

THE WENTWORTH GREAT HOUSE, LITTLE HARBOR.

apartment spacious and high-studded, impressive in furnishings. At its entrance were stacks for the twelve muskets of the governor's guard. There were ante-rooms for the entertainment of the provincial worthies frequently assembled here, in which many a rubber of whist was played. Elsewhere:

> "Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,
> Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
> Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
> Reveled and roared the Christmas fires of logs;

Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs;
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names."

The great cellar beneath the main part, into which Percy peeped, was originally arranged for the stabling of a troop of thirty horse in times of danger.

To this pleasant mansion —

". . . . . where the great man dwelt,
A widower and childless, ..."

Martha Hilton had come, and had lived to young womanhood, as a maid of all work —

"A servant who made service seem divine!"

"Here the romance culminated, with Martha Hilton's marriage to the governor, on his sixtieth birthday, when —

. . . . . .

"'He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate
Such as became the Governor of the State,
Who represented England and the King,
And was magnificent in everything.'

"She made him a good wife, albeit having a lively sense of the dignity of her station, as witness this delicious tale of the dropping of her ring upon the floor a few days after her marriage. 'She languidly ordered her servant to pick it up, but the servant, who appears to have had a fine sense of humor, grew suddenly near-sighted, and was unable to find it until Lady Wentworth stooped and placed her ladyship's finger upon it.'

"When the gouty governor died, in 1770, he left her his entire estate. She married again, after a decorous interval, another Wentworth, but not of the Portsmouth branch of the family. He was Michael Wentworth, a retired colonel of the

British army. He lived a life of conviviality, that shortly dissipated her fortune, and at length died in New York, by his own hand. His last words were 'I have had my cake and ate it,' which we must agree with Aldrich shows that within his own modest limitations, he was a philosopher.

"Longfellow wrote his poem without seeing the mansion. His first view of it was a few days after the completion of the tale, as appears by this note in his diary:

'June 1 [1871]. Went with Fields to Portsmouth to see old houses. . . . First, lunch; then to Little Harbor to see the Wentworth house, — a quaint, irregular pile of buildings hidden from the road by rising ground, though close upon it, with lilac hedges, and looking seaward; not unlike my description of it. We went all over the lower part of the house, and saw the present owner, a sprightly old lady of ninety, and her daughter.'

"He also wrote to a friend, after this visit, 'I found it necessary to change only a single line [of the poem], — which was lucky.'

"Subsequently the property fell into excellent hands, becoming the summer seat of John T. Coolidge, jr., son-in-law of the historian Parkman. Here Parkman spent some time each summer during his latter years. While here he wrote parts of his 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' and finished 'A Half Century of Conflict.'"

Hailing a skipper cruising about the little harbor, we chartered him to take us across to the Newcastle side. And by way of this quaint village we returned to town.

A trip to Kittery-side, by ferry across the Piscataqua, and a visit there to the ancient Pepperell house with the tomb of the knight in the orchard, which we reached by trolley-car, rushing through a lovely winding rural road, completed our round of Portsmouth landmarks.

Then preferring a yacht to the steamboat, we embarked on a miniature clipper ship, and made an afternoon voyage to the Isles of Shoals, nine miles out from Portsmouth Light.

VIII.

AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

Their situation in the open sea. — History and traditions. — Hawthorne's note on their weird shapes. — Celia Thaxter's sketch. — Lowell's "Pictures from Appledore." — Legends of the Isles. — The Old White Island lighthouse. — Celia Thaxter's girlhood there. — Her marriage and literary development. — Her later cottage home on Appledore. — Resort of literary folk. — Her island grave.

On the sail over I regaled Percy with tales of the Shoals, their history and traditions, which have come out through the association of literary folk with them; for they were favorite summering places with poets, authors, and artists through the half century from 1840 or thereabouts, especially during the mature life of their own poet — Celia Thaxter (born 1835; died 1894).

First, as to their situation. I showed by a map how they lie, a cluster of eight rocky elevations, in the open sea; six of them — Appledore, Haley's or "Smutty Nose," Malaga, Star, Cedar, and Londoner's — in a group forming a crescent nearly a mile in width — with Duck Island two miles off to the northeast from Appledore, and White Island nearly a mile southwest from Star. Haley's we saw lies closest to Appledore, the largest of the group, the two almost united by a reef bare at low tide; while Cedar and Malaga are connected with Haley's at low tide. Star is a quarter of a mile southeast from Haley's. Duck, with its ledges thrust out on all sides beneath the water, one extending half a mile to the northwest, is the most dangerous of all these isles. White is the most picturesque.

"On Star Island," I went on, "are seen the remnants of the old town of the cluster, — Gosport, — now supplanted by a summer hotel; a little century-old stone church perched on the highest rock; and on another, a monument to Captain John

CELIA THAXTER IN HER GARDEN.

Smith. For this picturesque explorer is the accredited discoverer of the Isles in 1614; although De Monts saw them nine years before, Pring probably sighted them two years before De Monts, while Christopher Leavitt first set foot

upon them, — in 1623. On Appledore rises a more ancient monument, — a rude cairn, which tradition insists, as tradition sometimes will in defiance of seeming fact, that Smith himself, or his men, set up; and here are the Laightons' hostelry, the 'Appledore,' and the cottage with its blooming garden, where Celia Laighton Thaxter lived. On White is the lighthouse where her girlhood was spent. Appledore was earlier called 'Hog,' because of its fancied resemblance to a huge hog's back rising from the water.

"Haley's was dubbed 'Smutty-nose' by passing sailors, from its long, black rock-point upon which many a brave ship has met death. It got its 'regular name' from Samuel Haley, who lived upon it for many years, till his death in 1811, at eighty-four. He was the progenitor of a sterling family. The epitaph over his island grave records that he was a man 'of great ingenuity, industry, honor, and honesty, true to his country, . . . who did a great public good in building a dock and receiving into his enclosure many a poor distressed seaman and fisherman in distress of weather.' His ingenuity and industry were displayed in various other ways. He erected salt-works for making salt to cure fish; he built a rope-walk; he set up windmills for grinding his own corn and wheat; all these to render himself as far as possible independent of the mainland. Celia Thaxter has told of his custom every night to place in his bedroom window, high up and facing the southeast, a light which burned till daybreak, as a beacon for sailors, — before, probably, the lighthouse on White Island was erected. And she thus tells the story of the wreck of the great ship 'Sagunto' from Spain, on a tempestuous January night, when the vessel crashed full upon the fatal southeast point, in sight of the tiny spark that burned peacefully in that quiet chamber:

Her costly timbers of mahogany and cedarwood were splintered on the sharp teeth of those inexorable rocks; her cargo of dried fruits and nuts and bales of broadcloth and gold and silver, was tossed about the shore,

and part of her crew were thrown alive upon it. Some of them saw the light, and crawled toward it benumbed with cold and spent with fatigue and terror. The roaring of the storm bore away their faint cries of distress; the old man slept on quietly, with his family about him, sheltered, safe; while a stone's-throw from his door these sailors strove and agonized to reach that friendly light. Two of them gained the stone-wall in front of the house, but their ebbing strength would not allow them to climb over; they threw themselves upon it, and perished miserably, with safety, warmth, and comfort so close at hand! In the morning, when the tumult was somewhat hushed, and underneath the sullen sky rolled the more sullen sea in long, deliberate waves, the old man looked out into the early light across the waste of snow, and on the wall lay — something that broke the familiar outline, though all was smooth with the pure, soft snow. He must put on coat and cap, and go and find out what this strange thing might be. Ah! that was a sight for his pitying eyes under the cold and leaden light of that unrelenting morning! He summoned his sons and his men. Quickly the alarm was given, and there was confusion and excitement as the islanders, hurriedly gathering, tried if it were possible yet to save some life amid the wreck. But it was too late; every soul was lost. Fourteen bodies were found at that time, strewn all the way between the wall and that southeast point where the vessel had gone to pieces. The following summer the skeleton of another was discovered among some bushes near the shore. . . . Fourteen shallow graves were quarried for the unknown in the iron earth, and there they lie, with him who buried them a little above in the same grassy slope.

"This tragedy of the sea is the subject of Mrs. Thaxter's familiar poem, 'The Spaniards' Graves,' with its fine lines:

"O Sailors, did sweet eyes look after you
  The day you sailed away from sunny Spain?
Bright eyes that followed fading ship and crew,
  Melting in tender rain?

Did no one dream of that drear night to be,
  Wild with the wind, fierce with the stinging snow,
When on yon granite point that frets the sea,
  The ship met her death-blow?

Fifty long years ago these sailors died:
  (None know how many sleep beneath the waves:)
Fourteen gray head-stones, rising side by side,
  Point out their nameless graves, —

Lonely, unknown, deserted, but for me,
  And the wild birds that flit with mournful cry,
And sadder winds, and voices of the sea
  That moans perpetually.

. . . . . .

O Spanish women, over the far seas,
  Could I but show you where your dead repose,
Could I send tidings on this northern breeze
  That strong and steady blows!

Dear dark-eyed sisters, you remember yet
  These you have lost, but you can never know
One stands at their bleak graves whose eyes are wet
  With thinking of your woe!'

"The Shoals lie in two states, the dividing line between New Hampshire and Maine passing between them. Appledore, Duck, and Haley's are on the Maine side; the others belong to New Hampshire. The cluster comprise in all something over six hundred acres. Appledore is a mile long; Star, three-quarters of a mile; and White, about the same extent. Cedar is the smallest, including about an acre. They got their name of the 'Isles of Shoals' upon the dropping of that of Smith's Islands, which they bore on Captain John's map, not from their rugged reefs which run out beneath the water, but from the shoaling, or schooling, of fish about them.

"Of their weird shapes Hawthorne wrote in his journal upon his first visit to them in 1852 (and I turned to my note-book for the extract):

'It is quite impossible to give an idea of these rocky shores, — how confusedly they are tossed together, lying in all directions; what solid ledges, what great fragments thrown out from the rest. Often the rocks are broken, square and angular, so as to form a kind of staircase; though, for the most part, such as would require a giant stride to ascend them. Sometimes a black trap-rock runs through the bed of granite; sometimes the sea has eaten this way, leaving a long, irregular fissure. In some places, owing to the same cause perhaps, there is a great hollow place excavated into the ledge, and forming a harbor, into which the sea flows; and while there is

foam and fury at the entrance, it is comparatively calm within. Some parts of the crag are as much as fifty feet of perpendicular height, down which you look over a bare and smooth descent, at the base of which is a shaggy margin of sea-weed. But it is vain to try to express this confusion. As much as anything else, it seems as if some of the massive materials of the world remained superfluous after the Creator had finished, and were carelessly thrown down here, where the millionth part of them emerge from the sea, and in the course of thousands of years have become partially bestrewn with a little soil.'

"Celia Thaxter has thus pictured them with a poetic touch;

'Swept by every wind that blows, and beaten by the bitter brine for unknown ages, well may the Isles of Shoals be barren, bleak, and bare. . . . The incessant influences of wind and sun, rain, snow, frost, and spray, have so bleached the tips of the rocks that they look hoary as if with age, though in the summer time a gracious greenness of vegetation breaks here and there the stern outlines, and softens somewhat their rugged aspect. Yet so forbidding are their shores it seems scarcely worth

WHITE ISLAND LIGHT.

while to land upon them — mere heaps of tumbling granite in the wide and lonely sea — when all the smiling 'sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land' lies ready to woo the voyager back again, and welcome his returning prow with pleasant sights and sounds and scents that the wild wastes of water never know. But to the human creature who has eyes that will see and ears that will hear, nature appeals with such a novel charm, that the luxurious beauty of the land is half forgotten before one is aware. . . . The wonderful sound of the sea dulls the memory of all

past impressions and seems to fulfill and satisfy all present needs. . . . Each island has its peculiar characteristics. . . . Each presents its boldest shore to the east, to breast the whole force of the Atlantic which every year assails the iron cliffs and headlands with the same ponderous fury, yet leaves upon them so little trace of its immense power. . . . Each island, every isolated rock has its own peculiar rote, and ears made delicate by listening in great and frequent peril, can distinguish the bearings of each in a dense fog. The threatening speech of Duck Island's ledges, the swing of the wave over Half-Way Rock, the touch of the ripple on the beach at Londoner's, the long and lazy breaker that is forever rolling below the lighthouse on White Island, — all are familiar and distinct, and indicate to the islander his whereabouts almost as clearly as if the sun shone brightly and no shrouding mist were striving to mock and mislead him.'

"And Lowell, in his 'Pictures from Appledore' thus describes this isle, chiefest in interest to us because of its literary associations:

'A heap of bare and splintery crags
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached jags,
That wait and growl for a ship to be lost;

. . . . . .

Ribs of rock that seaward jut,
Granite shoulders and boulders and snags,
Round which, though the winds in heaven be shut,
The nightmared ocean murmurs and yearns,
Welters, and swashes, and tosses, and turns,
And the dreary black seaweed lolls and wags;
Only rock from shore to shore,
Only a moan through the bleak clefts blown,
With sobs in the rifts where the coarse kelp shifts,
Falling and lifting, tossing and drifting,
And under all a deep, dull roar,
Dying and swelling, forevermore, —
Rock and moan and roar alone,
And the dread of some nameless thing unknown,
These make Appledore.

These make Appledore by night.

. . . . . .

All this you would scarcely comprehend,
Should you see the isle on a sunny day;
Then it is simple enough in its way, —
Two rocky bulges, one at each end,
With a smaller bulge and a hollow between;
Patches of whortleberry and bay;
Accidents of open green,
Sprinkled with loose slabs square and gray,
Like graveyards for ages deserted; a few
Unsocial thistles; an elder or two,
Foamed over with blossoms white as spray;
And on the whole island never a tree
Save a score of sumachs, high as your knee,
That crouch in hollows where they may,
(The cellars where once stood a village, men say,)
Huddling for warmth, and never grew
Tall enough for a peep at the sea;
A general dazzle of open blue;
A breeze always blowing and playing rat-tat
With the bow of the ribbon round your hat;

. . . . . .

A medrick that makes you look overhead
With short, sharp scream, as he sights his prey,
And, dropping straight and swift as lead,
Splits the water with sudden thud; —
This is Appledore by day.'

"So early as 1623, the year that Leavitt landed, first of all Europeans, upon them, — only three years after the coming of the Pilgrims to Plymouth, — the Isles were occupied as a fishing station; and from that time to the Revolutionary period the fisheries were pursued as an active industry. During the thriving days of piracy many a buccaneer frequented these isles, and tales are told of immense treasure hidden in their rocky depths. They are numbered among the countless hiding-places of Kidd's wealth, and they harbor a pirate-ghost, — 'Old Bab,' one of Kidd's men. His ghostship is of a 'pale and very dreadful' countenance, clad in a 'coarse, striped butcher's frock, with a leather belt to which is attached a sheath containing a

ghostly knife, sharp and glittering, which it is his delight to brandish in the face of terrified humanity.' And there is a sweeter ghost, a lovely woman 'fair as a lily,' wrapped closely in a dark sea-cloak, with a profusion of light hair falling loosely over her shoulders, who stands on the cliffs fixing her large and melancholy eyes on the limitless sea, as she moans, 'He *will* come back! He *will* come back.' As the legend runs, the sweet maid was left here by her pirate lover, a companion of the notorious 'Blackbeard,' to guard his buried treasure while

CELIA THAXTER'S GRAVE.

he and 'Blackbeard' sailed after a strange ship for more plunder. She was made to swear 'with horrible rites that till his return, if it were not till the day of judgment, she would guard it from the search of all mortals.' Then off the islands a fight ensued between the pirate ship and the strange sail, which proved to be a cruiser in search of the freebooters. After a desperate battle the pirate ship was blown up and all of her gang perished. But the maiden kept her oath.

"For more than a century before the Revolution the Shoals were fairly populous, considering their size and distance from the mainland, having from three hundred to six hundred inhabitants. Within the first half of the eighteenth century vessels were annually loaded here with fish for Balboa, in Spain. About the year 1660 there were on Appledore (then Hog Island) thirty or forty families, who, says an old chronicler, were 'generally good livers.' In so prosperous a state were the islands at that period, this same chronicler avers, that 'gentlemen from some of the principal towns on the seacoast sent their sons here for literary instruction.' This was evidently an embellishment of the simpler record that children were sent here from the mainland to school — probably to the good island minister John Brock, — in order that they might be safe from the Indians then harassing the settlements. A little later the Hog islanders moved over to Star, partly through fear of the Indians who made Duck Island a rendezvous.

"Early in the Revolution when the Islands were at the mercy of the enemy and affording it sustenance and recruits, the Provincial government ordered the inhabitants to quit them, — which the greater part did. They scattered among the seaport towns along the coast, and most of them never returned. On Star Island in 1775 the royal Governor Wentworth performed his last official act when he prorogued the last assembly of the province of New Hampshire.

"The few among the islanders who did not join the exodus were mostly the more debased, and the Isles speedily sank into a deplorable condition. From the war period till between 1820 and 1830, their inhabitants mostly lived in a wretched condition of ignorance and vice. We have Celia Thaxter's word for it that in no place of the size of the group has there been a greater absorption of 'rum' since the world was made. A young theological student there in 1822 on missionary work intent, recorded in his journal numerous shocking instances of what he termed the 'Heaven-daring impieties' of the island-

ers. But in time things slowly mended, mainly through the efforts of ministers sent down by that zealous Puritan organization with the ponderous name — the "Society for Propagating the Gospel Among Indians and Others in North America;" and through the work of courageous women who came over from the mainland to live among the people, to teach their school and reclaim their children.

"When the elder Laighton, Celia Thaxter's father, took charge of the White Island lighthouse, and moved his family from Portsmouth to the little stone cottage there, the islands were yet sparsely settled, mostly by fishermen's families. That was in 1839, when Celia was scarcely five years old. Of the home on this remote island she has given us a fascinating picture:

"'It was at sunset in autumn that we were set ashore on that loneliest, lovely rock, where the lighthouse looked down on us like some tall, black-capped giant, and filled me with awe and wonder. At its base a few goats were grouped on the rock, standing out dark against the red sky as I looked up at them. The stars began to twinkle; the wind blew cold, charged with the sea's sweetness; the sound of many waters half bewildered me. Some one began to light the lamps in the tower. Rich red and golden, they swung round in mid-air. Everything was strange and fascinating and new. We entered the quaint little old stone cottage that was for six years our home. How curious it seemed, with its low, white-washed ceiling and deep window-seats, showing the great thickness of the walls made to withstand the breakers, with whose force we soon grew acquainted!

"'A blissful home the little house became to the children who entered it that quiet evening and slept for the first time lulled by the murmur of the encircling sea. I do not think a happier triad ever existed than we were, living in that profound isolation. It takes so little to make a healthy child happy; and we never wearied of our resources. True, the winters seemed as long as a whole year to our little minds, but they were pleasant, nevertheless. Into the deep window-seats we climbed, and with pennies (for which we had no other use) made round holes in the thick frost, breathing on them till they were warm, and peeped out at the bright, fierce, windy weather, watching the vessels scudding over the intensely dark blue sea, all "featherwhite" where the short waves broke hissing in

the cold, and the seafowl soaring aloft or tossing on the water; or, in calmer days, we saw how the stealthy Star-Islander paddled among the ledges, or lay for hours stretched on the wet sea-weed, with his gun, watching for wild-fowl. Sometimes the round head of a seal moved about among the kelp-covered rocks. . . . We were forced to lay in stores of all sorts in the autumn, as if we were fitting out a ship for an Arctic expedition. The lower story of the lighthouse was hung with mutton and beef, and the store-room packed with provisions.

"'In the long, covered walk that bridged the gorge between the lighthouse and the house, we played in stormy days; and every evening it was a fresh excitement to watch the lighting of the lamps, and think how far the lighthouse sent its rays, and how many hearts it gladdened with assurance of safety. As I grew older I was allowed to kindle the lamps sometimes myself. That was indeed a pleasure. . . . We hardly saw a human face beside our own all winter; but with the spring came manifold life to our lonely dwelling,—human life among other forms. Our neighbors from Star rowed across; the pilot boat from Portsmouth steered over and brought us letters, newspapers, magazines, and told us the news of months.

"'Once or twice every year came the black, lumbering old "oil-schooner" that brought supplies for the lighthouse, and the inspector, who gravely examined everything, to see if all was in order. He left stacks of clear red and white glass chimneys for the lamps, and several doeskins for polishing the great silver-lined copper reflectors, large bundles of wicks, and various pairs of scissors for trimming them, heavy black casks of ill-perfumed whale oil, and other things which were all stowed in the round, dimly-lighted rooms of the tower. Very awe-struck, we children always crept into corners, and whispered and watched the intruders till they embarked in their ancient, clumsy vessel, and, hoisting their dark, weather-stained sails, bore slowly away again."

"Celia Thaxter has sung the old white lighthouse in 'The Wreck of the Pocahontas' beginning:

> 'I lit the lamps in the lighthouse tower,
> For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
> They shone like a glorious clustered flower,—
> Ten golden and five red.'

That lighthouse was removed many years ago and a brick tower built in its place, and the 'ten golden and five red'

lamps were superseded by the Fresnel's triple burner enclosed in its case of prisms, — less picturesque, but more powerful.

"Thomas Laighton's coming to the Shoals as lighthouse keeper they say, was the result of political disappointment. He was the son of a spar-maker in Portsmouth. His father's trade was not congenial to him as a vocation, and he took to journalism and politics. He wrote for the *New Hampshire Gazette*, and was postmaster of Portsmouth under Jackson's administration. Afterward came the disappointment in his hope of a public career, and taking the island-lighthouse appointment, he resolved never to return to the mainland. Upon his retirement as light-keeper, in 1848, he moved across to Appledore, and there engaged with a brother from Portsmouth in the fishing business. Meanwhile they had built a comfortable 'house of entertainment' for the occasional visitors who drifted over from the mainland; and from this developed the greater hotel of the Laighton family. Thomas Laighton died in 1865, and was buried on his island. His wife, born Eliza Rymes, of Portsmouth, 'a woman of remarkable good sense and a strong physique,' long survived him; and when she died, in 1877, her grave was also made on the island. Seventeen years later Celia's burial-place was by her side.

"The discoverer of the isles as a summering place and health restorer, was the scholarly John Weiss, liberal minister and *litterateur*, and the biographer of Theodore Parker. He came first to the lighthouse with a companion, in 1846, and made friends with the Laighton family. They found the light-keeper 'rough, but good humored;' the good wife genuinely pleased to see them; Celia, a 'bright-looking, rosy-faced girl;' and the two boys, Oscar and Cedric, with 'their hair cut straight across their foreheads to keep it out of their eyes.'

"When the family removed to Appledore, Celia was thirteen. Among the earlier summer guests of the Laightons' 'house of entertainment' was Levi Thaxter, then of Watertown, Massachusetts, a recent graduate from Harvard. He

was a young man of 'refined taste and intellectual endowment,' reserved and of a retiring nature, and was then studying the English drama with an eye to becoming a dramatic reader and possibly an actor. He was a cousin of Maria White who became James Russell Lowell's first wife, and was intimate with several rising men of letters. In later years he introduced Robert Browning's poetry to American readers and became somewhat widely known as its 'apostle.' This intellectual young man fell in love with the 'rosy-faced' Celia, and when she was sixteen they were married.

"Young Thaxter took his girl-bride to a home in a suburb of Boston, and proceeded to direct her instruction, and her literary training and development. This was her first introduction to the world and it brought her exuberant joy. In Boston 'lectures, operas, concerts, theatres, pictures, music above all,' — says her life-long friend, Mrs. James T. Fields, 'what were they not to her? Did artists ever before find such an eye and such an ear? She brought to them a spirit prepared for harmony, but utterly ignorant of the science of painting or music until the light of art suddenly broke upon her womanhood.' Her genius quickly unfolded, and before she was twenty she began to write and show her talent as a word-painter. The cottage on the island, originally built for Mr. and Mrs. Laighton, was long Celia Thaxter's home the greater part of each year. And here was early established her unique *salon*, to which were attracted literary folk, artists, musicians, wits, and genuises of various sort, drawn to the Isles from time to time in the open seasons."

As we sailed out from Portsmouth harbor and were off Newcastle, we had the Isles directly before us. First they appeared, as Celia Thaxter has described, ill-defined and cloudy shapes, faintly discernible in the distance; then, as approached,

separating and showing each its peculiar characteristics. It was a beautiful sail, Percy exclaimed repeatedly, — all the way from the start at the tumbling old wharf in Portsmouth-town, down the "singing" Piscataqua between green shores, through the Narrows with the picturesque islands on either side, past old Fort Constitution and Whale Back with its twin light-houses, along the open sea, to the finish at the pier at Appledore where we disembarked.

After registering at the hotel, and then taking a hasty sweep of the near and distant island and sea views from its broad piazzas, we walked across to the Thaxter cottage. In the front yard was still blooming, as in its mistress's day, the wonderful garden which she created with infinite care and devotion in the island's "iron soil," — the theme of her little classic, "An Island Garden," and of one of her daintiest poems, "My Garden." A "most happy little garden" indeed it was, we agreed as we recalled her own descriptions of it in prose and verse; a space of "tangled bloom" displaying through the seasons a wondrous variety of gay, brilliant-tinted, old-fashioned flowers, — snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils, narcissus, hyacinths, scillas, English primroses, tulips, and so on.

Within the cottage the "room of rooms" was the parlor on the southeast side. "Hawthorne was among the earliest to describe its hostess here," I remarked. "His first visit to the Isles was in September, 1852, a favored guest, bearing an introduction from Franklin Pierce, then a Presidential candidate, in addition to his own growing fame. He wrote in his journal:

"'In the evening went with Mr. Titcomb to Mr. Thaxter's to drink apple-toddy. We found Mrs. Thaxter sitting in a neat little parlor, very simply furnished, but in good taste. She is not now, I believe, more than eighteen years old, very pretty, and with the manners of a lady, — not prim and precise, but with enough of freedom and ease. The books on the table were "Pre-Raphaelitism," a tract on spiritual mediums, etc.

There were several shelves of books on one side of the room, and engravings on the walls. . . . Anon . . . came in the apple-toddy, a very rich and spicy compound, after which we had some glees and negro melodies, in which Mr. Thaxter sang a noble bass, and Mrs. Thaxter sang like a bird, and Mr. [John] Weiss sang, I suppose, tenor, and a brother took some other part; and all were very mirthful and jolly. At about ten o'clock Mr. Titcomb and myself took leave, and emerging into the open air, out of that room of song, and pretty youthfulness of woman, and gay young men, there was the sky, and the three-quarters waning moon, and the old sea moaning all round about the island.'

"Whittier was a frequent visitor. He would sit hour after hour, says Mrs. Fields, sometimes mending Celia's æolian harp while they talked together, sometimes reading aloud to the assembled company. William Morris Hunt, the Boston painter, was another often here. Also Professor John K. Paine, the composer. Even Ole Bull, 'that Norwegian waif and celebrated violinist,' says Frank Preston Stearns, sometimes wandered in and entertained the gathering with 'accounts of sea-serpents standing on their tails in front of waterfalls, and other marvels only visible in Norway, — supposing,' apparently, 'that his hearers would believe anything that he told them.' Artists here first showed their summer work; musicians performed their new compositions; poets read their poems, essayists their essays. Mrs. Thaxter, too, read her verses to the friendly audiences drawn to her parlor.

"It was at the writing-table in the corner by the window with its grand outlook, that most of her literary work was composed. Here during a winter season she wrote her charmful 'Among the Isles of Shoals.' But her first work to find print was written elsewhere, away from the sea. This was her poem, 'Land-Locked.' It appeared in the *Atlantic* under Lowell's editorship, sent to him, it is said, by a friend, and at once accepted and published, to the young author's surprise and gratification. Though one of her earliest productions it has been classed with the most beautiful in form and thought of her mature work. Her literary output was not great in

quantity, — it is embraced within three or four small volumes, — but it was often exquisite in quality. She was distinctly our singer of the sea."

From the poet's cottage we wended our way to her grave in the little family graveyard, where Percy copied the terse inscriptions on the head stones as I read Mrs. Fields's description of the scene at her burial:

"The burial was at her island on a quiet afternoon in the late summer. Her parlor, in which the body lay, was again made radiant, after her own custom, with the flowers from her garden, and a bed of sweet bay was prepared by her friends Appleton Brown and Childe Hassam, on which her form was laid. William Mason once more played the music from Schumann which she chiefly loved, and an old friend, James De Normandie, paid a deep tribute of affection, spoken for all those who surrounded her. She was borne by her brothers and those nearest to her up to the silent spot where her body was left. The day was still and soft, and the veiled sun was declining as the solemn procession, bearing flowers, followed to the sacred place. At a respectful distance above stood a wide ring of interested observers, but only those who knew her and loved her best drew near. After all was done, and the body was at rest upon the fragrant bed prepared for it, the young flower-bearers brought their burdens to cover her. The bright, tear-stained faces of those who held up their arms full of flowers, to be heaped upon the spot until it became a mound of blossoms, allied the scene, in beauty and simplicity, to the solemn rites of antiquity."

After a late dinner we made an evening cruise among the islands. On our return we sat late upon the hotel piazza and listened to the sea, until at length we retired, and slept "with all the waves of the Atlantic murmuring in our ears." We woke to the freshness of such a summer morning as Celia Thaxter describes on these isles: "the world like a new-blown rose, . . . in the heart of which" we stood, with "only the caressing music of the water to break the utter silence, except, perhaps, a song-sparrow" pouring out "its blissful warble like an embodied joy; the sea rosy, and the sky; the line of land

radiant; the scattered sails" glowing "with the delicious color that touches so tenderly the bare, bleak rocks."

Breakfast over, we set sail again in our yacht and returned to Portsmouth, whence we started forthwith for our pilgrimage to Portland and beyond.

IX.

IN THE FOREST CITY.

Along the way from Portsmouth. — South Berwick, home of Sarah Orne Jewett. — Story of her work. — "The Falls of Saco." — Portland's Longfellow landmarks. — The poet's birthplace. — The mansion home of his boyhood. — His life here and at the country homes of his grandfathers. — His first poem in the local newspaper. — Its unconscious critic. — Scenes of later poems. — The Portland band of writers: Nathaniel Deering, John Neal, Seba Smith, Isaac M'Lellan, Grenville Mellen, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Anna S. W. Stephens, Elijah Kellogg. — Story of Nathaniel P. Willis.

FROM Portsmouth to Portland was a long railway ride, for our train was an "accommodation," making its way leisurely through the shore towns and cities, with stops at all the stations. We took it because it was the first train of the schedule for the day. The journey, however, was not tiresome. On the contrary, Percy enjoyed it all, for the country was pleasant, the people coming and going at the stations were interesting, while the route was by or near places which favorite writers have made familiar to the reading world.

Such a place was South Berwick, the ancestral home of Sarah Orne Jewett (born 1849 —). We might have "stopped over" at North Berwick, the nearest station on our line to this "large old town," with its beautiful main street, and its mansions of former sea-kings, and made a by-trip to it. But we decided to continue on, Percy being content with the picture I gave him of the Jewett homestead and of the gentlewoman whose delineations of New England life and character, the leader of modern workers in this field, have so garnished our literature.

"Imagine," I said, "an old colonial mansion, two-storied,

high-roofed, liberally proportioned, high panelled hall with wide arch running through the middle, broad and easy stairway ascending to ample rooms above, old-time furnishings and furniture and heirlooms; the mansion set among lofty trees and blossoming shrubs; — and you have this typical old New England home.

"Miss Jewett, born in this favored mansion, was the daughter of a country doctor; and being a delicate girl requiring the open air, she early became the doctor's companion on his long

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

drives over a wide territory to the homes of his patients Thus she acquired a peculiar intimacy with the life of the people. While she attended the local academy, and was otherwise well trained in 'book learning,' she attributes to her father's unobtrusive influence and guidance the development of her talents in the direction her work has taken. In her own gracious way she has said:

"'My father had inherited from his father an amazing knowledge of human nature, and from his mother's French ancestry that peculiar

French trait called *gaieté de cœur*. Through all the heavy responsibilities and anxieties of his busy professional life, this kept him young at heart and cheerful. His visits to his patients were often made delightful and refreshing to them by his kind heart, and the charm of his personality. . . . I used to follow him about silently like an undemanding little dog, content to follow at his heels. I had no consciousness of watching or listening, or indeed of any special interest in the country interiors. In

HOME OF SARAH O. JEWETT, SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE.

fact, when the time came that my own world of imagination was more real to me than any other, I was sometimes perplexed at my father's directing my attention to certain points of interest in the character or surroundings of our acquaintances. I cannot help believing that he recognized, long before I did myself, in what direction the current of purpose in my life was setting. Now as I write my sketches of country life, I remember again and again the wise things he said, and the sights he made me see. He was only impatient with affectation and insincerity.'

"It was his portrait which she limned in her story of 'The Country Doctor.'"

"Both of Miss Jewett's parents were of early New England ancestry. Her mother, a woman of refined nature, was descended from Edward Gilman, who came from Norfolk in Old

CORNER IN MISS JEWETT'S STUDY.

England, to Boston in New England, back in 1638, and thence went to Exeter, New Hampshire, with its early settlers. In the Revolution days the Gilmans were ardent patriots, while the Jewetts were devoted loyalists.

"Miss Jewett began writing stories in her girlhood, and

when in her teens first saw her sketches published in *Our Young Folks* and *The Riverside* — those juvenile magazines of the sixties and seventies, than which no worthier have since been established. She was but nineteen when she sent her first sketch to the *Atlantic*, which promptly printed it. She first published under the pen-name of 'Alice Eliot,' but after 1881 signed her own name. From the publication of her initial volume, 'Deephaven,' in 1877, she has brought out a book almost every year, published first in magazines; and her works now make a respectable shelf-full. Of her art, Harriet Prescott Spofford, most competent as well as most sympathetic of judges, has said: 'the secret of her success, outside of the artistic perfection of her work, is the spirit of loving kindness and tender mercy that pervades it.' "

Another place of especial interest to Percy was Saco, with the Saco River, now "vexed in all its seaward course with bridges, dams and mills"; for once upon a time he had declaimed at school Whittier's "The Falls of the Saco," beginning:

> "Who stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,
> Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky
> Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on high,
> Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Magone?"

At length in Portland, we sought at once the Longfellow landmarks. These are some distance from the station, up in the business center and down by the wharves. So we took a trolley car and rode up town. On the chief thoroughfare — Congress Street — we passed the principal Longfellow house, of which Percy got a glimpse; but we kept on, to begin at the beginning, with Longfellow's birthplace.

This we found after various turns, on old Fore Street, a tenement house now. It is no longer the "old square wooden house on the edge of the sea." The street no longer runs along the shore with the beach on the opposite side. Years

ago the region changed. Percy could see nothing to admire in either house or neighborhood to-day. It was hard for him to imagine that both were delightsome in Longfellow's childhood. But that both were so, we have the assurance of the local historian. Then the mansion commanded a fine outlook over the harbor; and the neighborhood was within the "court-end" of the town. Now, where the tide ebbed and flowed, is

BIRTHPLACE OF LONGFELLOW.

land, and over the beach where sometimes on Sundays the rite of baptism was administered before throngs of spectators, railroad trains run.

We tarried here only long enough to identify the house, and recall its brief history so far as its association with the poet was concerned.

"It was the home of his father's brother-in-law, prosperous Captain Samuel Stephenson," I related, "who built it, not long before the poet's birth. His parents were temporarily living here, with their little son Stephen, spending the winter with

Aunt Stephenson, when Henry was born, on the 27th of February, 1807. When he was a little more than a year old the family went to live in the brick mansion on Congress Street. Five or six years afterward, at the time of the Embargo 'which left the ships rotting at the wharves,' Uncle and Aunt Stephenson moved away to Gorham, upon a farm adjoining Grandfather Longfellow's place there; and this 'old square house by the sea' knew no more of the Longfellows."

We walked back to Congress Street and now inspected the other house most closely identified with Longfellow, the developing boy and youth. This also has changed in the passing years, but only slightly, we saw, as compared with the Fore Street house. Though crowded by modern structures on either side, it yet preserves its dignity, and retains traces of the aspect it bore when it was among the stateliest mansions of the town, and shaded by drooping elms in front.

"This mansion," I remarked as we stood off a decorous distance, while Percy deftly took a snap-shot of it with his kodak, "was erected by the poet's maternal grandfather, brave General Peleg Wadsworth, not long after the Revolutionary War, in which he took so effective a part in Rhode Island and in the expedition to 'The Eastward,' as Maine then was."

"Yes," said Percy, "the 'schoolmaster-soldier of Kingston,' of whose closing of his school in Plymouth and start off with his minute-men after the Concord Fight, we heard during our historic pilgrimages in those old Colony towns of Massachusetts."

"Exactly. And after the war he acquired a great estate of seven thousand acres of wild lands between Saco and the Ossipee River, — 'Wadsworth Grant' it was sometimes designated on the map, — and there, in his great house at Hiram, which he established the year of the poet's birth, he passed his declining years. He was a fine figure of a man with his soldierly bearing, upright form, cocked hat, and buckled shoes.

LONGFELLOW HOUSE. PORTLAND, MAINE.

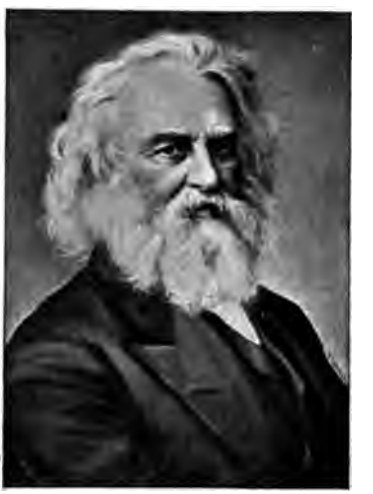
This Portland mansion of his was the first brick house in the town. Two years were occupied in its building, 1784–86, for it was constructed with that deliberation and thoroughness which characterized those simple days. It was then amid green fields. Here Zilpah Wadsworth passed her girlhood, coming to the new house when she was a child of seven. Here she was married to Stephen Longfellow. And here, after the General's removal to Hiram, was their home for the remainder of their lives. It was the poet's home till his establishment at Bowdoin College in the professor's chair. During the greater part of his life it was his custom to visit the old place once a year; and his was a familiar face seen by the parlor window, or on the street on these occasions. The house remained in the Longfellow family till it was acquired by the Maine Historical Society, by deed of gift from the poet's sister, Mrs. Anna Longfellow Pierce, whose death in 1900 closed her peaceful life here."

The door of the old house opened to us, and Percy enjoyed the pleasant interior. The "boys' room" was on the upper floor, he was told. In their day, as Samuel Longfellow, the poet's brother, has described it, this room looked out over the "Cove," and farms, and woodlands, toward Mount Washington in full view on the western horizon; while the eastern chambers commanded an unbroken view of the bay. Then in the kitchen "hung the crane over the coals in the old broad fireplace, upon whose iron back a fish forever baked in effigy." In the family room was the father's small but well-selected library, embracing Shakspere, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Thomson, Goldsmith, the Spectator, the Lives of the Poets, Rasselas, and Plutarch's Lives, which Henry absorbed as he grew into boyhood.

He had access, as well, to the Portland Library; and "sometimes of evenings he got permission to go down to Johnson's bookstore to look over the new books arrived from Boston." His school life began at three years of age, at a

"dame's school," kept by "Ma'am Fellows." He remembered being carried to school sometimes on horseback in front of the colored man who worked for his father. At five he began going to a public school; then, soon after, to a private school; then, at six, to the Portland Academy. At fourteen he entered Bowdoin, with his elder brother, Stephen.

We recalled the home life in the mansion-house. The father was a lawyer foremost in his profession, holding high position at the Cumberland Bar; a man of "sound good sense in affairs, high integrity, liberality and public spirit, old-time courtesy of manners, and cordial hospitality." He had graduated with honor at Harvard, in the same class with William Ellery Channing and Judge Story. He was a representative in the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1814, and in Congress in 1823–1825. The mother was a refined and delicate woman, fond of poetry and music, and a lover of nature. "She would sit by a window during a thunder-storm enjoying the excitement of its splendors." From her, his brother says, came the imaginative and romantic side of Longfellow's nature. Another inmate of the household was "Aunt Lucia," the mother's sister, who "was like a second mother to her children." It was a gentle home, well ordered and wholesome.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Long holidays were spent by the boys at the homes of the grandfathers, — Grandfather Longfellow's in Gorham, and Grandfather Wadsworth's in Hiram. Grandfather Longfellow,

the judge, like General Wadsworth, was a man of marked characteristics. He was "an erect, portly figure, rather tall; wearing almost to the close of his life the old-style dress,—long-skirted waistcoat, small-clothes, and white-topped boots, his hair tied behind in a club, with black ribbon." Not far from Grandfather Wadsworth's place was the scene of Longfellow's first published poem, "The Battle of Lovell's Pond,"—the lake in Fryeburg about which occurred "Lovwell's Fight" with the Indians.

The story, as told, of the publication of this first poem when Longfellow was but thirteen recalled somewhat that of Whittier's first poem in print. With "trembling and misgiving of heart" the boy "ran down to Mr. Shirley's printing-office"—the office of the semi-weekly Portland *Gazette*,—"and cautiously slipped his manuscript into the letter-box." The evening before the publication day he went again and stood shivering in the November air, casting many a glance at the windows through which he saw the printers at work, afraid to venture in. Only his sister (who like Whittier's received his literary confidences) had been let into the secret. At length the paper appeared,—the issue of Nov. 17, 1820,—and in its "Poet's Corner" his precious lines. Long after he said, "I don't think any other literary success in my life has made me quite so happy since."

But mark the dénouement. That evening he went with his father to call upon the father's friend, Judge Mellen, whose son Fred was his own intimate. In the circle about the fire the talk drifted upon poetry. During the conversation the judge took up that day's *Gazette*, and his eye sought the "Poet's Corner." Then said he, "Did you see this piece in to-day's paper? Very stiff; remarkably stiff. Moreover, it is also borrowed, every word of it!" The secret author in his corner flushed and paled, and flushed and paled again. His heart shrank within him; and that night hot tears wet his pillow.

Bidding adieu to the old mansion, we walked farther up Congress Street, passing the site of the "Freemasons' Arms," the tavern of Thomas Motley, grandfather of the historian John Lothrop Motley; and coming to Longfellow Square we saw the excellent bronze statue of Longfellow.

Then we extended our stroll to embrace picturesque parts of the city "that is seated by the sea," and its natural beauties which have been celebrated in prose and verse. Percy especially desired to seek the points, if any still existed, referred to in Longfellow's idyl of "My Lost Youth," which he said he had somewhere read pictured Portland in the poet's boyhood. So we wandered up and down "the dear old town," Percy, where traces of these places could no longer be found, imagining them, with the scenes described in the poem.

First, being in its vicinity, we turned toward the Bramhall's Hill region, — the modern "West End" of the city, with its elm-shaded streets and detached houses, set by gardens and lawns. We strolled along the Western Promenade skirting the brow of the hill, and enjoyed the expanding views of country and mountain. We looked off upon

> ". . . the breezy dome of groves,
> The shadows of Deering Woods: — "

the Deering Woods "fresh and fair" of the poet's memory, — now preserved as a public park.

Then we walked back to the easterly end of the city, the older part, where is Munjoy's Hill with the Eastern Promenade, overlooking the bay, its green isles, and the ocean beyond. In this quarter were most of the places and scenes of the poet's boyhood recollections: the bulwarks by the shore; the fort upon the hill, and its familiar sounds lingering in his memory:

> "The sunrise gun with its hollow roar,
> The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
> And the bugle wild and shrill.
>
> . . . . . .

> . . . the sea-fight far away
> How it thundered o'er the tide!"

The graves of the dead captains in the old burying-ground,

> ". . . o'erlooking the tranquil bay
> Where they in battle died."

And down by the water-side, long ago built over,

> ". . . the black wharves and the slips,
> And the sea-tides tossing free;
> And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
> And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
> And the magic of the sea."

As we strolled into this east end we caught

> ". . . in sudden gleams
> The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
> And islands that were the Hesperides
> Of all my boyish dreams."

Ascending the hill we loitered about the old burying-ground where lay in their graves, besides the "dead captains," brave Commodore Preble, the poet's father, and other worthies long passed on; where also is the memorial to the gallant Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, the brother of the poet's mother, for whom he was named.

Here, while Percy tarried by the monuments and copied their inscriptions, we recalled the story of the "dead captains." They were the Yankee William Burroughs, of the United States brig *Enterprise*, and the British Samuel Blythe, of His Majesty's brig *Boxer*. Their sea-fight was one of the memorable encounters of the war of 1812. It occurred off this coast, almost in sight of the town, on the 5th of September, 1813. Both commanders were killed in the engagement, and after it "both lay side by side in the same dark, low cabin." John Neal has told how the colors of the *Boxer* were nailed to the mast; how her decks were swept from her bow aft, over and

over again; how she was hulled several times with 18-pound shot; and how by one of these shot her valiant captain was literally cut in two. Three days afterward, when they had been brought ashore, the dead captains were given a public funeral, and here interred side by side. Beside them, as we saw, was laid Lieut. Kerwin Waters of the *Enterprise*, mortally wounded in the same action.

Then we read the story of Lieut. Henry Wadsworth, inscribed on the cenotaph erected by his father, General Wadsworth: . . . "Lieutenant in the United States Navy," who fell before the walls of Tripoli on the eve of the 4th September, 1804, in the 20th year of his age, by an explosion of a fire-ship, which he with others gallantly conducted against the enemy. 'An honor to his country and an example to all excellent youth.' — Extract from a Resolve of Congress upon his act." He was attached to the schooner *Scourge* in Commodore Preble's squadron, led by the *Constitution*, and was a volunteer for the daring service in which he met his death.

"Another brother of the poet's mother," I added, "was in the navy, and conspicuously honored for gallant service. He was Alexander Scannel Wadsworth, born in the Congress-Street mansion in 1790. He was second lieutenant on the *Constitution* when she engaged the British frigate *Guerrière* off Newfoundland, in August, 1812, and captured her after shooting away her three masts and so cutting her up that she had to be burned; — from which encounter, by the way, the *Constitution*, issuing with comparatively slight bruises, got her beloved nickname of 'Old Ironsides.'"

The scenes of other poems of Longfellow's laid in this old quarter of the town, we could not trace, for they were obliterated years ago. Time long since swept away "The Rope-walk." And long ago disappeared the "blossoming hawthorn tree" under the hill, beneath the branches of which the poet, when a boy, watched the old potter at his work, going back and forth, as described in "Kéramos."

Having heard that with Portland is identified, besides Longfellow, a notable band of old-time writers who have had a share in the making of American literature, Percy desired next to see their "landmarks." But little or nothing of them is now traceable; so he had to be content with talk only of these authors and their accomplishments.

We recalled, first, the Portland-born writers who were coming forward promisingly when Longfellow was a boy. Among these was the cultured Nathaniel Deering (born 1791 — died 1881), living to ninety years, who wrote poems, tales of "Down East" life, and "Carabasset, or the last of the Norridgewocks," and "Bozzaris," two five-act tragedies, produced at the Portland Theatre in 1831, which brought him more than local fame. Another was the exuberant John Neal (born 1793 — died 1876), living to eighty-three, poet, editor, novelist, magazine-writer, dramatist; of a style "impetuous, independent, with dash and audacity"; whose most lasting renown came from his "Battle of Niagara," published in 1818. Another was Seba Smith (born 1792 — died 1868), whose birthplace was a log house in the woods of Bucksfield; editor, poet, and author of the "Major Jack Downing" papers, a famous series of political and humorous writings in the Yankee dialect.

Then were considered Longfellow's earlier contemporaries: Nathaniel Parker Willis (born 1807 — died 1867), most brilliant star of this galaxy, Longfellow's senior by a year; Isaac M'Lellan (born 1806 — died 1899), "poet of the rod and gun," Willis's classmate at Phillips (Andover) Academy, Longfellow's and Hawthorne's college-mate at Bowdoin, a life-long friend of these three, and of Motley, Bryant, and Holmes: whose honorable career closed at the age of ninety-three in his rural home at Greenport, Long Island; Grenville Mellen (born 1799—died 1841), poet, essayist, writer of "Glad Tales and Sad Tales," eldest son of that Judge Mellen (the first chief justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, by the way) whose

cutting criticism of Longfellow's first printed poem so distressed the boy.

Then writers of a later period: Elizabeth Oakes Smith (born in North Yarmouth, Me., 1806 — died in New York, 1893), wife of Seba Smith, poet, romancer, and the first woman in America to appear as a public lecturer; Mrs. Ann S. Winterbotham Stephens (born in Derby, Conn., 1813, died in Newport, R. I., 1886), novelist, doing her earliest work in Portland, writer of fifty novels, one of them "Fashion and Famine," reaching a circulation second only to "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; the Rev. Elijah Kellogg (born 1813 — died 1901), prolific producer of boys' books through a long life; Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson (born 1838 —), daughter of the historian William Goold, essayist and lecturer; and Professor Edward S. Morse (born 1838 —), the eminent naturalist.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Percy was most disappointed in not finding the house in which N. P. Willis was born; for once upon a time, he said, when a boy in school, he declaimed a poem of Willis's which his mother had selected for him from the "Household Book of Poetry," a thick volume given her by his father for a Christmas present. And he repeated the familiar lines of "Saturday Afternoon," yet fresh in his mind, which stirred memories of my own far distant boyhood, when a fond mother was wont to quote them to her boys at play.

I comforted Percy with the reflection that the house in which this debonair penman was born could have but slight charm, for Willis passed only a part of his childhood in Portland. He was but six years old when the family was moved to Boston, and Portland knew him no more except as a casual visitor. He retained but little recollection of the home here, and his birthplace was never the subject of his writings. "It was his father," I explained, "who was the Willis most closely connected with Portland, for he was an editor here for nearly ten years. He was Deacon Nathaniel Willis, born in Boston in 1780, and living to the age of ninety. He came to Portland in 1803, and established the *Eastern Argus* newspaper. Later, in Boston, he founded the *Boston Recorder*, said to have been the first religious newspaper in the world; and in 1827, he started the still rugged *Youth's Companion*, of which he was editor for thirty years.

"Willis's grandfather, another Nathaniel Willis, was also an editor, and a vigorous one. From 1776 through the Revolution he edited that staunch Whig paper, the *Independent Chronicle and Universal Advertiser* of Boston, for which Sam Adams wrote. Its office was in the selfsame building on Court, earlier Queen Street, in which Benjamin Franklin worked as an apprentice on his brother's paper, the *New England Courant*. And Willis's father, when engaged at his father's press, worked in the same place. Grandfather Willis, so tradition has it, was one of the 'Boston Tea Party.' At the close of the Revolution he went south and west where he edited various papers, lastly establishing in Chillicothe, Ohio, the first newspaper of what was then the Northwestern Territory.

"Our Willis was fortunate in other ancestors of pronounced character. His great grandmother Willis was a Belknap, granddaughter to the Rev. John Bailey, the first minister of Watertown, Massachusetts. His great-grandfather was an active patriot. His mother, born Hannah Parker, was of an excellent New England family. From her, Professor Henry

A. Beers, Willis's biographer, says, he inherited the emotional, impulsive part of his nature, — his 'quicksilver spirit.'"

As to the character of Willis's literary work and his place among the makers of American literature, about which Percy asked, I quoted from Lowell's "A Fable For Critics:"

"There is Willis, all *natty* and jaunty and gay,
Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlaying 'em,
That one hardly knows whether to thank him for saying 'em;
Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose,
Just conceive of a Muse with a ring in her nose!
His prose has a natural grace of its own,
And enough of it, too, if he'd let it alone;
But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,
And is forced to forgive where one might have admired;
Yet whenever it slips away free and unlaced,
It runs like a stream with a musical waste,
And gurgles along with the liquidest sweep; —
'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have it deep?
In a country where scarcely a village is found
That has not its author sublime and profound,
For some one to be slightly shallow's a duty,
And Willis's shallowness makes half his beauty.

. . . . . .

His nature's a glass of champagne with the foam on 't,
As tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont;
So his best things are done in the flush of the moment;
If he wait, all is spoiled; he may stir it and shake it,
But, the fixed air once gone, he can never remake it.
He might be a marvel of easy delightfulness,
If he would not sometimes leave the *r* out of sprightfulness;
And he ought to let Scripture alone — 'tis self-slaughter,
For nobody likes inspiration-and-water."

"The characteristics which Lowell so deftly points out, marked almost all of Willis's writings," I ventured. "What he accomplished was gained only as in his youth he once wrote, 'by ardor and not by patience.' His work was done largely 'in the rush of the gay world, and the daily drudgery

of the pen: in the toil of journalism, that most exacting of mental occupations, which is forever giving forth and never bringing in,' as Professor Beers has well said; yet it had a freshness, an air, a sparkle all its own, which made him for a time the most popular magazine writer in the country. His English, as Beers notes, was crisp, clean-cut, pointed, 'nimble on the turn.' As a poet he won a reputation before leaving college, and as a writer of prose he gained an enviable name before thirty. His best work was done before forty. He lived to sixty-one and wrote steadily almost to the end, but none of his later work was so lasting as the earlier. He was the forerunner of the gossiping 'foreign correspondent,' when the old world was more distant, less known, than now, and a type of which Bayard Taylor was the later exemplar. He was the pioneer of what may be termed colloquial journalism; and a coiner of journalistic phrases and 'short-cuts,' some of which long survived, — like 'the upper ten,' or 'the upper ten thousand,' for the 'exclusive' set. He was a 'tuft hunter,' but a joyously frank, not a vulgar one.

N. P. WILLIS.

"His personality was engaging, and was no slight factor in his popularity. He carried himself, says Beers, with an 'airy, jaunty grace, and there was something particularly spirited and *vif* about the poise and movement of his head, — a something which no portrait could reproduce.' Powell, in the 'Living Authors of America,' published in 1850, describes him, in person, tall and elegantly made; with manners courteous, and

the polish of high breeding. Holmes recalled him, when in the flush of young manhood, as 'very near being very handsome. His hair of light brown color waved in luxuriant abundance, and his cheek was as rosy as if it had been painted to show behind the footlights, and he dressed with artistic elegance.' Longfellow wrote of him, upon his return from England in 1857, 'Willis looks very well: fresh, rosy, and young; the youngest looking man of fifty I ever saw: not a gray hair even in his beard; and as slender and lithe as ever.' In dress he was a dandy, but a graceful one."

"So Willis was, like Longfellow, a 'boy poet,' if, as you say, his reputation was established before he left college," Percy observed.

"Only to a slight extent. He began writing verse when at the academy at Andover, but this was only playfulness. He was an undergraduate when he first published.

"His school life began in a boarding-school, and later he went to the Boston Latin School. In Boston he was mate of a number of boys who became famous in professional life and in letters. He recalled in after years Ralph Waldo Emerson as a boy whom he used to see playing around Chauncy Place and Summer Street, — 'one of those pale little moral-sublimes with their shirt collars turned over who were recognized by Boston schoolboys as having "fathers that are Unitarians;"' who 'came to his first short hair about the time that we came to our first tail-coat, six or eight years behind us.' Willis went to Phillips (Andover) Academy to prepare for Yale, which he entered at seventeen, in 1823. In his junior year verses from his pen began to appear in the 'Poet's Corner' of his father's *Boston Recorder*, in other religious weeklies, and in the *Youth's Companion*. These were mainly on scriptural subjects. In his sophomore year he won a prize for a poem in the *New York Mirror*, with which he afterward became connected. His 'Absalom,' and 'The Sacrifice of Abraham,' were also prize poems. These early efforts were widely

copied; some were reproduced in popular collections of poems; and while yet in college the young author's contributions were being sought by magazine editors. He thus became a little literary lion in the college town; was received much in society, and flattered and petted. At graduation he delivered the valedictory poem of his class. Upon his leaving college, his first collection of verses appeared, a thin volume, entitled 'Sketches.'

"Returning to Boston he began work with Samuel G. Goodrich ('Peter Parley') who had published Willis's first book. Here he edited *The Legendary*, a periodical, of which only two volumes were published; and next Goodrich's 'Annual,' *The Token*, in 1829. For the latter, he wrote, besides other poems and sketches, your 'Saturday Afternoon.' It was written to accompany the frontispiece of the volume, an engraving of a painting of children swinging in a barn.

"Meanwhile, in the spring of 1829, Willis started his own journal, the *American Monthly Magazine*, without capital, with only the experience of his apprenticeship in editing for Goodrich, and a profound incapacity for business. Of course it failed. But it had a run of two and a half years, and held a fair place among its contemporaries. Willis wrote the larger part of its contents, and drew to its pages some of the best of the younger writers at that time centering in Boston, among them Richard Hildreth, George Lunt, Isaac M'Lellan, Albert Pike, Park Benjamin, and Motley, then a student in Harvard. This magazine stopped in the summer of 1831, with a debt of some three thousand dollars.

"Willis then went to New York, where he joined friends in the *New York Mirror*, a weekly paper founded eight years before by George P. Morris and Samuel Woodworth. Morris became the most popular song writer of his time (your mother may recall that sentimental old ballad of his, 'Near the Lake Where Droops the Willow,' or surely, 'Woodman, Spare That Tree'). Woodworth was the author of the 'Old Oaken

Bucket,' but nothing else of like popularity or merit. He had withdrawn from the *Mirror* when Willis entered. Thus began a business relation and an ardent friendship between Willis and Morris, which continued with but slight interruption through the lives of both of them.

"When Willis removed to New York he shook the dust of Boston most impatiently from his feet. He felt that it had treated him with rank injustice. 'The mines of Golconda,' he wrote his mother, 'would not tempt me to return and live in Boston.' He had been subjected to harsh personalities, anonymous and open attacks in the newspapers for his 'frivolity, his dandyism, and his conceit;' he had been a victim of slanderous towntalk about his debts, his worldliness, his love of fashionable society and of good clothes, his fondness for fast horses, good suppers, and good fellows. Then, having failed to get honorable dismission, which he sought, from the Orthodox Park-Street Church, of which his father was a deacon for twenty years, he was formally excommunicated for absence from its communion and 'attendance at the theatre as a spectator.'

"Soon after joining the *Mirror* Willis was sent abroad to act as the 'foreign correspondent' of the paper, his associates getting together, with no little difficulty, a capital of five hundred dollars for the enterprise. He was to write weekly letters, at ten dollars the letter. He sailed away on a merchant brig, and entered a new and glittering world which charmed him and animated his pen. He was in Europe this time for four years, 1832–36. Five or six months were spent in Paris, where he was warmly received by the choice little American colony. He lodged there with Dr. Samuel G. Howe of Boston, then on the threshold of his noble career as a philanthropist, and before his marriage with the brilliant Julia Ward — Julia Ward Howe. Through the following winter and spring Willis was traveling about Northern Italy. The next summer and winter were passed between Florence,

Rome, and Naples. Then a six months' cruise up the Mediterranean was made, in a United States frigate, with a convoy, by invitation of the officers. At Smyrna he left the frigate and sailed in a Yankee brig with a Maine captain, Portland bound, as far as Malta. Thence by easy stages through Italy, Switzerland, and France, he reached England.

"These were great and rare journeyings for those days, and they were chronicled in the *Mirror* letters in charmingly frank detail, with gay sketches of life, personages, and society, under the caption, 'Pencilings by the Way.' It was all of surface touches, but of such liveliness, joyousness, and frankness that it captivated his steadily widening public. It also opened London periodicals to his pen. In England he remained two years. He settled down in London lodgings for a while, writing for various English magazines, — among other things, the clever 'Philip Slingsby' papers, later collected in his 'Inklings of Adventure'; and sending home *Mirror* letters, — 'Loiterings of Travel'; meanwhile he was making fast friends among English literary folk; frequenting literary *salons*, Lady Blessington's especially; country houses; 'excursioning' into Scottish cities and the highlands. Later he prepared collections of his writings for English editions.

"In the autumn of 1835 he married an English girl, — Mary Stace, a daughter of General William Stace of Woolwich, — and the following spring they sailed on the homeward voyage. It was this departure that inspired his 'Lines on Leaving England,' dated English Channel, May, 1836, one of his few living lyrics, part of which Emerson quotes in the 'Parnassus,' with its spirited opening: —

'Bright flag at yonder tapering mast!
  Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
  And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! oh lithe and quivering spars!
  Point home, my country's flag of stars!

The wind blows fair! the vessel feels
  The pressure of the rising breeze,
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
  She leaps to the careering seas!
Oh, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
  In whose white breast I seem to lie,
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
  I've seen your semblance in the sky,
And long'd, with breaking heart to flee
  On such white pinions o'er the sea!'

"Some time after his return Willis set up at Oswego, New York, near the Susquehanna, the rural home which he named 'Glenmary,' for his wife. Thence was sent forth some of his finest work. This included his 'À l'Abri; or, the Tent Pitched,' treating jocundly of nature and out-door life, and the small sights and happenings about him, which Lowell so pleasantly complimented:

"Few volumes I know to read under a tree
More truly delightful than his À l'Abri."

"He also tried his hand at play-writing, but with indifferent success so far as performance went, although after the publication of the plays in London Longfellow wrote in his diary, 'they are full of poetry and do him honor.' Then he entered into another periodical venture, joining his friend Dr. T. O. Porter, — the 'Doctor' to whom the 'Letters from Under a Bridge' were addressed, — in *The Corsair*. This was 'a gazette of literature, art, dramatic criticism, fashion, and novelty,' which frankly announced its intention to 'convey' the fresh European literature it desired, inasmuch as Europeans were freely taking American publications in the absence of international copyright. *The Corsair* ran only a year, without profit. During part of this year and the next Willis was again abroad, sending letters to his journal, and occupied with other work. While in England he engaged Thackeray, then in the first flush of his popularity, to write Paris letters for *The Cor-*

sair. Some of these letters Thackeray subsequently reproduced in his 'Paris Sketch Book,' and all were republished after his death. It was this work of his own that Thackeray had in mind when, afterward, in 'Philip,' he made his hero contribute letters to a New York fashionable journal entitled 'The Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand,'— Willis's phrase.

"The two or three years following Willis's second return from Europe were crowded with work for various periodicals, famous successes of their day, but long since faded. The stories, tales and sketches thus published were afterward collected in his 'Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil.' This was the period of his greatest popularity, when, Beers avers, he was the best paid, and in every way most successful magazine-writer that America had yet seen. After five years of blissful life at Glenmary he was obliged to sell the place, having met with losses; and one of the most pathetic yet charming papers written at this time was his 'Letter to the Unknown Purchaser and Next Occupant of Glenmary.' A tender passage was the reference to the grave of his child there: —

"In the shady depths of the small glen above you, among the wild flowers and music, the music of the brook babbling over rocky steps, is a spot sacred to love and memory. Keep it inviolate, and as much of the happiness of Glenmary as we can leave behind stay with you for recompense."

"Willis then returned to New York to live, and soon afterward rejoined Morris in the *New Mirror*, which succeeded the earlier weekly, and their life-long partnership began. From the *New Mirror* came the *Evening Mirror*, a daily journal, upon the staff of which was Edgar Allan Poe, for a while, as critic and sub-editor. Then the two partners, having withdrawn from the *Mirror*, joined in the *National Press*, from which evolved the *Home Journal*, with James Parton for some time assistant editor, and after him Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Of each of these journals Willis was the active editor, and to them most of his later writings were contributed,

taking book form afterward. In this editorial work, as Beers happily says, he became a sort of 'Knickerbocker Spectator.'

"His English wife died in New York in the spring of 1845, and the following summer he made his last visit abroad. He was absent about a year, and because of his ill-health he called his writings to the home paper 'Invalid Letters.' The autumn after his return he married his second wife. She was Cornelia Grinnell, a niece of Congressman Joseph Grinnell of New Bedford, Massachusetts, whom he met in Washington, when there writing letters to the London *Morning Chronicle.* She was twenty years his junior. In 1850 he returned to rural life at his second country seat, near Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, which became famous as 'Idlewild.' Here he wrote his only novel, 'Paul Fane.' And here he died. His body was brought to Mount Auburn, in Cambridge, for burial, with Longfellow, the elder Dana, Holmes, Lowell, and Aldrich among the pall-bearers.

"Willis's favorite brother, Richard Storrs Willis (born in Boston, 1819–) became a musical editor, author, and composer, and attained a good name as a poet. The youngest sister, Sara Payson Willis (born in Portland, 1811 — died in Brooklyn, N.Y., 1872), was the 'Fanny Fern' once so well known in juvenile and light magazine literature. These two were also Portland born. 'Fanny Fern's' life was rather meteoric. She was a high-spirited, merry girl, educated in Catherine E. Beecher's 'Young Ladies' Seminary,' at Hartford, Connecticut. Married young, she lost her first husband after twelve years of wedded life, and was left with two children and little means. From her second husband, with whom her union was unhappy, she was finally divorced. He third husband was James Parton. Her relations with her brother Nathaniel grew strained in later life, and she bitterly attacked him in her story of 'Ruth Hall,' published in 1854. Her most successful books were 'Fern Leaves,' 'Fresh Leaves,' and her second novel, 'Rose Clark.'"

We spent this night at the Preble House, which stands where Commodore Preble's mansion stood. Percy selected this hostlery rather than one of the grander and newer hotels, because, he said, his father used to stop here when passing through Portland on the summer journeyings to the Maine coast, and had talked about the cheery outlook upon the street in the gloaming, from its front piazza.

X.

IN MAINE'S CHIEF COLLEGE TOWN.

College days of Longfellow and Hawthorne. — Where "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written. — Story of the execution. — Mrs. Stowe's "vision." — Longfellow's first professorship. — Poems written in Brunswick. — Longfellow's last visit to his Alma Mater. — "Morituri Salutamus." — The farewell gathering of the surviving classmates. — Footprints of Hawthorne. — The Abbott brothers, Jacob, John S. C. and Gorham D. — Story of the "Rollo Books" and their companions. — Birthplace of "Artemus Ward." — His career recalled.

THE next morning we journeyed down to Brunswick, the beautiful college town on the Androscoggin, with its memories of Longfellow and Hawthorne as Bowdoin College boys, and of Harriet Beecher Stowe and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is a railroad ride of about an hour from Portland, through cheerful towns and piney ways and picturesque country that delighted Percy's eye.

But the town itself, with the river curving about it, "as if with a gentle caress," the broad shaded streets and pleasant mall, the college buildings and the college yard with its "hedge of lofty trees," the old-type mansion-houses embowered in green, — this most impressed my companion. The day and the place invited to stroll and loiter. So we wandered leisurely along the shady ways and about the college grounds, in the footprints, as Percy liked to imagine, of Longfellow and Hawthorne.

We came upon the house in which Longfellow the student roomed, and then upon that which Longfellow the professor occupied, both pleasant dwellings pleasantly placed. The former was doubly distinguished as the home of the Stowes during their residence in Brunswick, where "Uncle Tom's

BOWDOIN COLLEGE IN 1825, WHERE LONGFELLOW AND HAWTHORNE WERE GRADUATED.

Cabin" was written. We were told that in Longfellow's college days it was the home of the minister of the old church, Parson Titcomb. Longfellow and his brother, two years his senior and in the same class with him, shared a single room on the second floor. According to Samuel Longfellow's description, it was a very plainly furnished room, embellished only with bombazine window curtains and a set of card-racks painted by the boys' sister; and in winter the chill was but partly taken off by a wood fire in an open grate. On the door of the closet young Longfellow marked an image of a boy about his own age, which he used to attack vigorously with the leathern gauntlet on his fists, for exercise when the heavy snow out doors prevented long walks. "This is a very splendid classick amusement," he wrote home, "and I have already become quite skilful as a pugilist."

"Longfellow came to college at the beginning of the second term," I chatted as Percy looked about the place, "his first year's studies having been pursued at home, owing to his extreme youth. He was but fourteen when he passed the entrance examinations. At Bowdoin he wrote a number of poems and some prose, which found place in several periodical publications. The productions of his first year were published in the Portland papers. His subsequent prose articles were accepted first by the *American Monthly Magazine* of Philadelphia; while his poems appeared in the *United States Literary Gazette*, an admirable Boston journal of literature, started in 1824 under the editorship of Theophilus Parsons, son of that Judge Theophilus Parsons of whom we heard in Newburyport. Seventeen of these poems were the work of one year, and being pretty widely copied in other journals they brought the youthful writer a fair reputation before his twentieth year.

"What sort of a fellow was Longfellow in college?" Percy asked. "Was he a grind?"

"Classmates of his have described him as companionable.

He was a faithful student, but not too devoted to his books. Professor Packard remembers him as an attractive youth, of well-bred manners and bearing. His was an ambitious class. It came in only a year after Maine was separated from Massachusetts and erected into an independent state, and state pride inspired some at least of its members to good report of their college. It was composed of excellent material, including with Longfellow and Hawthorne, John S. C. Abbott, afterward the historical writer; George B. Cheever, later on the eminent clergyman and *litterateur* of Salem, Massachusetts, whose 'Deacon Giles's Distillery,' a temperance tract, brought him wide reputation and a term in Salem jail, for 'Deacon Giles' was a veritable person; Horatio Bridge, subsequently Commodore Bridge; and the sons of Chief Justice Mellen of Portland, of Jeremiah Mason of Newburyport, and of Commodore Preble. It numbered thirty-eight members, and Longfellow ranked fourth."

The association of the Stowes with this house was now recalled. It began, I remarked, with the appointment of Professor Stowe to the Collins professorship of Natural and Revealed Religion, upon the establishment of that chair in the college, in 1849. They had been living here about two years when Mrs. Stowe engaged in her greatest work. And then I repeated the oft-told story of its execution in this wise.

"Mrs. Stowe, with others of the Beecher family, were greatly moved by the murder of Elijah P. Lovejoy, editor of the anti-slavery paper *The Observer*, in Alton, Illinois, in 1837; and later by the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 with its exciting results. Her brother Edward Beecher, then minister of the Salem Street Church in Boston, had been especially outraged by the Alton tragedy; for when living in Illinois he had been an intimate friend and supporter of Lovejoy (who, by the way, was a native of Maine, born in the town of Albion). In his Boston household these and kindred matters were subjects of indignant discussion, and warm letters upon them

passed between Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Stowe. At length Mrs. Beecher wrote: 'Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can I would write something that would make the whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is.' Mrs. Stowe read this letter aloud to her family; and when she came to the passage quoted, she 'rose up from her chair, crushing the letter in her hand, and with an expression on her face that stamped itself on her child' (her son, the Rev. C. E. Stowe, editor of her 'Life and Letters') exclaimed, 'I *will* write something. I will, if I live.' The work, however, was not immediately begun, for family cares interfered. But one Sun-

HOUSE IN WHICH "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" WAS WRITTEN.

day in February, 1851, when at the communion service in the college church, Mrs. Stowe experienced what she has called a vision:

'Suddenly like the unrolling of a picture, the death of "Uncle Tom" passed before her mind. So strongly was she affected that it was with difficulty she could keep from weeping aloud. Immediately upon returning home she took pen and paper and wrote out the vision which had been, as it were, blown into her mind as by the rushing of a mighty wind. Gathering her family about her she read what she had written.

Her two little ones of ten and twelve years of age broke into convulsions of weeping, one of them saying through his sobs, "O, mamma! slavery is the most cruel thing in the world." Thus "Uncle Tom" was ushered into the world, and it was . . . a cry, an immediate, an involuntary expression of deep, impassioned feeling.'

"The original scheme was a magazine tale of about twelve chapters, but it grew into book proportions as it developed. Its serial publication in the *National Era* began in June, 1851, and ran to April of the following year. Mrs. Stowe wrote a few chapters in Edward Beecher's study in Boston, during a visit to that city, and read them aloud, as composed, to her brother and his wife. The serial publication brought her three hundred dollars. Meanwhile a Boston publisher, John P. Jewett, had made overtures for the issue of the story in book form, proposing a joint arrangement by which Professor and Mrs. Stowe should share with him the expense of its publication and take a half share of the profits. This Professor Stowe declined (Mrs. Stowe left the business to him to handle, having herself little faith in the further success of the work as a book) for the reason that neither he nor his wife had the means to warrant the venture. Finally an agreement was effected on the basis of a ten per cent royalty to the author on the sales. And there was no more astonished person in the country than Mrs. Stowe when she learned that three thousand copies of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' were sold the very first day of its publication, and when she received on the sales in three months a royalty of ten thousand dollars.

"'Uncle Tom' was Mrs. Stowe's third book; her first being a school geography published in 1832 in the West, and her second, the story of 'Mayflower,' published by the Harpers."

Passing next to the other Longfellow house, we took up again the thread of the poet's Brunswick life.

"It is interesting to note," I observed, "that as to his life-profession Longfellow knew his mind from the beginning. When a sophomore he wrote to his father, who desired him to

pursue the law: 'The fact is — and I will not disguise it in the least, for I think I ought not, — the fact is I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it.' His theme in the graduating exercises of his class, in which he had the third English oration, was in line with his cherished thought: 'Our Native Writers.'

"When shortly after his graduation he was selected for the newly established chair of Modern Languages and Literature in the college, a way to his ambition most opportunely opened. He postponed the beginning of this work, however, in order that he might qualify himself more thoroughly for the position by study of European languages on their native soil. This was before transatlantic steamship days, which did not begin till the late thirties, and it was deemed best for him to wait until summer to make the voyage to Europe. The autumn and winter before he sailed were passed at the Portland home, in reading Blackstone to please his father, and in literary pursuits to please himself. A little room adjoining his father's house-office was his 'study.' Three years were spent abroad, and at the opening of the college year of 1829 he assumed the professorship. He held the chair for five and a half years, popular with the students, and in high standing as an instructor. At the same time he also served as librarian of the college, a congenial rather than a laborious task.

"No, Longfellow did not take this house immediately upon becoming a professor. For about two years he occupied rooms in the college halls. He came here upon his marriage with Mary Potter in 1831, when they first set up housekeeping. She was a daughter of Judge Barrett Potter of Portland, his father's friend and neighbor. To her he alludes in his 'Footsteps of Angels' —

> '. . . The Being Beauteous
> Who unto my youth was given,
> More than all things else to love me.'

"Of the house in their first season of its occupancy Longfellow has given this summer-morning picture

"'I can almost fancy myself in Spain, the morning is so soft and beautiful. The tessellated shadow of the honeysuckle lies motionless upon my study floor, as if it were a figure in the carpet; and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild brier and the mock orange. The birds are carolling in the trees, and their shadows flit across the window as they dart to and fro in the sunshine; while the murmur of the bees, the cooing of doves from the eaves, and the whirring of the little humming-bird that has its nest in the honeysuckle, send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun.'

"The study was a room on the first floor at the right of the entrance. Here the poet wrote the first numbers of his 'Outre-Mer: a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea,' suggestive of Irving, which was started under the title of 'The Schoolmaster' in Buckingham's Boston monthly, the first *New England Magazine.*

"Longfellow left Brunswick upon his appointment to the chair of modern languages at Harvard, which his friend George Ticknor had resigned in 1834. There, as here, his assumption of his professorship was postponed till he had studied further in Europe. This time his attention was given especially to the languages of Northern Europe. He spent a summer in Norway and Sweden, and an autumn and winter in Holland and Germany. At Rotterdam, in November, 1835, affliction came upon him in the sudden death of his wife, who had accompanied him on his travels. A year later he returned, and at once entered upon the Harvard work. Then began his life in Cambridge, which continued to his death."

A word was here added as to Longfellow's last visit to his alma mater, and then our talk turned to Hawthorne's college days at Bowdoin.

"This farewell visit was in 1875, the fiftieth anniversary of his class, when he read his sublime 'Morituri Salutamus,' with its now familiar opening lines and picture of the college town of his youth:

'"O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiator's cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes, — ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer mine, —
Thou river, widening through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen, —
Ye halls in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose,
And vanished, — we who are about to die,
Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town!'

"The scene in the old church when the now venerable poet saluted these scenes of his youth, and the instructors, — of whom all save one, Professor Packard, had died, — the students, who filled the seats that he and his classmates had occupied, and finally his classmates, —

'Against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set, —'

has been tenderly described by one of this little band, the Rev. Dr. David Shepley. Just before leaving for their homes these aged classmates gathered in a retired college room for the last time and talked together a half hour as of old. 'Then,' continues the narrative, 'going forth and standing for a moment once more under the branches of the old tree, in silence we took each other by the hand and separated, knowing well that Brunswick would not again witness a gathering of the class of 1825.'"

We could trace fewer footprints of Hawthorne than of Longfellow in the modern town. Percy had read, or been told, that during his college days our romancer roomed in a house with a stairway on the outside leading to the second story. This house was in the village opposite the home of

Professor Cleaveland. Hawthorne lived here, however, only through his last two years. He roomed alone, but his classmate Bridge, afterward his life-long friend, boarded with him at the family table. When he first came to the college he took a room with his chum Mason — Jeremiah Mason's son — in Maine Hall, where they remained till the burning of the building in March, 1822. From this disaster they fortunately saved their effects, Hawthorne suffering only a torn coat; "luckily," he afterward wrote his sister, "it happened to be my old one." Thereafter, till Maine Hall was rebuilt, they roomed in the large house opposite the President's house. They occupied room No. 19 in the new Maine Hall in their sophomore year.

"Was Hawthorne at all chummy with the other fellows, or did he keep by himself?" Percy asked.

"Bridge, in his 'Personal Recollections' of him, best answers your question. Although taciturn he was 'invariably cheerful with his chosen friends, and there was much more of fun and frolic in his disposition than his published writings indicate.' His manner was self-respecting and reserved. He was 'neither morose nor sentimental.' Bridge describes him in personal appearance 'a slender lad, with a massive head, dark, brilliant and most expressive eyes, heavy eyebrows, and a profusion of dark hair.' His figure was 'somewhat singular, owing to his carrying his head a little on one side; but his walk was square and firm.'

"He was less fond of the simple college sports of those days (although he took some part in them) than of long walks through the pine forest, and of hunting, fishing, and musing. In his dedication of the 'Snow Image' to Bridge, who first expressed faith in him as a writer of fiction, and later helped him to public recognition, he gives pleasant glimpses of this college life. He pictures himself and his friend as lads together at the country college, 'gathering blueberries in study hours under those tall, academic pines, or watching the great logs as

they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin, or shooting pigeons or gray squirrels in the woods, or bat-fowling in the summer twilight, or catching trout in that shady little stream which, I suppose, is still wandering riverward through the forest, though you and I will never cast a line in it again; two idle lads in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now), doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it would have been the worse for us.'

"And in 'Fanshawe' he describes under the name of 'Harley College' the Bowdoin of this time:

"'If this institution did not offer all the advantages of elder and prouder seminaries, its deficiencies were compensated to its students by the inculcation of regular habits, and of a deep and awful sense of religion, which seldom deserted them in their course through life. The mild and gentle rule . . . was more destructive to vice than a sterner sway; and though youth was never without its follies, they have seldom been more harmless than they were here.'"

Many of "those tall academic pines" of Hawthorne's delight long since fell under the axe, and his favorite paths are no more to be traced; but we came upon the "shadowy little stream" singing along under the fitting modern name of "Hawthorne Brook."

"Did Hawthorne's genius, like Longfellow's, begin to show itself while he was a college man?" Percy asked as we were again strolling over the campus.

"No. But in his confidences with his friend Bridge it was evident what direction his thoughts were taking. Though he had yet written nothing for publication, the studies in which he excelled revealed the talent that was in him. In English and Latin composition his superiority was acknowledged by professors and students alike. Professor Packard has said of his themes that they were written in the sustained, finished style that gave to his mature productions their inimitable charm. Metaphysics he disliked, and mathematics he abhorred. His ambition to be an author he had expressed when a school-

boy in Salem, Massachusetts, where, you know, he was born. 'How would you like some day to see a whole shelf full of books written by your son, with "Hawthorne's Works" printed on their backs?' he wrote his mother when he left school to fit for college under a Salem lawyer. While keeping on with his preparatory studies, he worked part of each day as clerk in the office of one of his Uncles Manning (his mother's brothers), who owned a line of stages. He found this task uncongenial, declaring to his sister that 'no man can be a poet and a book-keeper at the same time.'

"He was seventeen when he came to Bowdoin, with a mind awakened by much miscellaneous reading, and with a poetic temperament. When a little fellow in the Manning homestead in Salem, being kept much in-doors by a lameness resulting from an accident at bat and ball, he absorbed several of the English classics with which the old-fashioned library there was stored. And during a year or so spent with his mother on the farm of another Uncle Manning, down here in Maine, by Sebago Lake, 'drinking in the tonic of a companionship with untamed nature,' he practiced his boyish pen in writing little sketches. Of this country life he wrote long afterward to James T. Fields, 'I lived in Maine like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed. But it was there I first got my cursed habits of solitude.'

"Hawthorne ranked eighteenth in his class, and had no 'commencement part' because he had taken no part in declamation. This exercise he invariably cut, having a horror of public or formal speaking. Upon his graduation he returned to Salem, and it was there, in seclusion, that his serious work as an author began."

Next we talked about the three Abbott brothers, who were students here at this same period: Jacob Abbott (born 1803 — died 1879), the elder, who wrote the perennial "Rollo Books," the "Franconia Stories," and scores of other juveniles, the delight of the youth of generations before Percy's; John

Stephen Cabot Abbott (born 1805—died 1877), the prolific author of those popular lives of kings and queens, and of Napoleon Bonaparte, which had so great a run half a century ago; and Gorham Dummer Abbott (born 1807—died 1874), writer of religious books.

We considered side by side the careers of the brothers Jacob and John. Both were natives of Maine, born, the elder, in Hallowell, whence comes the Hallowell granite, the other in Brunswick. Both were fitted for Bowdoin at the Hal-

JACOB ABBOTT IN HIS PARLOR AT "FEWACRES."

lowell Academy. After graduation from college each in turn went to Andover Hill and took the Theological Seminary course; so both were fitted for the ministry. Jacob began active life as a teacher, later became a minister, and afterward devoted himself exclusively to writing. John began as a minister, subsequently took up teaching, and finally, like Jacob, engaged wholly in authorship.

Jacob Abbott was for a short time teacher in the Portland Academy which Longfellow had previously attended; then he was at Amherst College, Massachusetts, first as a tutor, after-

ward as a professor of mathematics and mental philosophy. From there he went to Boston and established a school for girls, — one of the first in the country to give young women the same standard of education as young men, and unique in the principle upon which it was conducted, — that of self-government, in which the pupils had share with the teachers. And later, in New York City, he was associated with John and Gorham (who also was an ordained minister) in the Abbott Institute, another "young ladies' school." He had become a minister meanwhile, having been licensed to preach when at Amherst; and he had also made a start in authorship, having

"FEWACRES," JACOB ABBOTT'S COUNTRY HOME.

written his first books, the "Young Christian Series" of juveniles in three volumes.

"The Rollo Books" were begun in the thirties. They were written partly in Boston, when Mr. Abbott was teaching school, partly in Roxbury where he was pastor of the Eliot Congregational Church, partly in New York and abroad. Their success was phenomenal, and "Uncle George" and "Rollo" and "Jonas" became household familiars. The series embraced twenty-four volumes, composed of the distinct

"Rollo Books," the "Lucy Books," and the "Jonas Books," all prime favorites with many young folk in their day. Next the "Marco Paul Series" appeared, in six volumes. Then, most fascinating of all to Mr. Abbott's youthful public, the twelve volumes of "Franconia Stories," their scene laid in the Franconia Notch of the White Mountains. Then the "Florence and John Stories;" and the many-volumed "Harper Story Books." His books numbered in all more than two hundred, and were reproduced in foreign countries. Much of the work of his later years was done in Maine, at his country home of "Fewacres" in the rural town of Farmington, where his father had sometime lived, and where his sister resided. And there he died at the age of seventy-six. He was one of our pioneer writers of the widely popular order of juveniles, following close upon Samuel C. Goodrich (born in Ridgefield, Conn., 1793, — died in New York City, 1860), with his "Peter Parley" books begun in the late twenties, which reached a total of one hundred and sixteen volumes.

John S. C. Abbott's first publication was the "Mother at Home," a series of "talks" given originally in his parish when he was a minister in Worcester, Massachusetts, in the thirties. It was the popularity of this publication that determined him to take up book-making as a steady occupation along with preaching. After publishing one more religious book he entered valiantly into the field of popular history; and his freehand sketches of kings and queens and others of the purple fell rapidly from his tireless pen. His life of Napoleon Bonaparte first ran as a serial in *Harper's Magazine* in the early fifties. His popular history of our Civil War was one of the earliest published. Then came his life of Napoleon III. He continued his preaching and pastoral duties while producing his popular histories. He accomplished a prodigious amount of work through a long life, due largely to his methodical habits and equable temper. His writing was generally done in two hours of the early morning before break-

fast, and after breakfast until early afternoon dinner-time. His last home was in Fair Haven, Connecticut, where he lived to his seventy-third year.

With a little drive in the country about Brunswick this pilgrimage ended. And with our visit to the old college town ended our pilgrimage to Maine literary landmarks.

We should have liked to visit the birthplace of Charles Farrar Browne (born 1834 — died in England, 1867), whom the world knew as "Artemus Ward," the humorous writer and lecturer; but that involved too long a journey for a single "landmark." And only the boyhood of "Artemus Ward" was passed in Maine; his writings began elsewhere. I recalled his career, however, in our talk. It was on a back-country farm that he was born, in the upper village of Waterford toward the New Hampshire line, set in an agricultural region amidst charming scenery. The village in his youth, as he described it, contained not over forty houses in all. "But they are milk white, with the greenest of blinds, and for the most part are shaded with beautiful elms and willows. To the right of us is a mountain, to the left a lake. The village nestles between." A pleasant picture Percy thought this. Browne was a boy of twelve when he left this country home to learn the printer's trade. His first "piece" was published in Boston, in Shillaber's *Carpet Bag*, when he was a compositor in its little office, yet in his teens. This "piece" was a lively description of a Fourth-of-July celebration in Skowhegan, the Maine town in which he had learned his trade. He wrote it in a disguised hand, and secretly slipped the manuscript into the editor's box; and it was his pride next day to receive it with other "copy" to "set up." From Boston he drifted through the country westward as a journeyman printer.

At length he put down the composing-stick and took up the pen alone, as writer of "funny paragraphs" for a Toledo,

Ohio, paper. Shifting next to Cleveland, he first made use of the signature of "Artemus Ward" in the *Plaindealer*, attached to letters concerning a "Great Moral Show," and to humorous stories. These were copied by other papers and caught up and repeated by traveling minstrels and circuses. At length the popularity of his productions led him to take the lecture field with them. Meanwhile his name had become more familiar in the East as editor of *Vanity Fair*, a short-lived comic journal of New York. He started out with his first lecture near the Christmas season of 1861, the handbills announcing simply "Artemus Ward Will Speak a Piece," with place and date. This was his famous lecture on "The Babes in the Woods," the whimsical feature of which was its failure to touch the subject. His second lecture was entitled "Sixty Minutes in Africa"; the third, "Among the Mormons," the tickets to which admitted "the Bearer and One Wife." With these lectures he made a successful tour across the continent.

"ARTEMUS WARD."

In 1866 he sailed for England, where he soon became somewhat of a lion, receiving more attention than in his own country. He was made much of by the literary set in London; wrote for *Punch*; reproduced his "Artemus Ward: His Book," first published in New York in 1862; issued other books; and lectured to immense audiences. In the seventh week of a London lecture engagement he was taken gravely ill, and shortly after, close upon his thirty-fourth birthday, he died. His body was brought back to the little Maine homestead, and lies buried in the village cemetery by the side of his father, mother, and brother.

"While 'Artemus Ward's' productions were not of so pronounced literary value as to rank him with the higher grade of humorous writers," I concluded, "their dry humor and homely diction tickled the popular taste, and brought him renown wider than that which the finer literary wits of his day achieved."

The next day we drove over to Bath, and that night sailed therefrom by steamer to Boston.

XI.

THE HEART OF ESSEX.

Ipswich landmarks. — Homes of Colonial writers and scholars. — John Winthrop, jun. — Anne Bradstreet's earlier home. — Nathaniel Ward, "The Simple Cobler of Aggawam." — Hubbard, the early historian. — John Norton. — Thomas Cobbett. — Nathaniel Rogers. — The progenitors of Ralph Waldo Emerson. — "Gail Hamilton's" home in Hamilton. — Scene of "The Witch of Wenham." — "Peter's Pulpit."

THE next day we completed our survey of literary landmarks east of Boston with a pilgrimage into the heart of old Essex County and back along the North Shore of Massachusetts Bay, finishing at the "headland height" of Nahant.

It was a little journey of less than thirty miles from Boston to our first objective point, into a thrifty country and a region yet retaining some fragments of those early New England characteristics in which our writers have found so much for verse and story. We went out by steam cars, and returned along trolley lines, by carriage, and by steamboat to our starting-place.

This first objective point was Ipswich, the ancient Agawam, that choice old Essex-town set upon its hills and along its river winding to the sea, where Anne Bradstreet began her poetizing; and where Nathaniel Ward (born 1570 — died 1653), the versatile parson, compiled the "Body of Liberties," the first code of laws in the Bay Colony, and in 1645, when he was seventy-five, wrote those shrewd and witty commentaries of the "Simple Cobler of Aggawam," on manners and customs of his time. Where, too, lived the Rev. William Hubbard (born 1621 — died 1704), New England's early historian; the

Rev. John Norton (born in England, 1606 — died in Boston, 1663), who wrote the first Latin book published in America; the Rev. Thomas Cobbett (born in Newbury, England, 1608 — died in Ipswich, 1685), writer of more books in his time than any man in New England; and Thomas Emerson, baker, the American progenitor of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Old Ipswich folk remark with just pride, — I observed in the customary "preliminary talk," of our outward trip, — the character of the town's early settlers, the intellectual caliber as well as the social standing in the colonial community of these first families. Their historians are fond of quoting Edward Johnson's phrase, in his "Wonder-Working Providence of Sions Savior in New England," — that early description of the Bay Colony, — "The peopling of this town is by men of good ranke and quality."

John Winthrop

First there was the founder, John Winthrop, jun. (born 1605 — died 1676). He was eldest son of Governor John Winthrop, and was that Winthrop who became the first governor of Connecticut. He was an accomplished scholar and the companion of scholars. He possessed a library of more than a thousand volumes, one of the largest in the colony, a remnant of which still preserved bears testimony to his learning and broad intellectual tastes, so those who have examined it say. He was

but twenty-seven when this plantation was begun. He built him a house among the earliest, in a picturesque spot on the south side of the river, which tradition confidently identifies; and this home he and his gentle wife made a center of Puritan hospitality. She was Martha Painter, an old England minister's daughter. She died a few years after coming here, and her dust lies in an unmarked grave in the old town burying-ground. For his second wife Winthrop took Elizabeth Reade, step-daughter of the famous Hugh Peters who met his fate at Charing-Cross as one of the regicides, after the restoration of Charles II. Winthrop's son, John Fitz, born here, became the second Governor Winthrop of Connecticut. A daughter married a son of Governor Endicott.

Then there were the Dudleys with the Bradstreets, who lived here for a number of years; the Saltonstalls, — Richard, son of Sir Richard, and Muriel Gurden, his wife, whom he went back to England in one of the earliest returning ships to marry, he then twenty-two, she eighteen; and the Denisons, — Daniel, scholar and statesman, first major-general in the colony, and his wife Patience Dudley, Anne Bradstreet's sister, with whom he fell in love in Newe Towne (Cambridge) when the Dudleys were living there; the Symondses, — Samuel, long time deputy-governor, and his wife Rebekah; the Appletons, Samuel, who became General Appleton, a brave Indian fighter; the Eastons, — Nicholas, later of Newport, Rhode Island, and president of that colony, whose name is perpetuated in the fashionable beach of Newport; and the Rogers family of ministers, whence came John Rogers, fifth president of Harvard College. At a later period — that Joseph Rowlandson, who, for too freely exercising his pen in prose and verse in criticism of the government and his fellow townsmen, — of one of whom he wrote, "When he lived in our country a wet cele's tayle and his word were something worth ye taking hold of" — was sentenced to be whipped or pay a fine, but was let off upon apologizing.

Twice Governor John Winthrop visited the town, making the whole distance from Boston and back on foot, along the narrow trail through the wilderness; and evidently thought these no extraordinary performances. His first visit was in the second year of the settlement, when the people were temporarily without a minister, and during a Sunday spent with them he "exercised by way of prophecy," or, in modern term, preached. The second visit was four years later. Then the journey out was more stately, the people of the few towns along the way guarding him on his progress "to show their respect to the governor, and also for his safety in regard it was expected the Indians were come this way"; while all Ipswich turned out to greet him.

Percy delighted in the quiet beauty of Ipswich's setting, and the serenity of the venerable town. He found much to charm him as we strolled leisurely along the tranquil streets, across the Common spreading up to the First Church on a sightly knoll, over the Green and under the elms before the Old South Church, and by the river side. On one of the Greens two lofty elms were pointed out to him as growing from the beds of the whipping-post and the stocks of colony days. Opposite the soldiers' monument we passed the site of the old tavern of frequent mention by the chatty Sewall in his Diary, at a later period noted pleasantly in John Adams's Diary, and still later thus attractively sketched by Whittier:

"The tavern was once renowned throughout New England. . . . During court time it is crowded with jocose lawyers, anxious clients, sleepy jurors, and miscellaneous hangers on; disinterested gentlemen, who have no particular business of their own in court, but who regularly attend its sessions, weighing evidence, deciding upon the merits of a lawyer's plea or a judge's charge, getting up extempore trials upon the piazza or in the bar-room of cases still involved in the glorious uncertainty of the law in the court-house, proffering gratuitous legal advice to

irascible plaintiffs and desponding defendants, and in various other ways seeing that the Commonwealth receives no detriment. In the autumn old sportsmen make the tavern their headquarters while scouring the marshes for sea-birds; and slim young gentlemen from the city return thither with empty game-bags, as guiltless in respect to the snipes and wagtails as Winkle was in the matter of the rooks, after his shooting excursion at Dingle Dell."

On a cross street running river-ward we came upon the Rev. John Norton's house, later the home of the Rev. Thomas

THE ANCIENT NORTON HOUSE.

Cobbett. We found it bearing well its load of years, — two and two-thirds centuries, — and having the good fortune of an occupant with a lively appreciation of its dignity and historic worth. The front door opened at our knock; and Percy viewed the massive central chimney, the great fireplace, the deep ovens, the broad low-studded rooms with the exposed hewn oak beams. He tarried in the "best room," where distinguished personages traveling this way were entertained; for this, he was reminded, was the minister's house, Norton being the second minister of Ipswich, and Cobbett the third. Once, if not oftener, Governor Endicott was received here. Cotton Mather was a welcome guest. And here, with his

retinue of braves, came Mogg Megone of Agamenticus (York, Maine), that Indian chief of Whittier's earliest narrative poem, when on his way to Boston in 1676 during King Philip's War. One of John Norton's sons lost his life by drowning; and at the funeral here, so runs the record, five barrels of rum were consumed by the mourning town-folk in attendance.

Along the river we followed a foot-path close to the water side. Near the low-arched bridge carrying a highway across, we saw another early seventeenth century house which tradition says was Winthrop's. About the South Church Green were more distinctively literary landmarks, indicated by an inscribed tablet in front of the meetinghouse, set up by the local historical society. According to this authority, Nathaniel Ward's house stood on the east side of the Green; that of William Hubbard, the minister-historian, a few rods eastward near the river; that of Richard Saltonstall, on the south side; that of Nathaniel Rogers, the first Parson Rogers of Ipswich, on the west side; and that of Ezekiel Cheever, the first schoolmaster (afterward schoolmaster at Boston), with the schoolhouse adjoining, near Nathaniel Ward's. Percy also took note from this tablet that "The expedition against Quebec, Benedict Arnold in command, Aaron Burr in the ranks, marched by this spot September 15, 1775."

Of the house sites he naturally took most interest in that of Nathaniel Ward, since Ward's work, as he had been told, was the "Ipswich classic." "Was the 'Simple Cobler of Aggawam' written in the house here?" he asked. Presumably; and perhaps in the room where upon the mantel-piece was inscribed the cheerful minister's motto: "Sobrie, Justie, Pie, Laete." Although Ward was minister — the first minister — of Ipswich only about three years, he remained in town three or four years longer, and then removed to Haverhill, of which he was a founder.

Tradition points vaguely to the site of Anne Bradstreet's

house; and to that of Thomas Emerson, the first of Ralph Waldo Emerson's American ancestors, here settled six years after the plantation at Agawam began, which was in 1634. Of the Ipswich Emersons the only definite landmarks are the graves in the old burying-ground.

On our rambling way to the burying-ground we crossed the stone-arched Choate Bridge, built in 1704, which the wiseacres expected to see crushed into the river with the first test of a loaded team, but the glory of which, nevertheless, a local poet sung at its finish:

> "Behold this bridge of lime and stone,
> The like before was never known
> For beauty and magnificence,
> Considering the small expense."

In the old burying-ground, as we loitered about the worn mounds, deciphering historic names on many a mossy stone and lingering longest by the Emerson graves, we talked of the emigrant Emerson, and traced the line from him to the Concord seer.

Beyond the facts that Thomas Emerson, by trade a baker, was from near Durham, England, and was among the earliest comers to the Bay Colony, little of him could be told Percy.

"It would be interesting to know what sort of man he was," Percy thought.

"We may safely assume," I ventured, "that he was a man of worth and standing, for he sent one son, and possibly two, to college to be trained for the ministry. He was a progenitor of ministers. Of his sons, Joseph, Ralph Waldo's great-great-great-grandfather, was the pioneer minister of Mendon, an interior Massachusetts town, and barely escaped death when the village was burned by the Indians in King Philip's War. This Joseph married Elizabeth Bulkeley, granddaughter of the first minister of Concord, and daughter of the second; and thus early the identification of the Emersons with Concord began. Joseph and Elizabeth's son Edward, Ralph Waldo's

great-great-grandfather, was a merchant; but he was near the 'cloth,' for the headstone at his grave records that he was 'sometime deacon of the church at Newbury.' Edward's wife Rebecca, daughter of Cornelius Waldo, brought the 'beloved name of Waldo' into the Emerson family.

"The ministerial line was resumed with their son Joseph, Ralph Waldo's great-grandfather. He was long minister of Malden, near Boston, and 'the greatest student in the country,' his grand-daughter averred. He also married a minister's daughter, — Mary Moody, daughter of 'Father Moody, of Agamenticus,' most zealous of preachers and most charitable of men. Of him our Emerson has related that 'when the offended parishioners, wounded by his pointed preaching, would rise to go out of church, he cried out, "Come back, you graceless sinner, come back!" When they began to fall into ill customs and ventured into the alehouse on Saturday night, the valiant pastor went in after them, collared the sinners, dragged them forth, and sent them home with rousing admonitions.' To which anecdote Mr. Cabot, Emerson's biographer, has added, 'He gave away his wife's only pair of shoes from her bedside to a poor woman who came to the house, one frosty morning, barefoot. When his wife, thinking to restrain a profuseness of almsgiving which his scanty salary could ill afford, made him a purse that could not be opened without a tedious manipulation, he gave away purse and all to the next applicant.'

"Joseph and Mary Emerson had a numerous family, of whom three sons became ministers; and the youngest of these, William Emerson, was Ralph Waldo's grandfather. He was the patriot minister of Concord, who began his pastoral work as assistant to Dr. Daniel Bliss there; succeeded to the pastorate upon the good old minister's death; married his daughter Phebe; built the Manse; had a hand in the Concord fight; and died in the service at thirty-three while chaplain in the army at Ticonderoga. His son William, Ralph Waldo's father, was minister first in the little town of Harvard, a dozen miles

from Concord, and afterward of the First Church of Boston. It was in Boston that he married 'the pious and amiable Ruth Haskins,' as he recorded in his diary at the time; and there Ralph Waldo was born in 1803, their third son."

Our tour of the town finished with a drive toward "Heart-break Hill," overlooking the sea, which derives its melancholy name from an old legend of an Indian maid who "watched from the hill-top her life away" for the sailor lover that never returned, — the subject of one of Celia Thaxter's poems.

Then boarding an out-going trolley-car we sped on our backward course through other old Essex towns.

Our first stop was at Hamilton, since Percy had learned that here lived "Gail Hamilton," the vigor and candor of whose writings he had heard his father praise. The car left us on a country road some distance from the village, but we found the walk over an agreeable one, enlivened by extensive views of rich and varied landscape. We passed through the village center along the old Bay Road which the Puritans cut out, and which before railroad days was the stage highway. Handsome trees now line it, and pleasant estates face its either side.

The "Dodge place" which we were seeking — for "Gail Hamilton" was Mary Abigail Dodge (born 1830 died 1896) in private life — lay just outside the village, the house occupying a slight elevation overlooking fair, wide-spreading country. It is of simple design, with a two-story entrance porch, and a side porch or veranda overhung with vines. Within Percy was shown the room in which "Gail Hamilton" wrote many of those trenchant essays on social, religious, and political topics which gave her a unique place among the woman writers of her time; while her literary life was outlined to him by one who knew her best.

Thus he learned that she was born in this country town, of a family well rooted in New England ancestry. As a girl she

was of high spirit and high aims, a forerunner of the athletic girl of to-day. At twenty-one she was teaching physical science in a high school at Hartford, Connecticut. Soon after she became a governess at Washington, in the family of the intrepid Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, then editing the *National Era*. While in Dr. Bailey's household she became thoroughly imbued with its anti-slavery atmosphere; and then began her earliest writing for the press, much of which appeared in the *Era*. When she returned to Hamilton she settled down to systematic literary work, and soon her pen-name grew familiar to the weekly newspaper and magazine public. This pen-name quite suited her whirlwind style of writing. She was among the earliest to write in popular vein for woman's rights and against woman's wrongs in domestic and general life. She produced rapidly, and for a succession of years published one volume of collected papers annually, sometimes two. First appeared, in 1862, "Country Living and Country Thinking;" the next year, "Gala Days;" the next, "A New Atmosphere." This book, composed of high-keyed essays on the upbringing of girls and the marriage relation, most stirred her critics, while it inspired Whittier's highly complimentary "Lines on a Fly Leaf" of a copy of it: —

"GAIL HAMILTON."
(From "Gail Hamilton's" "Life in Letters." By permission of the publishers, Lee & Shepard.)

". . . . . .

Yet, spite of all the critics tell,
I frankly own I like her well.

It may be that she wields a pen
Too sharply-nibbed for thin-skinned men,
That her keen arrows search and try
The armor joints of dignity,
And, though alone for error meant,
Sing through the air irreverent.
I blame her not, the young athlete
Who plants her woman's tiny feet,
And dares the chances of debate
Where bearded men might hesitate,
Who deeply earnest, seeing well
The ludicrous and laughable,
Mingling in eloquent excess
Her anger and her tenderness,
And, chiding with a half-caress,
Strives, less for her own sex than ours,
With principalities and powers,
And points us upward to the clear
Sunned heights of her new atmosphere."

Meanwhile she was attaining a name as a juvenile writer; and when in 1865 *Our Young Folks'* magazine was started in Boston, she was made one of its editors, in association with John T. Trowbridge and Lucy Larcom. During this editorial work, however, there was no break in her system of annual bookmaking. In her later years her writings were rather more on political than social themes. The marriage of her cousin to James G. Blaine brought her into close relations with that astute politician, and her sharp and pungent pen was much employed in the discussion of questions with which he was more or less identified. Her last work was on the life of this distinguished relative. After 1876 her home was again principally in Washington; but she died in this Hamilton home, whither she was tenderly brought from Washington when attacked by her last illness. She enjoyed warm and true friendships with many of her contemporaries, none truer or more lasting than that with Whittier.

Leaving the Dodge place with pleasant memories, we continued along the old elm-lined road for a comparatively short distance, as country distances go, to the adjoining town of Wenham, where we were to take a trolley-car on another line onward to Beverly. Before boarding the car we glanced at "Fairfields," the Porter Farm, with spreading mansion and acres of out-lands, the home for nearly two centuries of the Porter family, with which was allied that eminent astronomer and cultured gentleman, the late Benjamin Apthorp Gould, and of which also is the poet and essayist, Elizabeth Porter Gould.

The car ride was through picturesque parts. We traveled alongside of Wenham Lake, the scene of Whittier's sweet ballad of "The Witch of Wenham":

> "O fair the face of Wenham Lake
> Upon the young girl's shone."

By the lakeside near the highway we passed the point where formerly stood the "small conical hill" where Hugh Peters preached to the colonists before there was a meetinghouse in the region. So it was called "Peter's Pulpit" till its leveling in our day. We spun through North Beverly, where some of our younger poets and story writers have found inspiration; then we were fairly in old Beverly, and soon at the end of this ride.

XII.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY SIDE.

Old Beverly landmarks. — Birthplace of Lucy Larcom. — Her early literary efforts when a cotton mill-hand. — Her later career. — "Hannah Binding Shoes." — Songs of the sea. — Birthplace of Wilson Flagg. — His contributions to the literature of nature. — Birthplace of George E. Woodberry. — His "North Shore Watch," and "My Country." — Beverly Farms. — Oliver Wendell Holmes at "Beverly-by-the-Depot." — Manchester-by-the-Sea, Summer home of Dana, Bartol, and Fields.

We alighted from our car on Beverly's main street at the corner of Wallace Street. For on this corner is the little building in which the father of Lucy Larcom (born 1824 — died in Boston, 1893), a retired ship-captain, kept his West-India goods shop; and back on the cross street, then a rural lane leading through open fields to the Bass-River side, is the house in which the poet was born.

It is a humble landmark, this plain house amid plain surroundings. It has no association with Miss Larcom's literary work, for only her childhood was passed here. To be sure, she composed verses when in pinafores, or "tires," and "stuffed them into the cracks of the floor of the attic" here, as her biographer notes. But these were childish things with no spark of genius in them. Still, as Lucy Larcom's birthplace the modest dwelling had sufficient fascination to keep Percy gazing up at it till he had gathered about him on the sidewalk quite a group of curious children.

"You see," he said, "I've read something about the family life here — it must have been this house — in 'A New-England Girlhood,' one of the books my sister owns. I wonder if the big fireplace in which the children sat, so big that sometimes

the snowflakes came floating down its long throat, is still open. And the garden, — there's some suggestion of a garden yet, I see; but it's pretty lonesome-looking, isn't it?"

We were cordially admitted to the house upon stating our mission, and Percy was permitted to roam over it. He recognized, however, very few of the features of Miss Larcom's sketch, and the old fireplace was no more to be seen. But this change was inevitable and natural, I reminded him, since

BIRTHPLACE OF LUCY LARCOM.

it was back in the twenties that the Larcoms came here to live, a short time before Lucy was born in the little chamber on the second floor; and it was but a few years afterward, when Lucy was a slip of a girl, and the kind old father had died, that the mother moved the household of children away to Lowell.

"It was there," I continued, "when she was a cotton 'mill-hand,' that her career as a writer began, — with contributions to the *Lowell Offering*, the factory girls' journal. Her ballad of 'Hannah Binding Shoes,' which first brought her wide recognition, and has sung its way through the English-speaking world, was written when she was a teacher. Other of her excellent work was done in the West when she was teaching with the pioneers on the prairies of Illinois. But her native

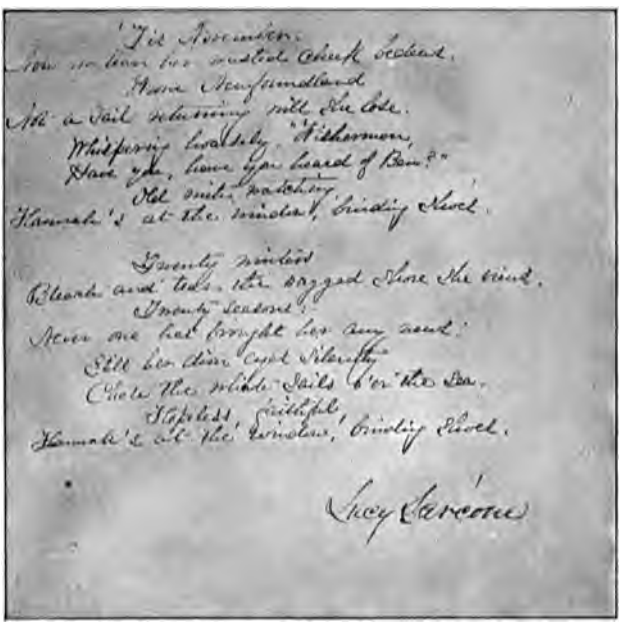
place by the sea, where her ancestors had lived for generations, was always home to her, and here she found inspiration for her best poems. 'Hannah Binding Shoes' was a study of life here in Beverly. So was 'Skipper Ben.' And all her songs of the sea, in which she most excelled, — 'On the Beach,' 'A Sea Glimpse,' 'The Light Houses,' 'Peggy Blight's Voyage, 'Wild Roses of Cape Ann,' 'My Mariner,' 'On the Misery,' and the rest, were of its neighborhood. So, too, was that choicest of her few narrative poems, 'Mistress Hale of Beverly,' which relates the historic incident of the dispelling of the witchcraft delusion through the 'crying out' against the Beverly minister's wife, renowned for her sweet disposition, genuine piety, and Christian virtues, and the awakening of her husband to the awful error of the persecution in which he had been among the most active."

LUCY LARCOM.

Returning to the main street we shortly came to the fine old Burley mansion now occupied by the Beverly Historical Society, where Percy saw, with other treasures, the manuscript of "Hannah Binding Shoes"; and he was given the rare privilege of copying it.

While he was thus engaged the singular controversy over the first publication of this poem was recalled. According to Miss Larcom herself, she sent it originally to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, with her name and a request for the usual payment if the poem was accepted. Then, after a lapse of some months, having heard nothing from it, and assuming that it had been rejected, she offered it to *The Crayon*, another New York magazine, where it duly appeared with her signature. But

meanwhile it had been tardily published in the *Knickerbocker* with a *nom de plume;* and when it came out in *The Crayon,* the editor of the *Knickerbocker* publicly charged Lucy Larcom with stealing it, branding her as a "literary thiefess." A brisk correspondence ensued; but Miss Larcom had no difficulty in proving her authorship, or in justifying her course. To this



FACSIMILE OF "HANNAH BINDING SHOES."

circumstance she modestly attributed the wide notice the poem speedily received, but the human touch and the pathos of it were most potent in bringing it close to the heart of the people. It was set to music, and was sung by the concert singers of the day, of whom none rendered it with truer and tenderer feeling than Clara Louise Kellogg.

In speaking of Lucy Larcom's earliest writings when a Lowell mill-hand, Percy expressed surprise at her literary development under such adverse circumstances.

"That was fairly explained, if my memory serves me," I observed, "in 'A New England Girlhood.' Lowell at the beginning was a far different mill-town from now, or from what it was during the last generation. It drew its operatives at first from the farms and country villages, and the sea-coast towns of eastern New England. They came for the most part from well ordered families and respectable homes; and numerous associations were established for their mental and social advantage. There were 'social circles' organized by the various churches, the 'lyceum' with the best of lecture courses; literary societies, and night schools.

"When an agent came from Illinois for school teachers, he was told by one of the mill superintendents that in his mill alone there could be found five hundred girls thoroughly qualified for school-teaching. The girls had reading clubs, and many of them read and studied systematically in their hours of leisure. While the Larcom family were at Lowell, the mother kept one of the operatives' boarding-houses, and the home-life there was as wholesome and refined as in the smaller Beverly home. When Dickens first visited the country, in 1842, he wrote of these operatives, in his 'American Notes:' 'I solemnly declare that from all the crowd I saw in the different factories, I cannot recall one face that gave me a painful impression; not one young girl whom, assuming it to be a matter of necessity that she should gain her daily bread by the labor of her hands, I would have removed if I had the power.' Literary journals were early started among the mill-hands, and the first of them was a home production of Lucy's elder sister Emeline.

"This sister Emeline," I continued, speaking of Miss Larcom's training, "was her earliest literary guide. She directed her reading from childhood. She interested her in such books

as 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Paul and Virginia,' Miss Edgeworth's juvenile stories, 'Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia;' and, as her years advanced, in Scott, Spenser, Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. Later Lucy enjoyed the influence of Whittier, with whom an acquaintance, begun when she was a factory girl, ripened into a friendship which lasted throughout his life. With him she compiled 'Child Life,' and 'Songs of Three Centuries.' She was also an early and life long intimate friend of the poet's sister, Elizabeth Whittier.

HOME OF MISTRESS HALE.

"Her first book? That was 'Similitudes,' made up in part of her *Lowell Offering* essays. Her best poetry was the work of her mature life. Some of her best work was produced while she was engaged in the prosaic occupation of teaching, which covered a period of about twenty years from her twentieth birthday. Beginning with district-school teaching, in a prairie log house, she developed into an instructor in the higher branches. For this she qualified in the West by a course in the Monticello Female Seminary, at Alton, Illinois. For a while she kept an excellent school of her own here in Beverly. Then she taught eight years in the Wheaton Female Seminary

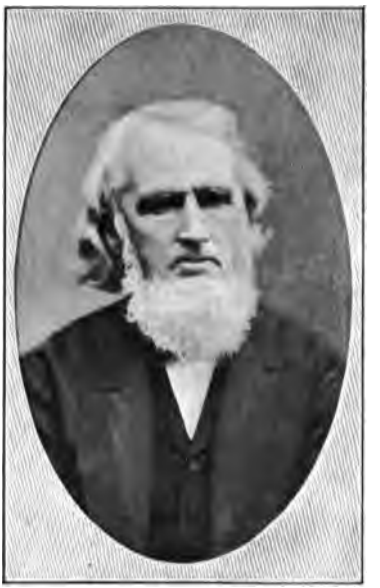
at Norton, near Boston; and it was while there that she wrote 'Hannah Binding Shoes.' Later she lectured on literature in various schools. When *Our Young Folks'* was started, she had become a favorite writer with children, and her assistant editorship of that magazine continued through its entire career. The religious poems which occupy so large a space in her collected works were composed mostly during her later years. She died in Boston, but her grave was made here in the old burying-ground within sound of her beloved sea."

BEVERLY HOME OF WILSON FLAGG.

From the historical rooms we strolled farther down Cabot Street where, on the opposite side, we were pointed to the birthplace of Wilson Flagg (born 1805 — died 1884), the naturalist, forerunner of Thoreau and Burroughs as a contributor to our literature on natural scenery and objects. His name was unfamiliar to Percy, which was not surprising, for his works were slighter than those of his contemporaries, and less widely distributed. Yet they have been aptly described as "standard New England classics for every household." "They treat," I further explained, "in agreeable diction and

with intimate knowledge, of various scenes and aspects of nature; of our native trees and shrubs, the forests and their relation to climate and salubrity; of our birds as songsters, and their service to agriculture.

"Flagg was born twelve years before Thoreau, and the publication of his essays began in periodicals ten years or so before Thoreau's first book appeared. In his young manhood he made a pedestrian tour alone, from Tennessee to Kentucky, and upon his return home he engaged in teaching and lecturing on natural science. Though bred for a physician, he never practiced, but devoted himself instead to journalistic and literary pursuits, with his favorite study of nature uppermost. After 1840 he wrote exclusively on rural subjects and natural science, publishing first in the agricultural press and other periodicals. During part of Tyler's and Polk's administrations he enjoyed a position in the Boston Custom House, possibly in reward for his previous service as a political writer in the partisan press. His first book, 'Studies in the Field and Forest,' was published in 1857. The other books, three of them only, appeared at long intervals; and in 1881 these, with added matter, were reproduced in three volumes with new titles, 'Halcyon Days,' 'A Year With the Trees,' and 'A Year With the Birds.' This was not a large output, but it was choice. Flagg spent the



WILSON FLAGG.

latter half of his life in Cambridge, where his home was within easy reach of rural parts; and there he died full of years."

Retracing our steps we walked to the Common, and in its neighborhood came to the birthplace of Professor George E. Woodberry (born 1855—), whose "North Shore Watch," I but echoed the declaration of authoritive judges in saying, has given him rank with our foremost modern poets, as his "Makers of Literature" and "Heart of Man" have placed him first among the purely literary American essayists and critics of to-day. We saw in this place a genuine ancestral home; for the Woodberrys are of the oldest of Beverly families, tracing back to the "first comers,"—a house, back from the street, long and low, of dignified aspect, shaded by venerable trees, set in restful old-fashioned grounds. The room at the left of the entrance with a westward outlook, Percy was told, was the study, where Professor Woodberry has wrought much of his fine work. Here he retires occasionally from the duties of his chair of English literature in Columbia University, New York City, or in the vacation seasons, when some especial literary task is in hand.

Then, as we strolled about the vicinity that we might not attract attention, but keeping the house in view, I gave as follows the details of the poet-essayist's development, which Percy most desired to have.

"Woodberry is the son of a Beverly shipmaster. He was a Phillips (Exeter) Academy boy, and went to Harvard when he was seventeen. But ill health compelled him to withdraw from his class, and he was unable to return to Cambridge till almost three years later. He was graduated in 1877, having taken the highest final honors in philosophy and been awarded an oration at Commencement. He was not permitted, however, to deliver his thesis; for the Faculty committee in charge disapproved its substance, or decided that certain passages might shock the religious sensibilities of the audience.

It was a treatment of the 'Relation of Pallas Athene to Athens.' Some time afterward, at the request of college friends, it was privately published in a limited edition. While in college Woodberry was one of the editors of the *Harvard Advocate*, — the college journal, — and in its columns appeared some of his earlier verses. Before his graduation, these writings were issued in a thin volume as 'Verses from the Harvard Advocate.' Upon its publication Lowell wrote to Howells, 'If you notice the poetry from the *Harvard Advocate*, pat him on the back. His name is Woodberry, and his 'Violet Crown' is a far cry beyond anything else in the volume.'

PROFESSOR G. E. WOODBERRY.

"Almost immediately after leaving college he got a position in the West, as acting profesors of English and history in the University of Nebraska. He held it, however, only a year, and returning East became assistant editor of *The Nation* in New York. After another year of this work, — an excellent training, — he returned to Massachusetts, and settling down in Cambridge under the shadow of Harvard, devoted himself to the congenial labors of a general literary worker. In 1880 he was called back to the Nebraska University, and for two years occupied the English professorship there. Then there came a clash in the government of the

college, the result of which was his retirement with others of the faculty of his side of the controversy.

"Woodberry then returned to Beverly, and again engaged in general literary work. During this period his 'North Shore Watch: a Threnody' was produced; and his 'Life of Edgar Allan Poe,' which, as Lindsay Swift in his appreciative study of Woodberry (in the *Book Buyer*) has justly said, 'became almost at once the recognized authority on Poe, and did a true service in American literature in dispelling some deceptive mists of popular tradition.' In 1885 he went to Italy with high anticipations, but, to quote again from Mr. Swift, 'he soon returned apparently disheartened with his journey, in which he saw much in foreign conditions to distress and disturb him. Good results ensued nevertheless. He started out a citizen of the world: he came back an American of no uncertain sort.' And this American loyalty has been a dominant note in him since. It found early expression after he retouched his native soil in his noble poem 'My Country.' Listen to this passage: —

'Large-limbed they were, the pioneers,
Cast in the iron mould that fate reveres;
They could not help but frame the fabric well,
Who squared the stones for heaven's eye to tell;
Who knew from eld and taught posterity,
  That the true workman's only he
  Who builds of God's necessity.
Nor yet hath failed the seed of righteousness;
Still doth the work the awe divine confess,
Conscience within, duty without, express.
Well may thy sons rejoice thee, O proud Land;
No weakling race of mighty loins is thine,
No spendthrifts of the fathers; lo, the Arch,
The loyal keystone glorying o'er the march
Of millioned peoples freed! on every hand
Grows the vast work, and boundless the design.
So in thy children shall thy empire stand,

As in her Caesars fell Rome's majesty —
O Desolation, be it far from thee!
Forgetting sires and sons to whom were given
The seals of glory and the keys of fate
From Him, whom well they knew the Rock of State,
Thy center, and on thy doorposts blazed His name
Whose plaudit is the substance of all fame,
The sweetness of all hope — forbid it Heaven!'

"And this —

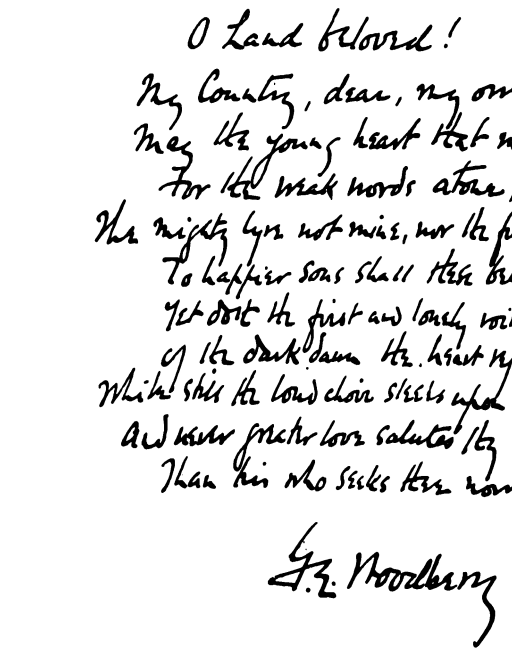
'O Land beloved!
My Country, dear, my own!
May the young heart that moved
For the weak words atone;
The mighty lyre not mine, nor the full breath of song!
To happier sons shall these belong.
Yet doth the first and lonely voice
Of the dark dawn the heart rejoice,
While still the loud choir sleeps upon the bough;
And never greater love salutes thy brow
Than his, who seeks thee now.
Alien the sea and salt the foam
Where'er it bears him from his home;
And when he leaps to land,
A lover treads the strand;
Precious is every stone;
No little inch of all the broad domain
But he would stoop to kiss, and end his pain,
Feeling thy lips make merry with his own;
But oh, his trembling reed too frail
To bear thee Time's All-Hail!
Faint is my heart, and ebbing with the passion of thy praise!
The poets come who cannot fail;
Happy are they who sing thy perfect days!

. . . . . .

"Upon the text of this poem Professor John K. Paine composed a cantata, 'A Song of Praise,' which was performed at the Music Festival in Cincinnati in 1888.

"Woodberry made another journey to Italy in the winter of 1888–'89, when he observed foreign conditions in a happier

mood, to use Mr. Swift's expression, but his Americanism was, if anything, intensified. In the decade succeeding appeared, among other volumes, his 'North Shore Watch and Other Poems' in new book form; his 'Studies in Letters and Life,' the basis of his later 'Makers of Literature'; his Shelley's Works, with memoir and notes; Poe's works, with me-


O Land beloved!
My Country, dear, my own!
May the young heart that moved
For the weak words alone;
The mighty lyre not mine, nor the full breast of song!
To happier sons shall these belong.
Yet doubt the first and lonely voice
of the dark dawn the heart rejoice,
While still the loud choir sleeps upon the bough;
And never greater love saluted thy brow
Than his who seeks thee now."

G. E. Woodberry

FACSIMILE OF WOODBERRY'S MANUSCRIPT AND AUTOGRAPH.

moir and notes, in collaboration with Edmund C. Stedman; 'National Studies in American Letters'; the 'Heart of Man'; and 'Wild Eden,' his third volume of collected poems. Meanwhile, or previously, he was a frequent writer of critical articles for the *Atlantic*, and a regular book reviewer for *The Nation* and for the Boston *Post* when that journal was under

Edwin M. Bacon's editorship. He became professor of English literature in Columbia University in 1891.

"Of Woodberry's personality Mr. Swift has given the truest estimate. 'His simplicity of manner, his evenness and absence of exaggeration do not at first bespeak the ability and cleverness behind it all. His face is of the essentially higher Yankee type, — such as Emerson's was, — with eyes of great kindliness and good fellowship, but expressive, too, of moods. In his writings, too, he shows some of that sternness and remoteness from meaner interests, and characteristics of what is best in New England life. In the constitution of his mind, in the great patience of his accurate methods, there is a close resemblance in him to the older literary craft of New England. . . . In purely critical matters he is unsparing and inflexible, manifestly holding that his profession must be beyond the possibility of contamination.'"

We now engaged a smart trap for a late afternoon and early evening drive to sumptuous Beverly Farms and back, and across Old Beverly Bridge to Salem.

Our particular object in visiting the Farms was to see the favorite summer place of Oliver Wendell Holmes (born in Cambridge 1809 — died in Boston, 1894), at "Beverly-by-the-Depot," as the genial Autocrat was wont facetiously to date his letters, imitating the fashion of the summer colonists of his neighbor town of Manchester who dubbed that "Manchester-by-the-Sea;" but the place itself with its natural beauties and its opulent summer seats enhanced the attractiveness of the trip. Had the time allowed we should have liked to extend the ride into Manchester where the poet, Richard Henry Dana, the elder (born in Cambridge 1787 — died in Boston, 1879), had his gray old summer mansion on the edge of a lofty bluff overlooking a singing beach, years before the fashionables absorbed the place; where the late Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol (born in Freeport, Maine, 1813 — died in Boston, 1901), the Boston poet of the pulpit, occupied for a generation and more "Glass Head" with his summer house

and its detached "study tower;" and where James T. Fields so long summered, with many a lettered guest, in his low spreading, verandaed cottage, crowning "Thunderbolt Hill."

The Holmes cottage we found remaining as in the Doctor's time, a modest two-story house of wood, with broad verandas overhung with vines, commanding the ocean view. It was in the cosy parlor that the Autocrat sat and received his friends during those last serene summer and autumn days of his long life. Here he celebrated the birthdays of his old age, when many came as to a shrine. In the little sanctum off the parlor much of his later work was done. Hours of glowing days he passed on the piazza with its protecting awnings, in his big, enveloping willow chair. "This house is not one of tone," he once said, "it is very modest indeed, I am fully aware; but it suits me well."

This night we spent at the Farms as guests of a summer resident whose friendship I enjoyed. Bright and early the next morning we bade our host adieu, and drove from his sea-side castle Salem-ward.

XIII.

HAWTHORNE'S SALEM.

Beverly Bridge and "The Toll-Gatherer's Day." — Birthplaces of Charles T. Brooks and William W. Story. — Hawthorne's house on Mall Street. — His study "high from all noise." — Story of "The Scarlet Letter." — The romancer's previous work and its slow recognition. — The Union Street and Herbert Street houses. — The Peabody house and "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret." — The old burying-ground as pictured by Hawthorne. — Nathaniel Mather, "an aged man at nineteen years." — The so-called "Seven Gables house." — Other Hawthorne homes. — Historic house of Abner C. Goodell. — Birthplace of Prescott. — Jones Very. — Nahant.

On the Beverly Bridge — or the Essex Bridge, its official title — we were at the scene of Hawthorne's "The Toll-Gatherer's Day," of his "Twice Told Tales." But Percy had to imagine it all: the earlier and plainer structure; the toll-house — "the small, square edifice" standing "between shore and shore in the middle of the long bridge," — with its hospitable outside wooden bench upon which the weary wayfarers reposed; the toll-gatherer, "of quiet soul, and thoughtful, shrewd, yet simple mind"; the "travel north and east constantly throbbing like the life-blood through a great artery." For there were no railroads in those days, no trolley-cars, no bicycles, no automobiles, no "conveniences" of modern times, but far more picturesqueness on the public road.

Well within Salem we passed on Bridge Street, at the north corner of Arabella Steeet, the birthplace of Charles Timothy Brooks (born 1813 — died in Newport, R. I., 1883) preacher, scholar, poet, author; "half Lamb, and half Cowper," as his townsman, the critic Silsbee, characterized him. "He was, boy and man, remarkable," I chatted. "He himself told how,

when he was four years old, he used to come down in his nightgown and say the multiplication table and read the newspapers to the family. He was minister at Newport, Rhode Island, for thirty-five years: first minister of the first Unitarian society there. He was an anti-slavery man, and grandly independent, as the following incident shows. At the close of a sermon in which he had spoken his mind on the subject of slavery, an influential parishioner said to him, 'I have felt for some time that you must go, but now I am sure

BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

of it.' 'Sir,' firmly replied the quiet, gentle preacher, 'I have my hat in my hand.' His literary productions were astonishing in variety and compass. Said one of his eulogists, 'Literary and theological essays, reviews, historical monographs, odes and hymns for religious, patriotic, and festive occasions, drolleries, children's books, translations from the masterpieces of foreign literature [especially of Richter] both in prose and rhyme, occasional poems and *jeux d'esprit*, flowed from his busy pen in an uninterrupted stream.'"

Turning into Winter Street, broad and elm-lined, and

thence to Washington Square by the Common, around which the nabobs of Salem's golden age of commercial supremacy built their stately mansions, we passed, near the corner, the Judge Joseph Story mansion, where was born his son William Wetmore Story (born 1819—died in Vallombrosa, Italy, 1895), the author and sculptor. "What did he write?" I replied to Percy's questioning: "poems and essays of delicate texture. He wrote 'Roba di Roma,' on modern Rome and its life. He published several volumes of poems; he produced a novel which had some vogue, 'Fiametta, A Summer Idyl;' but his 'Conversations in a Studio;' and 'Excursions in Art and Letters' were perhaps his choicest papers. He lived most of his life in Italy, and his studio there was a center of art and literature."

In Mall Street, opening from Washington Square, we came to the first of a succession of Hawthorne landmarks,—the house, No. 14, in which "The Scarlet Letter" was written. Although these were all familiar to Percy, from our historic pilgrimage to Salem, he approached them with the zeal of a first visit; and we could give them more time than before.

Since the Mall-Street house was associated with Hawthorne's first sustained work of fiction, and was the best of his Salem literary workshops, we traced his life here in somewhat close detail.

The house was taken in the autumn of Hawthorne's second year in the Salem Custom House. His mother and his two sisters came to live with him here, but occupied a separate part. His quiet study, "high from all noise," was the front room in the third story. He greatly appreciated this seclusion, for before he had attempted to write in the family sitting-room; and there were now two children,—Una and Julian. Here during his leisure hours he composed a few of his afterward famous stories, "The Snow Image" among them. Sometime before he began "The Scarlet Letter" he had a "romance growling in his mind," but the distractions of his Custom-house

duties, slight though they were, interfered with its execution. The opportunity came by what at the time seemed to be extreme hardship, — the loss of his surveyorship through political maneuvers. On the day of the announcement of his discharge — in July, 1849, — he came home earlier than usual, and to his wife's expression of surprise and pleasure at this unexpected appearance, he remarked with grim humor that he had left his head behind him. "Oh, then," she exclaimed with a glad

HAWTHORNE'S MALL STREET HOUSE.

smile, "you can write your book!" When with returning smile he retorted that it would be agreeable to know where their bread and rice were coming from while the book was being written, this genuine help-meet turned to her desk and, pulling out a drawer, revealed a little heap of gold! It was her savings from the sums he had from time to time given her from his salary, for household expenses. So he began "The Scarlet Letter" that very afternoon.

The story was produced amid various perplexities and afflic-

tions. Before it had got far under way his mother was taken dangerously ill, and in a few weeks died. Later came the inevitable domestic embarrassments from narrowing means. Then in the autumn illness fell upon the entire family. But the work sped steadily on, and within six months of its beginning the manuscript was in the printers' hands. When he read the last scene to his wife just after writing it, — "tried to read it rather," as he afterward wrote in his English Note Book, apropos of Thackeray's coolness in respect to his own pathos, — "my voice swelled and heaved, as if I were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides after a storm." The book appeared in the spring of 1850, and the world at last recognized in its author the American master romancer.

"Hawthorne was now forty-six," I remarked at the finish of this summary, "and he had toiled for a quarter century, with much exquisite workmanship, before he was thus fully discovered by that elusive class denominated the general reading public. It was twenty-two years since 'Fanshawe,' his first book, was published anonymously, at his own expense and with a loss. He had produced and published numerous little masterpieces, — stories and sketches, — in magazines, 'Annuals,' and 'Souvenirs.' His works in book-form had included the 'Twice Told Tales,' a second series of the Tales eight years later, and the 'Mosses From an Old Manse,' which had spread his reputation in cultivated fields. Long before, his genius had been warmly acknowledged by his literary contemporaries. But till now his creations had failed to reach the popularity which others of far less worth had attained."

"A singular lack of appreciation," Percy interjected. "How is it accounted for?"

"This slow recognition has been the subject of much speculation by latter-day critics; and Salem has come in for a share of criticism, for its 'cold treatment of its illustrious son.' The late Dr. George B. Loring, himself a cultured son of Salem, and a relative by marriage of Hawthorne's, offered an intelli-

gent explanation of the matter, in a letter which is quoted in Conway's 'Life.' 'Salem,' he said, 'did not "treat its illustrious son" at all, because he gave it no opportunity. He was a recluse there always. In early life he was part of the time in college, and the rest of the time an unknown, and apparently idle young man. He wrote stories and published them in the magazines, but nobody knew who wrote them; and Elizabeth Peabody [his sister-in-law] told me that for a long time it was supposed they were written by a woman — and that not long before the "Twice Told Tales" came out. She first discovered that they were written in Salem, and then, after long search, that they were written by one Hawthorne. It was very difficult for the Peabodys to make his acquaintance. At last their culture and intellectual capacity drew him out, and he began to call at their house. To the Peabody family he confined his social attentions in Salem. . . . Salem was full of cultivated and brilliant people at that time, but Hawthorne could not be induced to visit them. He was really too shy for such social intercourse; his brain was too busy with its creations; and he had no gift whatever for ordinary conversation. His life had been too long secluded.'

"One reason for the popular recognition of Hawthorne with 'The Scarlet Letter,' Henry James finds in the fact that its publication was in the United States a literary event of the first importance. The book was the finest piece of imaginative writing yet put forth in the country, and, he says, 'there was a consciousness of this in the welcome that was given it, — a satisfaction in the idea of America having produced a novel that belonged to literature, and to the forefront of it. . . . And the best of it was that the thing was absolutely American; it belonged to the soil, to the air; it came out of the heart of New England.'

"The Hawthornes moved finally from Salem shortly before 'The Scarlet Letter's' appearance, making their next home in Lenox up in the Berkshire Hills."

We now crossed over to Essex Street, and thence passed to Union Street, where we revisited the old house — No. 21 — in which Hawthorne was born. Then we turned into neighboring Herbert Street to the now decayed "Manning mansion," — Nos. 10½ and 12, — where part of his boyhood and youth were spent, and whither he returned again and again in after life. Next we were in Charter Street before the Peabody house, where Hawthorne found his wife, and the model for the gruesome "Dr. Grimshawe's" house. We wandered over the adjacent earliest Salem burying-ground, this time with Haw-

THE PEABODY OR "DR. GRIMSHAWE" HOUSE.

thorne's description in hand. We called at the Custom House, and peered again into Hawthorne's old office. And we finished our round of this Hawthorne neighborhood with a glance at the Turner-Street house, marked the "House of the Seven Gables," albeit the gables are wanting, and sufficient authority for the distinction it assumes.

The Union-Street house, Percy had learned on his first visit, was of historical value as well as literary, since it was built before the witchcraft frenzy of 1692. He was aware, too, that at the time of Hawthorne's birth here, July 4, 1804, in the northeast chamber of the second story, it had been a Hathorne house since 1772, when Daniel Hathorne acquired it.

Percy recalled, by the way, the change in the spelling of the surname with the insertion of the letter *w* by Nathaniel Hawthorne. "This grandfather Hathorne," I reminded him, "a ship-master and captain of a privateer in the Revolution, was grandson of John Hathorne, that unrelenting witchcraft judge, and great-grandson of William Hathorne, who came over with Winthrop in the *Arbella* in 1630, and became a military man, a deputy in the General Court, tax collector, and magistrate. William Hathorne was that first ancestor whose figure, Hawthorne wrote, 'invested by family tradition with a dim and dusty grandeur, was present in my boyish imagination as far back as I can remember.' With this lineage on the father's side was joined in Hawthorne a similar lusty Puritan ancestry on the maternal side, his mother, daughter of Richard Manning, merchant, being of the Puritan Manning family that settled in Ipswich and Salem as early as 1680."

Percy also knew that Hawthorne's father was a ship-master; that he died at Surinam while on a voyage in command of the Salem ship *Nabby*, when Hawthorne was but four years old; and that the mother, left without resources, then moved with her three children back to her father's house, — the Herbert-Street homestead, — her brother Robert Manning having undertaken to provide for her. "From that time till her death," I added, "she became practically a recluse, and Hawthorne's sisters grew also into lives of retirement. The elder, Elizabeth Manning, long outlived him, reaching the age of eighty-one; the younger, Maria Louisa, born the year of the father's death, lost her life in the burning of the Hudson-River steamer *Henry Clay*, July 27, 1852."

Percy was further reminded that in this Herbert-Street house, in his "dismal chamber" on the southwest corner of the third story, overlooking his birthplace, — for the yards of the two estates originally joined at the rear, — Hawthorne wrote his first stories; that here, as he afterward chronicled in his Note-book, "fame was won." "This," I observed, "referred

to the achievement of the stories gathered in the 'Twice Told Tales.' It was here, too, that 'Fanshawe' was produced, and those 'Tales of My Native Land,' which he afterward destroyed. The periods of his life in Herbert Street covered about eleven years of his boyhood; about three years after his graduation from college; a part of the late thirties; and a few months of his married life, after the birth of his first child, Una, just before and a little after his occupation of the surveyorship in the Custom House. It was a serious and solemn life that his own little family led in this home, which Mrs. Hawthorne christened the 'Castle Dismal.' During his young manhood days here, before his marriage, this was Hawthorne's daily routine: study or reading in the forenoons, writing in the afternoons, and in the evenings, sometimes extending into the night, long, solitary walks about the silent town, or out into the country, or along the sea-coast.

"The Peabody house," I observed as we approached this dwelling, in slightly better condition than the other two houses, though bereft of its former refinement, "came into Hawthorne's life after he had won something of fame. He may have played in his boyhood with the Peabody children, or with Sophia Amelia, who became his wife, for a former home of theirs was in a brick block on the opposite side of Union Street, near his birthplace, to which the Peabodys came in 1812, when Sophia was three years old. The family was a cultivated one, with Dr. Nathaniel Peabody, a man of exceptional parts, at its head. The eldest sister, Mary, married Horace Mann, the eminent American educator and developer of the common school system, and after his death she wrote his biography. The next oldest, Elizabeth Palmer, introduced the kindergarten system into this country, and was a teacher of wide scope, a writer of educational books, and a noble philanthropist. It was Elizabeth who 'discovered' Hawthorne, as we have seen; and it was through her influence that his worldly affairs were from time to time fostered. Sophia

Peabody had an artistic sense which was cultivated in drawing and painting. Before her marriage she drew an illustration for Hawthorne's 'The Gentle Boy,' which was published in a special edition in 1839. Theirs was a long engagement. They were finally married in Boston, after the Peabodys had removed there, in July, 1842; and their married life began in the 'Old Manse,' at Concord."

Hawthorne's fanciful description of the Peabody house in his sketch of "Dr. Grimshawe's" house, I had copied, and Percy made note of the real and the fancy in the picture as he read it:

. . . It stood in a shabby by-street, and cornered on a graveyard with which the house communicated by a back door, so that with a hop, skip, and jump from the threshold, across a flat tombstone, the two children were in the daily habit of using the dismal cemetery as their playground. . . . It did not appear to be an ancient structure, nor one that could ever have been the abode of a very wealthy or prominent family, — a three-story, wooden house, perhaps a century old, low-studded, with a square front standing right upon the street, and a small enclosed porch, containing the main entrance, affording a glimpse up and down the street through an oval window on each side, its characteristic was decent respectability, not sinking below the boundary of the genteel."

Then turning into the graveyard, Percy read on from my extract, this sketch: —

"Here were old brick tombs with curious sculpture on them, and quaint gravestones, some of which bore puffy little cherubs, and one or two others the effigies of eminent Puritans, wrought out to a button, a fold of the ruff, and a wrinkle of the skull-cap; and these frowned upon the children as if death had not made them a whit more genial than they were in life. But the children were of a temper to be more encouraged by the good-natured smiles of the puffy cherubs, than frightened or distressed by the sour Puritans. . . . This graveyard was the most ancient in the town. The clay of the original settlers had been incorporated with the soil. . . . Here . . . used to be specimens of common English flowers which could not be accounted for, — unless, perhaps, they had sprung from some English maiden's heart, where the intense love of those homely things, and regret of them in the foreign land, had conspired

together to keep their vivifying principle, and cause its growth after the poor girl was buried. Be that as it might, in this grave had been hidden from sight many a broad, bluff visage of husbandmen. . . . Here, too, the sods had covered the faces of men known to history, and revered when not a trace of distinguishable dust remained of them; personages whom tradition told about; and here, mixed up with successive crops of native-born Americans, had been ministers, captains, matrons, virgins good and evil, tough and tender, turned up and battered down by the sexton's spade, over and over again; while every blade of grass had its relation with the human brotherhood of the old town. . . . Thus rippled and surged with its hundreds of little billows the old graveyard about the house which cornered upon it; it made the street gloomy so that people did not altogether like to pass along the high wooden fence that shut it in; and the old house itself, covering ground which else had been thickly sown with bodies, partook of its dreariness, because it hardly seemed possible that the dead people should not get up out of their graves and steal in to warm themselves at this convenient fireside."

With the exception of a few of the "puffy cherubs," and the tombs or graves of men "known to history," as Governor Bradstreet, John Hathorne, the witch judge, and Judge Lynde, there was little that Percy could identify from this description. Somewhat more serviceable was this earlier sketch, given in the "American Note-Book," from which, doubtless, the other description was constructed:

"In the old burial-ground, Charter Street, a slate gravestone, carved round the borders, to the memory of 'Colonel John Hathorne Esq.', who died in 1717. This was the witch-judge. The stone is sunk deep into the earth, and leans forward, and the grass grows very long around it; and on account of the moss, it was rather difficult to make out the date. Other Hathornes lie buried in a range with him on either side. In a corner of the burial-ground, close under Dr. P——'s [Peabody's] garden fence, are the most ancient stones remaining in the graveyard; moss-grown, deeply sunken. One to 'Dr. John Swinnerton, Physician' [brought into the 'House of the Seven Gables' and the 'Dolliver Romance'] in 1688; another to his wife. There, too, is the grave of Nathaniel Mather, the younger brother of Cotton, and mentioned in the 'Magnalia' as a hard student, and of great promise. 'An aged man at nineteen years,' saith the gravestone. It affected me deeply when I had cleared away the grass from the half-buried stone, and read the name.

An apple-tree or two hang over these old graves, and throw down the blighted fruit on Nathaniel Mather's grave, — he blighted too. . . . [Note made in 1838.]

Percy was curious about that Nathaniel Mather, the scholar, who died so young with such an old head. So I gave a few extracts drawn from his brother Samuel's pamphlet upon him, bearing the quaint title of "Early Piety, Exampled in the Life and Death of Mr. Nathaniel Mather, who, having become at the age of 19, an instance of more than common Learning and Virtue, changed Earth for Heaven, October 17, 1688." I quoted also from the eulogy of his elder brother Cotton, whose phrase "an old man without gray hairs upon him" when he died, was condensed into the line on the tombstone. Says this brother:

"From his very childhood his Book was, perhaps, as dear to him as his Play, and thus he grew particularly acquainted with Church History at a rate not usual in those that were about thrice as Old as he. . . . He afforded not so much a Pattern as a Caution to young students for it may be truly written on his grave, Study Killed Him. . . . When he was but twelve years old he was admitted into the college by strict examiners; and many months after this passed not before he had accurately gone over all the old Testament in Hebrew, as well as the New in Greek; besides his going through all the Liberal Sciences before many other designers for Philosophy do so much as begin to look into them. . . . He commenced Bachelor of Arts at the age of sixteen, and in the act entertained the auditory with an Hebrew oration. . . . His second degree after seven years being in the college he took just before death gave him a third, which last was a promotion infinitely beyond either of the former. . . . [He was] admirably capable of arguing about almost every subject that fell within the Concernments of a Learned Man."

"Nathaniel Mather's morbid piety while acquiring all this learning," I observed, "reflects the stiff theology of his time. When a mere child he repented in sackcloth and ashes that he had 'whittled on the Sabbath Day, and thus reproached his God by his youthful sports.' At fourteen he recorded in his diary, 'How little have I improved this time to the Honour of

God as I should have done.' 'Nor,' his brother Cotton chronicled, 'did he slubber his prayers with hasty amputations, but wrestled in them for a good part of an hour together.'"

"Poor boy!" ejaculated Percy, and we turned to cheerfuller things.

A little walk over to and along Derby Street brought us to the Custom House. Our call was brief, for the reminders of

HAWTHORNE'S CHESTNUT STREET HOUSE.

Hawthorne's service here, from 1846 to 1849, are now gone (Percy remembered that his desk is preserved in the Essex Institute up on Essex Street). Another short walk, and we were at Turner Street, and the so called "Seven Gables" house.

As to the identity of this house, I remarked: "Other old Salem houses have been fixed upon as the house of the

romance, but Hawthorne himself has stated that it was copied from no actual edifice: that it was simply a reproduction in a general way of a style of colonial architecture, examples of which survived to the time of his youth. The slender ground upon which the claim for this house rests is found in these facts and statements: that the Ingersoll family, relatives of the Hawthornes, long lived in it, and that Hawthorne frequently visited them; that one day Miss Ingersoll told him it once had seven gables; that coming down stairs, after she had

HAWTHORNE'S DEARBORN STREET HOUSE.

shown him the beams and mortises in the attic, he murmured half aloud, 'House of the Seven Gables, that sounds well;' and that afterward appeared the romance bearing this name — it was nearly finished before the title was selected. No, this romance was not in part written here in Salem; it belongs wholly to the Lenox home period.

"This Turner Street house," I added, "has a less questioned distinction as the place where the 'Tales of Grandfather's Chair' originated. And it is interesting as one of the oldest houses in Salem, dating from 1662."

Other Hawthorne houses in other parts of Salem, — the

Chestnut-Street house (No. 18) and the Dearborn-Street house, in North Salem, — had lesser interest than those we had now visited. The former was the family home for about a year and a half, beginning with the surveyorship period in 1846, the early part of which Mrs. Hawthorne spent in Boston, where, in June, 1846, Julian was born. The Dearborn-Street home was of an earlier date. It was Nathaniel's mother's house, built for her by her brother on land adjoining the later Manning estate. Hawthorne lived here between 1828 and 1832. Then the family returned to the Herbert-Street house.

ABNER C. GOODELL.

There remained one more Hawthorne landmark, worth visiting however, — the little old building by the corner of Washington and Federal streets, in which was the school of Joseph E. Worcester, the compiler of Worcester's Dictionary, who was the boy Hawthorne's schoolmaster.

Following up Federal Street toward its head we reached the home of Abner C. Goodell (born in Danvers, 1831 —), the historical student and writer, whose literary monument is the "Acts and Resolves of the Province of Massachusetts Bay" with his copious and scholarly notes as editor, the most valuable work of all of this nature undertaken by the state. This house, — No. 4 Federal Street, — quaint and curious in itself,

has additional interest because it contains a portion of the original wooden frame of the jail in which the victims of the witchcraft delusion were incarcerated, and from which was the great "jail delivery" in May, 1693, when the frenzy passed.

Again in Essex Street, we revisited the Salem Athenæum, Plummer Hall, on the site of the birthplace of William Hickling Prescott (born 1796 — died in Boston, 1859), the historian. Percy was shown a picture of the house in which Prescott was born, — a typical old-time Salem mansion, — and was told its history in brief. It was built originally by Nathan Reed, who had the distinction of being the first, though unrecognized, American inventor of a paddle-wheel steamboat; and after the Prescotts moved from here, it was a Peabody mansion, famed for its elegant hospitality. Of the Prescotts here, he was told about the father, Judge William Prescott, who was born in Pepperell, Massachusetts, son of Colonel William Prescott, commander of the American forces at Bunker Hill, and who became an eminent jurist and one of the ablest New Englanders of his time. He lived in Salem from 1789 to 1808, and then moved to Boston. His wife, the historian's mother, was a daughter of Thomas Hickling, of Salem, American consul at St. Michael's for half a century. It was from him that the historian derived his middle name. Since Prescott was but eleven years old when the family moved to Boston, we should find his literary landmarks mostly there, I observed.

The site of the Athenæum also had interest as that of the Salem home of Governor Simon Bradstreet, upon his second marriage, with the widow Gardner, in 1676. The Athenæum itself was identified with the beginning of the career of Edwin P. Whipple (born 1819 — died 1886), the eminent critic and essayist, to whom we had alluded in connection with James T. Fields when at Portsmouth. Whipple, born down the North Shore, in Gloucester, came to Salem when a youth and was employed in a bank. Meanwhile he served some time as librarian

of the Athenæum, and it was here that he acquired his literary tastes and began his essay writing. "We shall also visit his principal literary workshop," I promised, "in Boston."

Our Salem jaunt ended with a look at the quaint little house, No. 154 Federal Street, on the south side of the city, in which Jones Very (born 1813 — died 1880) was born and lived his gentle life through.

"Jones Very?" queried Percy, "who was he?"

HOME OF JONES VERY.

"I do not wonder at your question. Few remember him now; and his single volume of essays and poems, some of them of rare charm, slumbers quietly on the remotest library shelf. Yet it was predicted when he died, twenty odd years ago, that his work would long survive. One of his eulogists declared that his writings had lent 'a spiritual and personal interest to the scenery about Salem which would prove a worthy complement to the historic and romantic pageantry with which his

friend Hawthorne's brilliant imagination had already filled its streets.' He was the personal friend of Emerson, the elder Dana, Channing, and James Freeman Clarke; and it was at the instance of Emerson, who assisted in its preparation, that his book, 'Essays and Poems of Jones Very,' was published in 1839.

"Jones Very was one of a family of brother and sisters all of whom had a genius for verse-making. His father was a ship-master, and so was his mother's father, — an uncle of his father. When a lad he made voyages with his father to Russia and to New Orleans. The father died in 1824, and he became a store-boy in an auction-room. He fitted himself for college, and entering Harvard in the last term of the sophomore year of 1834, graduated in 1836, second in his class. He became a tutor of Greek in the college, and attended the Divinity School. He was subsequently licensed to preach, but he never had a parish. His life and work thereafter were based on his belief that he had surrendered his will to the will of God and become a passive instrument of the Divine Spirit. Of his poetry James Freeman Clarke wrote, 'I think there are a few of his poems that will last with those of George Herbert and Henry Vaughan. His poetic vein was a slender rill, but pure, clean, coming from a deep source, and like that of Siloam that flowed

'Fast by the oracle of God.'"

We now took a steam train for Lynn, and engaging a carriage at the station there drove over to Nahant. In the long ago, I told Percy, this was the favorite summering place of Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Longfellow, Agassiz, and others of their kind; and here "Hiawatha" in part was written. But their habitations no longer exist; so we could visit them only in imagination while we traversed the rocky point and listened to the sea. Percy, however, found some compensation in passing glances at the summer homes of the modern writers

who sustain the literary atmosphere of Nahant — the seat of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, whose excursions into American history have broadened his reputation as a "scholar in politics"; and the villa of Judge Robert Grant, the essayist and novelist who treats with such frank and clever pen our American social tendencies and foibles.

Then, our ramble finished, we sat down to a toothsome fish dinner at the tavern of the place; and in the late evening, happily by moonlight, we returned by the last boat to Boston.

XIV.

A DAY ABOUT BOSTON.

The Athenæum and the Anthology Club of a century ago. — The *Monthly Anthology* and the *North American Review*. — Homes of a group of historians: Ticknor, Motley, Prescott, and Parkman. — Story of their lives and work. — Glimpses of their literary workshops. — Birthplace of Wendell Phillips. — Thomas Gold Appleton. — The crossed swords in Prescott's library.

BOSTON literary landmarks now engaged us for a day. Percy was surprised at the number still remaining of homes and other places identified with those writers who gave to the historic city its fame as an American literary center in the first half of the last century; for I had, at the outset, prepared him for disappointments by remarking the repeated reconstructions of the city which have ruthlessly swept away many of its choicest monuments.

We began with a call at the Boston Athenæum on the slope of Beacon Hill, since this nearly a century-old institution (incorporated in 1807), I explained, is a result of one of the earliest efforts after the Revolution for the cultivation of "polite literature" in the new republic. And within the serene shades of this classic building, ensconced in a quiet corner of an alcove overlooking the elm-shaded Granary burying-ground where lies thick the dust of colonial and provincial worthies, we had as preliminary to our excursion, a little whispered talk of the pioneers of the Anthology Club. For the Athenæum sprang from this club, organized in 1804, a group of worthy young *litterateurs*, whose labors formed, as the elder Quincy recorded, "an epoch in the intellectual history of the United States."

"These young men," I remarked, "came together originally at the instance of the Rev. William Emerson — the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson — for the conduct of a periodical. This periodical had been started under the name of *The Monthly Anthology, a Magazine of Polite Literature,* with the opening of the nineteenth century by one Phineas Adams, a native of historic Lexington and a Harvard graduate; and,

THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

being unremunerative, it had been placed by the printers in Mr. Emerson's hands. The club changed the name to *The Monthly Anthology and Boston Review,* and issued six octavo volumes, which constitute, so Quincy held, 'one of the most lasting and honorable monuments of the taste and literature of the period.' Within the first few months of their organization the club started a movement for a semi-public library, and from this the Athenæum evolved.

"There were only half a dozen of the group at the beginning as 'founders.' William Emerson, their leader, was especially distinguished for literary taste. He was one of the most constant contributors to the *Anthology*, as well as its editor for the longest period. The Rev. John Sylvester John Gardiner, the club's first president, was an exceptionally fine classical scholar. He had been educated in England by the celebrated Dr. Samuel Parr. Later he became rector of Trinity Church. He kept a classical school in his study, in which were trained several youths who afterward attained distinction in literature, among them George Ticknor and William Hickling Prescott. He was a frequent contributor to the *Anthology*. William S. Shaw, the club's first treasurer, was a nephew of Abigail Adams, wife of President John Adams. For a while he served President Adams as private secretary, and lived with the family, then in Philadelphia. During this time, as he wrote a friend, his mind became 'deeply impressed by the lowness of the standard of literature in the United States, and earnestly possessed with a desire of adopting measures to enlarge and elevate it.' As one means of aiding its advancement, he began a collection of literary and political tracts, which grew to large proportions, and subsequently became a possession of the Athenæum. He was twenty-six when the club was formed. William Tudor, Shaw's junior by a year, was similarly inspired. He was the founder of the *North American Review*, started in 1814, ten years after the formation of the club, 'to open a field for the successful pursuit of general literature and the political relations of the country.' Three-fourths of its first four volumes are said to have been from his pen. He also published two or three books of merit, one of them being the life of the patriot James Otis. Arthur Maynard Walter, the club's first secretary, was one of the most promising of the younger Boston *litterateurs* of the time, and died in his twenty-seventh year, on the threshold of a rare literary career. He was a great-grandson of Increase Mather,

and on the maternal side a descendant of Chief-Justice Benjamin Lynde, whose tomb you saw in the old Charter-Street burying-ground in Salem. He entered Harvard in his fourteenth year, and while there was distinguished for literary attainments. During two years in Europe he engaged in literary studies. He wrote much for the *Anthology*. Joseph Stevens Buckminster was another young man of exceptional promise, who died prematurely, at twenty-eight. He was a son of Joseph Buckminster, the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, minister. His precocity was astonishing. At four, it is averred, he began to study the Latin Grammar, and was introduced to the first elements of Greek. He prepared for Harvard at twelve, and was graduated with high honors. He was a tutor in his teens; at twenty he was minister of the Brattle-Street Church in Boston; and at twenty-seven, lecturer on Biblical Criticism in the college at Cambridge. His early piety was as marked as his early learning. We are told that 'between the ages of five and seven he was accustomed, in the absence of his father, to assemble the domestics of the family, and with great earnestness and solemnity to read to them a sermon, repeat the Lord's Prayer, and sing a hymn.' As a preacher the elegance and genius which he displayed were called remarkable. Edmund Trowbridge Dana, the sixth of the founders, was the elder brother of the poet, Richard Henry Dana, and a man of active pen. Later the poet-brother joined the club; also George Ticknor and John Thornton Kirkland, then minister of the New South Church, in which he succeeded Oliver Everett, father of Edward Everett, and afterward president of Harvard College.

"It is admitted that what the Anthology Club men accomplished in living contributions to our literature was slender. But we must remember that they were pioneers in an almost unworked field. It was not till 1809 that Irving's 'Knickerbocker's History of New York,' with which our literary historians date the real beginning of our distinctively national

literature, appeared. It was ten years afterward that the *Edinburgh Review* asked contemptuously, 'Who reads an American book?' The greatest achievement of these young men of letters was the elevation of the American literary standard.

"This Athenæum is especially their landmark. They took for its model the then newly established Athenæum of Liverpool. This building is its fourth home, and is identified with many Boston authors as their favorite studying or working place."

A few steps from the Athenæum brought us to the first of a series of homes of historians. This was the "Ticknor house," home of George Ticknor (born 1791 — died 1871), around the Park-Street corner of Beacon Street, facing the unique Boston Common. We saw only a remnant of the once stately mansion in the present business building. A semblance of its outward appearance in Ticknor's time alone remains. Hawthorne, however, has preserved a pleasant sketch of its interior with Ticknor in his library; and I quoted this passage from his "Note Book," dated May, 1850:

"A marble hall, a wide and easy staircase, a respectable old man-servant, evidently long at home in the mansion, to admit us. We entered the library, Mr. Folsom considerably in advance, as being familiar with the house, and I heard Mr. Ticknor greet him in friendly terms. . . Then I was introduced and received with great distinction, but yet without any ostentatious flourish of courtesy. Mr. Ticknor has a great head, and his hair is gray or grayish. You recognize in him at once the man who knows the world, the scholar, too, which probably is his more distinctive character, though a little more under the surface. He was in his slippers; a volume of his book was open on a table, and apparently he had been engaged in revising or annotating it. His library is a stately and beautiful room for a private dwelling, and itself looks large and rich. The fireplace has a white marble frame about it, sculptured with figures and reliefs. Over it hung a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, a copy, I think, of the one that represents him in Melrose Abbey."

"This portrait," I interjected, "was, in fact, an original, painted by the American artist, Leslie, at Scott's request, for Ticknor.

"Then Hawthorne muses, 'Methinks he must have spent a happy life (as happiness goes among mortals) writing his great three-volumed book for twenty years; writing it not for bread, nor with any uneasy desire of fame, but only with a purpose to achieve something true and enduring.'"

"What was this great work?" Percy asked, confessing that he had but a vague idea of Ticknor's accomplishments.

GEORGE TICKNOR.

"His 'History of Spanish Literature,' upon which his reputation as a scholarly historian rests. Yes, it was written entirely in this house, in the 'stately library.' For this was Ticknor's home through forty-one years, from the late twenties, sometime before this work was begun, until his death at eighty. During this period, except when he was abroad at long intervals, he made this home a place of refined hospitality, a choice literary center in the rising literary town." Then at Percy's request, I proceeded to sketch his career somewhat in detail.

"Ticknor was fortunately born. In his father were combined the culture of the scholar and the sagacity of the man of affairs; his mother was a woman of refined mind and perceptions. Both father and mother had been school-teachers. Elisha Ticknor, son of a Connecticut River farmer, after graduating from Dartmouth College, became the head of a preparatory school connected with that college, and afterward a teacher of private and public schools. He made his contri-

bution to literature in an English grammar, — 'English Exercises' it was called — a text-book, which was in general use till superseded by Lindley Murray's work. From the schoolmaster's desk he passed to trade; and as a grocer in Boston he acquired a modest competence which enabled him to retire in 1812, nine years before his death. George Ticknor's mother was also of a farming family, living in the hill-town of Sharon, some eighteen miles south of Boston. She was a widow with four little children when his father married her, and had kept a private school for girls in Boston to which were sent the daughters of leading families of the town. Her first husband had served as surgeon in the Revolutionary army, and at the time of his death was a young Boston physician. He was Benjamin Curtis, a nephew of the minister of Sharon. Of the four children of this first marriage, with whom George Ticknor was 'brought up,' one became the father of two eminent Curtises, — Judge Benjamin R. Curtis of the United States Supreme Bench, and George Ticknor Curtis, the biographer of Daniel Webster.

"George Ticknor was the only child of his father's marriage. His birthplace was a comfortable house in Essex Street, at that time a delightful quarter of Boston, with great elms shading it, but long ago rebuilt in business blocks. He never attended a regular school, but was so well fitted under the tuition of his scholarly father that he received a certificate of admission to Dartmouth when he was only ten years old. He actually entered at the age of fourteen, admitted as a junior. Before he went to Hanover he had acquired a smattering of French and Spanish from a tutor, and had studied Greek a while with Ezekiel Webster, brother of Daniel Webster, who had a private school near the Ticknor home; but it soon appeared that this pedagogue knew less of Greek than the boy's father. After leaving college, he was put with John Sylvester John Gardiner in Boston, to study the classics. Mr. Gardiner received his pupils, as Mr. Ticknor has related,

'in his slippers and dressing gown.' Being older than the other scholars, — Ticknor was now about seventeen — he was often invited to join a circle of clever persons at choice little suppers of which the rector was fond, and so began an agreeable acquaintance with some of the brightest of the glowing literary lights of the town.

"After nearly three years with Mr. Gardiner, Ticknor took up law-reading, still continuing, however, his Greek and Latin studies. He was admitted to the bar, and practiced for a year, meeting his office expenses. Then he abandoned the law, resolved to indulge his dominating desire for the pursuit of letters. It was determined that he should go abroad for further study, in those days a rare undertaking. In preparation for this work he spent some months striving to acquaint himself with foreign educational institutions, and particularly with the German language. But such was then the literary poverty of the country, as his biographer notes, that he was obliged to seek a German text-book in one place, a dictionary in another, and a grammar in a third, — the last two very indifferent of their kind. These preliminary studies were carried on in agreeable company. Every Saturday evening he was the host of gay little gatherings in his study at his father's house, composed of a rare set of ambitious young fellows — among them the brothers Everett, Alexander and Edward. At these 'Saturday evenings' the company devoted two hours zealously to reading and writing Latin, and finished off with a cheerful supper. He finally sailed in the spring of 1815, and on the same packet with him was Edward Everett, then a young man of twenty-one, also making his first journey for foreign culture.

"Ticknor spent four years in Europe, years of rare experience for those days. He became proficient in the romantic dialects of the Provençal speech. He made the acquaintance of eminent scholars and literary men. He visited Sir Walter Scott, who afterward wrote of him as 'a wondrous fellow for romantic lore, and antiquarian research.' He formed a friend-

ship with Robert Southey, which ripened into intimate relations in correspondence after his return home. While yet abroad, he was appointed to a new professorship of French and Spanish Languages and Belles-Lettres in Harvard College. In 1819 he assumed this chair, which he held for fifteen years. He was married in 1821, to Anna Eliot. She was a daughter of Samuel Eliot, a wealthy Boston merchant (founder, by the way, of the Harvard chair of Greek literature) who had died the previous year. Thereafter, with his wife's inheritance, and the competence which he received from his own father, who died some months before Mr. Eliot, he was enabled to live at ease and pursue his favorite studies to the end of his days.

"Ticknor's history of Spanish literature was begun in 1840, after his return from a second sojourn in Europe. During this visit he began collecting his library of Spanish literature, which, with accessions subsequently made, became a wonderful collection. Although his history was founded upon his studies of the previous twenty years, the results of which had been largely embodied in his Harvard lectures, everything written in the lecture form was cast aside and the work begun anew. The sumptuous volumes made their first appearance nine years later, in 1849. Before the manuscript was put into type it was submitted to his fellow historian, Prescott, for revision and correction, as Prescott had submitted his own histories in the manuscript to Ticknor. Prescott heartily commended the work, and this commendation was echoed by leading reviewers when the volumes appeared. They were received at home and abroad as a scholar's work. An English edition was published in London by Murray simultaneously with the appearance of the work here; and subsequently Spanish and German translations were published. Still Ticknor went on accumulating material, revising, amending, and elaborating the original work up to the close of his life; and the results appeared in the edition of 1863, 'corrected and enlarged,' published a year after his death.

"What became of his fine library? His Spanish and Portuguese books were given to the Boston Public Library, of which he was one of the chief founders. They constitute one of the several valuable special libraries of that excellent institution. And in the Barton-Ticknor Room of the building is Mr. Ticknor's great writing-table, which was the center-piece of his 'stately library.'

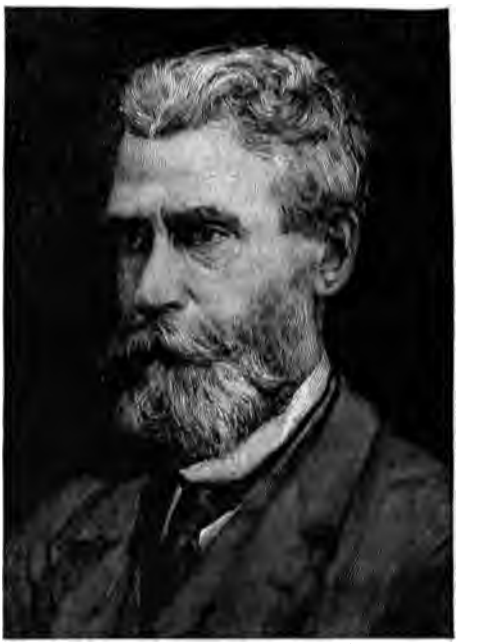
"Of Ticknor's other literary production, the most important and the most human was his 'Life of Prescott,' written in his old age, — between his sixty-eighth and seventy-first years. This was preëminently a tribute to a treasured friend, with whom he had been intimate from the time when they were pupils of John Sylvester John Gardiner."

We naturally turned next toward the "Prescott house," only a short walk off down the westerly slope of Beacon Street. Before leaving Park Street, however, I pointed out at No. 4, now the publishing-house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the old Quincy mansion, which was the winter home of the elder Josiah Quincy (born 1772 — died 1864), — president of Harvard College from 1829 to 1845, and its historian, — through the last seven years of his long and useful life, which closed in his ninety-second year. Also, in No. 2, we saw the last Boston home of John Lothrop Motley (born 1814 — died 1877), the historian, which he occupied in 1868–1869, prior to his appointment as Minister to England.

Our way down Beacon Street, along the line of favored dwellings, — favored by their beautiful setting, — of the older and statelier Boston type, carried us by other landmarks in which Percy displayed the keenest interest. He was shown the house in which Wendell Phillips (born 1811 — died 1884) was born, still standing on the lower corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets; while up Walnut Street, by the Chestnut-Street opening, he saw Motley's boyhood home. As he gazed at these spots, I whipped out my note-book, and gave him this picture of a scene in the garret of the Motley home,

taken from Oliver Wendell Holmes's genial memoir of the historian: —

"Mr. Motley's home was a very hospitable one, and Lothrop and two of his young companions were allowed to carry out their schemes of amusement in the garden and the garret. If one with a prescient glance could have looked into that garret on some Saturday afternon while our century was not far advanced in its second score of years, he might have found three boys in cloaks and doublets and plumed hats, heroes and bandits, enacting more or less impromptu melodramas. In one of the boys he would have seen the embryo dramatist of a nation's life history, John Lothrop Motley; in the second, a famous talker and wit, who has spilled more good things on the wasteful air in conversation than would carry a diner-out through half a dozen London seasons, and waked up somewhat after the usual flowering time of authorship to find himself a very agreeable and cordially welcomed writer, — Thomas Gold Appleton. In the third he would have recognized a champion of liberty known wherever that word is spoken, an orator whom to hear is to revive all the traditions of the grace, the address, the commanding sway of the silver-tongued eloquence of the most renowned speakers, Wendell Phillips."



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JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

"These three neighborly boys," I chatted "continued their close intimacy through school and college days, and their friendship was lifelong. They were classmates at Harvard,

Motley and Appleton being room-mates. They were all of strong New England blood. Phillips was of the family who founded the Andover Academy. His father, John Phillips, was long town advocate and public prosecutor of Boston, and subsequently the first mayor, when the town became a city in 1822. Appleton's father was the liberal-minded merchant, Nathan Appleton, one of the fathers of New England manufactures. Motley's father, Thomas Motley, also was a merchant, one of that fine old school of commercial men 'in whom with the sagacity of the merchant was combined the manners and the sentiments of the accomplished and genial gentleman,' as Edwin P. Whipple has so well phrased it.

"Phillips's contribution to our literature was altogether that of the orator and the platform agitator; yet he was an accomplished scholar and a master of diction. Choicest of his more literary efforts was his lecture on 'The Lost Arts,' a classic, delivered hundreds of times, and each time with added graces. Another, of rare felicity mixed with that biting satire which marked his every public utterance, was his Phi Beta Kappa address on 'The Scholar in a Republic,' delivered at Cambridge, in 1881, at the fullness of his career. In his young manhood, at the threshold of a promising professional life in the law to which he was bred, he threw himself into the anti-slavery struggle, and thenceforward devoted his talents and means unreservedly to it. Unlike Garrison, he suffered none of the hardships of poverty; but he sacrificed, almost with a jocund air, an unquestioned social position and a life of aristocratic ease to which he had been nurtured, for this unpopular and despised cause. His home was always in Boston; after his marriage in a house of his own, plain within as well as without, in that old Essex Street where Ticknor was born, till business changes in the quarter drove him from it to a plainer house in a soberer street. His grave is in the old burying-ground of Milton, beyond the outskirts of the city. There he lies by the side of his wife, who, though a life-long

invalid, survived him. The two graves are marked by a boulder thus simply inscribed, in accordance with his wish, — showing his chivalrous courtesy, in placing the wife's name first:

Ann and Wendell Phillips,
Died April 24, 1886 — February 2, 1884
Aged 73 — Aged 73.

"Thomas Gold Appleton's (born 1812 — died 1884) late literary blossoms, to which Holmes alluded, appear in several small volumes of essays, sketches and reminiscences of travel, and verses. Among his numerous much-quoted sayings was that *mot*, 'Good Americans when they die go to Paris.' He was a brother-in-law of Longfellow, and one of the closest friends of the poet.

"Motley's greatest literary work, that which gave him his rank among the first historians of his time, was done abroad, where he lived through the larger part of his career. Only his young manhood and a few scattered years of his mature life were passed in Boston. Yet here his literary career began. His earliest effusions, written while an undergraduate in his teens, found place in the college journal, and in N. P. Willis's slender Boston magazine. His efforts at novel writing, the results of which were depressing, were also made here. The first of these productions 'Morton's Hope, or the Memoirs of a Provincial,' failed, although its critics found evidence of uncommon resources of mind in the author, and also of scholarship. It was written soon after his marriage, in 1837, to beautiful Mary Benjamin. She was one of the two engaging sisters of Park Benjamin, afterward the New York editor, poet, and lecturer, who was then living here in Boston and editing Buckingham's *New England Magazine*. The second novel, 'Merrymount, a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony,' which appeared six or eight years later, met only a slightly better fate.

"Meanwhile, however, Motley was finding his field in historical composition; and in the mid-forties he made a beginning in his Boston study, and in his summer house at Nahant, on his history of the Dutch Republic. After some years of work he saw that he must consult authorities which were only to be found in the libraries and archives of Europe. So he cast aside all that he had done here and began afresh there. After ten years' labor in exhaustive research and composition, 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic,' the first work of the series, was completed, and he went up to London with the bulky manuscript in search of a publisher. But the London publishers were shy, and the work was finally ventured only at the author's expense. Its success was immediate. It brought him at once into the 'full blaze of a great reputation,' and firmly fixed his place in literature. This was in 1857. Four years later the first two volumes of 'The History of the United Netherlands' appeared, increasing his fame; and in 1868 the concluding volumes of the Netherlands. The 'Life and Death of John of Barneveld' was his last and crowning work.

"You know, of course, of Motley's long service as American minister to Austria through our Civil War, and of his short career during the first year of President Grant's administration, as our minister to England. Yes, there was some trouble attending the last mission; and also the first one. He was led to resign the Austrian post after six years' service, through the course of President Johnson's administration toward him, resulting from a political slander; and he was recalled from the English mission on the allegation that he had been guilty of diplomatic indiscretions. His friends, however, felt satisfied that the real occasion of this recall was his close friendship with Senator Sumner, who was then in controversy with the administration. Be the reasons for the treatment of him in either, or both cases, just or unjust, it is undeniable that his representation of the country in both posi-

tions was able, faithful, and dignified, and that it reflected honorably upon our government.

"Motley's foreign life began in the early thirties, as a student in the universities of Berlin and Göttingen. At the latter he had as a fellow student Bismarck, with whom he became intimate. The two lodged together, shared their meals and their outdoor exercises. He died abroad, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, near London, by the side of his wife, who died also in England, three years before him. Both his daughters married in England, the eldest becoming Lady Harcourt.

"His middle name of Lothrop? That was a family name, — the name of his mother's family, one of the earliest in New England, from which sprang learned New England clergymen and men of affairs. His mother was distinguished for the 'charm of her serene and noble presence.' He, too, was a type of manly beauty. In his youth he was thought to resemble Byron, 'though handsomer,' Wendell Phillips said."

We had now reached the Prescott house, No. 55, near the foot of the Beacon-Street slope. This was most satisfying to Percy, for here he saw a landmark but slightly changed in the years since it acquired distinction. In its outward aspect it was as in Prescott's day. A double-swell front of light-colored brick, with pillared porch, and an air of quiet elegance, it stood out among its fellows rather notably. Within, on the entrance floor, was originally the historian's library-room, which he had built on to the house, crowded to the ceiling with rows of manuscript copies of Spanish State papers, and richly bound volumes, some of them of incalculable value. Above this room, reached from it through a secret door hidden among the books, and up a winding staircase, was the working study, where the partially blind scholar, — rendered so by an accident at college, — toiled with his noctograph, or listened to his secretary's reading of voluminous notes copied from the autographic despatches of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru.

In his day family and other portraits embellished the library-room, and on the cornice appeared those "crossed swords" to which Thackeray so graciously alludes in the opening of "The Virginians." And I repeated the familiar passage:

"On the library-wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two crossed swords, which his relatives wore in the great war

HOME OF WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the King, the other was the weapon of a brave and honored republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name alike honored in his ancestors' country and in his own, where genius like his has always a peaceful welcome."

They were the weapons borne by the ancestors of Prescott and his wife on either side at the Battle of Bunker Hill: his grandfather, Colonel Prescott, the American commander; and

her grandfather, Captain Linzee, commander of the *Falcon*, one of the British war-ships in the engagement.

"I should have liked to see those swords," Percy mused.

"You may see them, quite as Thackeray saw them," I replied to his great gratification. And I told how they are now displayed, crossed just as Prescott had arranged them, on a wall in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in another part of the city, to which they went after Prescott's death.

Then we talked of the remarkable work accomplished in this house, remarkable in its execution as in its substance, since it was done, as was all that the historian did, under the disadvantages of excessive bodily afflictions. This work embraced the composition of his "Conquest of Peru" and of the three volumes of "Philip the Second" unfinished at his death, —"but not that which brought him his first fame," I explained, observing that Percy was associating this house with all of Prescott's literary achievements. "He was famous when he moved here, in 1845, his 'History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella' having been out eight years, and his 'Conquest of Mexico' two years. The 'Peru' and the 'Philip Second,' indeed, added lustre to his reputation, but neither caused the literary sensation which the first work of all produced. That sensation was occasioned not by the greater excellence of the 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' but by the publication of such a work from such a source. The historian's near friend, William H. Gardiner, — son of his old rectory preceptor, Dr. Gardiner, — graphically tells the tale:

"'Mr. Prescott had acquired earlier no marked reputation as an author. As a mere man of letters his substantial merits were known only by a few intimate friends; perhaps not fully appreciated by them. To the public he was little known in any way. But he was a prodigious favorite with whatever was most cultivated in the society of Boston. Few men ever had so many warmly attached friends. . . . When, therefore, it came to be known that the same person who had so attracted by an extraordinary combination of charming personal qualities was about to

publish a book, — and it was known only a very short time before the book itself appeared, — the fact excited the greatest surprise, curiosity, and interest. The day of its appearance was looked forward to and talked of. It came, and there was a perfect rush to get copies. A convivial friend, for instance, who was far from being a man of letters, — indeed, a person who rarely read a book, — got up early in the morning and went to wait for the opening of the publisher's shop, so as to secure the first copy. It came out at Christmas [1837], and was at once adopted as the fashionable Christmas and New Year's present of the season. No one read it without surprise and delight. . . . Love of the author gave the first impetus. That given, the extraordinary merits of the work did all the rest.'

"In the market at large the sale of the book was astonishingly rapid. In a few months more copies were sold than the publisher's contract assumed could be disposed of in five years. 'A success so brilliant had never before been reached in so short a time by any book of equal size and gravity on this side of the Atlantic,' says Ticknor. It brought the author before the public, as Webster grandiloquently expressed it, like 'a comet which had suddenly blazed out upon the world in full splendor.' Its reception by the critics on both sides of the ocean was hardly less marked than were the popular sales.

"This Beacon-Street house was identified with the last fourteen years of the historian's life. His work here was pursued through difficulties incident to his infirmities with the same thoroughness, patience, and persistency that characterized his earlier productions. His mode of writing was thus described by one of his secretaries, in a letter to Ticknor: —

"'When he had decided upon the subjects to be discussed, or events to be related in a particular chapter, he carefully read all that portion of his authorities, in print and manuscript, bearing upon [them], . . . taking copious notes of each authority as he read, and marking the volume and page of each statement for future reference. These notes I copied in a large, legible hand, so that, at times, he could read them, though more frequently I read them aloud to him, until he had impressed them completely on his memory. After this had been accomplished he would occupy several days in silently digesting this mental provender, balancing

the conflicting testimony of authorities, arranging the details of his narrative, selecting his ornaments, rounding his periods, and moulding the whole chapter in his mind, as an orator might prepare his speech. Many of his best battle-scenes, he told me, he had composed while on horseback [when taking his exercise]. . . . When he had fully prepared his chapter in mind, he began to dash it off with rapidity by the use of his writing-case. . . . He was as cautious in correcting as he was rapid in writing. Each word and sentence was carefully weighed and subjected to the closest analysis. If found wanting in strength or beauty, it was changed and turned till the exact expression required was found, when he dictated the correction which was made by me on his manuscript. . . . After the chapter had been thus carefully corrected I copied it in a large, heavy, pike-staff hand, . . . and Mr. Prescott then re-perused and re-corrected it. He then read again my copy of the original notes that he had taken from the authorities on which he founded his chapter, and from them prepared the remarks, quotations, and references found in his foot-notes. These I copied, . . . and my copy was again and again carefully scrutinized and corrected by him.'

"And then," I added, "when the matter was in type, and before the plates were made, it was submitted to experts for final inspection and correction."

Percy thought this the method of the true workman, and the description of it heightened his respect for the historian. Then he inquired as to that accident which caused the partial blindness of Prescott; and I related the story as follows, basing my account on the narration in Ticknor's Life.

"It was a singular accident. It happened in his junior year at Harvard, when he was sixteen. One day in the Commons Hall after dinner, when the college officers had left the tables, some of the undergraduates indulged in rough frolicking. Prescott had no part in the play, but hearing a disturbance behind him as he was passing out of the hall, he turned his head quickly and received a blow full in the open eye from a crust of bread, flung at random by one of the frolickers. He fell to the floor, and comrades immediately brought him to his father's house here in Boston. He recovered in time sufficiently to return to Cambridge and finish his course. But the

eyesight was gone. About a year and a half afterward the other eye became inflamed, and was attacked with acute rheumatism; and this disease persecuted him through the remainder of his life. Twice at intervals after the first attack it recurred in the remaining eye, accompanied each time with total blindness.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

"Fortunately the sightless eye did not mar Prescott's face; nor to common observation was any difference between it and the remaining eye perceptible. In personal appearance and carriage he was strikingly handsome. Ticknor sketches him as 'tall, well formed, manly in his bearing, yet gentle, with light hair that was hardly changed or diminished by years, a clear complexion and a ruddy flush on his cheek that kept for him to the last an appearance of comparative youth, but, above all, with a smile that was the most absolutely contagious' his friend ever looked upon. No figure in the city's streets attracted such 'regard and good will from so many' as his. He had many and strong friendships with men of letters abroad as in his own country. He died at sixty-two from apoplexy, the fatal attack coming upon him in his library."

Of Prescott's other Boston homes, about which Percy naturally inquired, I could only repeat the descriptions which others have given, for all traces of them were long gone. So I told of the immediate predecessor of this home in which he lived for twenty years and more, where his literary work began, and where fame found him. That was the house of his father, Judge Prescott, pictured as a fine old mansion behind great trees. It stood on Bedford Street, easterly of the Common, in what is now a wholesale business quarter, thick with business blocks. It had other associations which rendered it especially dear to Prescott, for here he brought his bride, Susan Amory, whom he married on his twenty-fourth birthday. And in the self-same house, twenty-five years before, his bride's mother, the daughter of that British sailor at Bunker Hill, had been married. The "crossed swords" were here first displayed in the historian's study above his books.

Retracing our steps a few paces, we took the short cross street to Chestnut Street, running parallel with Beacon Street, where a little way down on the southerly side we came to the last Boston home of that other historian, whom John Fiske has pronounced "the most deeply and peculiarly American of all American historians, yet, at the same time, the broadest and most cosmopolitan," — Francis Parkman (born 1823 — died 1893). This house was No. 50, backing nearly opposite the rear of the Prescott house, which suggested to Percy a fitting neighborliness of the two historians. But, as a matter of fact, Prescott had been dead five years when Parkman moved here. Parkman had, however, been living some years in this quarter, — on Walnut Street, where the boy Motley had lived; and he and Prescott had been near friends.

I pointed out, also, the similarity between their careers. Both pursued their historical investigations in unworn fields. Both worked with heroic fortitude and perseverance under the hard conditions of physical infirmities. Both were remarkably thorough in their preparation for the literary execution of their

histories, and exhaustive in their preliminary researches. Both suffered impaired sight, and were obliged to depend much upon others' eyes for their reading and in the composition of their works.

This No. 50 Chestnut Street had for us especial attractions, since it was Parkman's town house during the last twenty-nine years of his life, when appeared all of the seven volumes con-

HOME OF FRANCIS PARKMAN.

stituting his "France and England in North America," — the great work which he set out to accomplish before he left college. They came in this order: Part I., "The Pioneers of France in the New World," published in 1861, when he had lived here a year; Part II., "The Jesuits," in 1867, Part III., "The Discovery of the Great West," in 1869; Part IV., "The Old Régime," in 1874; Part V., "Count Frontenac," in 1877; Part VII., "Montcalm and Wolfe," in 1884; and Part VI., "A Half Century of Conflict," in 1892. The break in chronological sequence by

the publication of Part VII. before Part VI. was due to Parkman's wish to make sure of the final chapters, the climax of the story, and his fear that he might not live to complete it. Happily, however, this fear was not realized. The completing link — Part VI. — was finished some months before his death, which occurred shortly after his seventieth birthday.

Of the interior of this house in Parkman's day, and particularly of the historian's study, his biographer, Charles Haight Farnum, has given a charming sketch (and I read from my notebook):

" . . . A twilight house of subdued colors, simply furnished with heirlooms, and full of the peace and comfort derived from good housekeeping and a quiet spirit. During the last years of his life, when his lameness was very troublesome, he mounted to his study on the third floor by an elevator which he could operate by the power of his own arms. The room had a subdued light from two windows facing the north. An open stove with a soft-coal fire cast a glow into the shadows; two of the walls were covered with bookshelves, the others with engraved portraits of historic persons. On the mantel stood some of Barye's statuettes of animals, and on the wall were a few Indian relics he had brought from the Oregon Trail. . . . It was simply a writer's workshop, without any luxurious or ornamental appointment. He did not approve of large collections of books in private houses, because of the trouble they give, and because such sources of information should be accessible to students in public libraries. His collection consisted of about twenty-five hundred volumes, which he bequeathed to Harvard College; some of these were inherited from his father. The chief feature of his library was his collection of manuscripts, which far outweighed in value all the other works. Next in importance was a collection of eighty-nine maps, and about fifteen hundred works relating to his historic labors. All these are now kept together in Harvard College library as the 'Parkman Collection.' "

Parkman's methods of work in his study are described by the same competent hand, and I gave Percy this condensation of the detailed statement, which he contrasted with that of Prescott's methods:

"In beginning a volume he had all the documents concerning it read to him, the first time for the chief features of the subject. While this

reading was in progress he made, now and then, a short note, or walked over from his shady corner to where the reader sat in the light, to mark a passage for future reference. . . . He could not listen to this reading for more than an hour or two per day in even his best health, and with the help of frequent rests, requiring in the reader a quiet manner, a low voice, and a slow pace. . . . Then came a second reading, during which he noted accessory matters and details of the story; and sometimes a third examination was needed of portions of his great mass of documents. By this slow method he acquired perfect possession of the materials needed for a volume. He then set to work at composition, always finishing one volume before touching another. . . . When it came to writing or dictating the book, he had each day's production already arranged, probably some of it composed and memorized. He dictated at a moderate pace — sometimes holding a few notes in his hand — without hesitation and with a degree of finish seldom requiring any correction. At the close of the morning he would listen to what had been written down, and make necessary changes. During the day he would look over the composition, for he never failed to verify his citations and authorities himself, or to paste with his own hand his notes on the bottom of the pages. . . . As the sensitiveness of his eyes often made it impossible for him to look at paper while writing, he caused to be constructed what he called his 'gridiron' [a wooden frame of the size and shape of a sheet of letter paper, with stout wires fixed horizontally across it, half an inch apart, and a movable back of thick pasteboard fitted behind them: the paper for writing was placed between the pasteboard and the wires, guided by which, and using a black lead crayon, he could write with closed eyes]. During the last few years of his life his eyes allowed him to write out quite freely for short periods of time. Thus he was able to write out by himself, with pencil on orange-colored paper, the greater part of his 'Half Century' and 'Montcalm and Wolfe.'"

Parkman's birthplace, I remarked in passing, was also in this old West End region, within perhaps fifteen minutes walk of this Chestnut-Street house. The house is still standing, on Allston Street, — named for the artist Washington Allston, — on the northerly slope of the hill. Percy straightway wished to be led to it, but I checked his ardor, since it was out of our present route. Nor was it much of a landmark, I added, for the Parkmans lived there only a few years after Parkman's birth. However, it is well preserved and not unattractive,

and is worth at least a glance, although in a neighborhood long past the "genteel" period. "A finer sight," I said, "would have been the house in the same neighborhood where much of Parkman's youth was spent. That was an ample and stately mansion, built by Samuel Parkman, his paternal grandfather, which, with its deep front yard and rear terraced garden, once embellished the now shabby corner of Bowdoin Square and Chardon Street. It disappeared in the early sixties, after its degradation to unlovely trade uses. It was the fortune of this grandfather, by the way, 'patiently acquired in the wise fashion of those days,' as Lowell has written, which 'would have secured for his grandson a life of lettered ease had he not made the nobler choice of spending it in strenuous literary labor.'"

This remark led to talk of Parkman's lineage, and I observed: "He was strong in other ancestors. His paternal great-grandfather, Ebenezer Parkman, grandson of the first Parkman in the colony (he was Elias, settled in Dorchester, now part of Boston, in 1633), was the first minister of the Massachusetts town of Westborough and a man of note. He held this charge for fifty-eight years, and during all that period kept chronicles of his time, as well as a diary, marked by quaint humor. One of his entries was on the death of his slave 'Marco': 'Dark as it has been with us, it became much darker about the sun-setting: the sun of Marco's life Sat.' His third son was 'the boy of thirteen who at Ticonderoga, in 1758, carried a musket in a Massachusetts regiment, and kept in his knapsack a dingy little notebook in which he jotted down what passed each day,' as Parkman mentions in his 'Montcalm and Wolfe.' Another son served in the Revolution.

"The sixth son was Parkman's grandfather. Samuel Parkman came to Boston a poor boy to make his fortune; and he made it, becoming one of the richest men of the town. His son, the historian's father, was the Rev. Francis Parkman, minister for thirty-six years, till his death in 1849, of the New

North Church of Boston. Of this church Parkman's great-great-grandfather — William, the father of the Rev. Ebenezer — was one of the original members, in 1712, and afterward a ruling elder; and Samuel Parkman was deacon there for twenty-three years. The old meeting-house is yet standing in the North End, transformed into a Catholic church.

"In the maternal line Parkman traced back to the famous Rev. John Cotton, being in direct lineage from Cotton's son, the Rev. Rowland Cotton of Plymouth. His maternal grandfather was the Rev. Edward Brooks, of the distinguished old Medford family of that name, who on the nineteenth of April, 1775, 'went over to Lexington on horseback with his gun on his shoulder, and in his full-bottomed wig.'

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

"Parkman was a Bostonian of Bostonians, for his father and his great-grandfather were born here, and his grandfather's active life was identified with the town. He was bred for the law, and faithfully took the Harvard Law School course, after his graduation from the college in 1844, to please his father; but he never practiced. He began in boyhood to prepare for the work of his life, unconsciously at the start. While in college his vacations were spent in extended expeditions into regions of which afterward he wrote. On one of these expeditions he followed the trail of Rogers the Ranger

in his retreat from Lake Memphremagog to the Connecticut River in 1759, as he mentions in a note in his 'Montcalm and Wolfe.' On another he journeyed to the mouth of the Magalloway River into a region hitherto untrodden save by the foot of the hunter. In his senior year he went abroad, primarily for his health, but took the opportunity to spend several days in a 'retreat' of Passionate Fathers in Rome, thus gaining a view of clerical machinery which helped him later in portraying some of the actions of his histories.

"Two years after graduation he made a remarkable expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and spent several weeks in a village of the Dakota or Sioux tribe, then thorough savages, living as one of the family in the lodge of the principal chief. He took part in an excursion with his Indian friends beyond the Black Hills to hunt the buffalo and cut lodge-poles. On this western journey he also became familiar with the life of the trapper, the hunter, and the Canadian voyageur. The knowledge thus gained enabled him in his books to picture the Indian as a living thing, and to infuse actuality into his stories of border warfare.

"But it was acquired through exposure and hardships, at the expense of his health, impaired earlier by over-exertion in the college gymnasium. Then followed the increasing weakness of his eyes, first injured in studying by candle-light in the early mornings while at the Law School, when, in addition to his legal studies, he pursued general history, Indian history and ethnology, and models of English style, having secretly in view his historical writings. Upon his return from the West his health was so shattered that he was obliged to go to a water-cure establishment in Brattleborough, Vermont; and there he dictated a record of the expedition to his companion on it, his cousin Quincy A. Shaw.

"This was his 'The Oregon trail; or, A Summer Journey Out of Bounds.' It was published first as a serial in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, in 1847. It appeared in book form

two years later, and in course of time took its place as one of the most popular stories of travel. Meanwhile, in 1848, he began his first historical work, the 'History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac,' and through much suffering managed to complete it two and a half years later. Its publication in 1851 first gave him rank as a historian.

"In 1856 Parkman published his first and only work of fiction. This was 'Vassal Morton,' which, like Motley's first novel, fell flat. For the next half dozen or more years his physical condition made literary work impossible. Accordingly he devoted himself to horticulture at the rural country seat which he had established in 1854 beside Jamaica Pond, then on the outskirts of the city. This avocation was pursued with such ardor and skill that he introduced to the country many attractive plants, among them new varieties of the lily and the poppy. Subsequently he wrote one of the most useful books on the rose and its cultivation. His success in this field also led to his appointment to the professorship of horticulture in Harvard University.

"Although it was fully nine years after the appearance of his novel when he was enabled to publish the initial volume of his histories, the purpose to do honest historical writing was never off his mind. In spite of all the hindrances incident upon ill health, his material was gathered with painstaking care. Every theme which he treated was studied on its own ground.

"In Canada the histories as they appeared excited enthusiasm. McGill University of Montreal gave him his LL.D. ten years before Harvard conferred similar honor upon him. In Quebec a new township was named for him, and his portrait was placed in the Library of Parliament at Ottawa."

XV.

OVER BEACON HILL.

Home of Richard H. Dana, the poet. — Story of his publication of Bryant's "Thanatopsis." — The younger Dana. — Arlo Bates. — Henry Child Merwin. — Cyrus A. Bartol. — Charles Francis Adams, senior. — T. B. Aldrich's hill homes. — William Ellery Channing and his work. — Margaret Deland. — William D. Howells. — The Alcotts. Pinckney Street. — Origin of "The Hanging of the Crane." — Homes of George S. Hillard, Edwin P. Whipple, Edwin D. Mead, Louise Imogen Guiney. — The poet Parsons.

CROSSING to the other side of Chestnut Street I pointed to the house numbered 43, where once lived the poet Richard Henry Dana (born 1787 — died 1876).

"Oh, no," I corrected my friend, "he was not the Dana who wrote 'Two Years Before the Mast.' So your father thinks that a fine book? He shows his appreciation of good work. You're mixing the Danas up. The poet Dana was the father of the sailor-story Dana. The poet was that Dana who wrote the 'Buccaneer' away back in the twenties, which, on its re-appearance on the other side of the Atlantic, Christopher North compared favorably with 'Old Grimes' of Crabbe, the 'Peter Bell' of Wordsworth, and 'The Ancient Mariner' of Coleridge. His was *The Idle Man*, that unique little periodical, also of the twenties, to which Bryant and other poetical lights of that day contributed, while he wrote most of the prose. It started in 1826 and ran through only six numbers, then stopped for lack of patronage. Its owner had acquired in the venture 'the experience, not uncommon in the higher walks of American literature,' as Duyckinck well put it, 'that if an author would write as a poet and philosopher,

and publish as a gentleman, he must pay as well as compose.' Things have changed somewhat since that day."

Then I told of Dana's occupancy of this house for more than forty years, and of his death here at the advanced age of ninety-one, the last of his contemporaries. I tried to picture the interior of the house in his time. The atmosphere of books breathed less of the literary workshop than of the serene abode of the leisurely man of letters. The walls of the various rooms were hung with paintings by Allston, who was Dana's brother-in-law through his second wife, and cousin through his first marriage. Among other portraits was one of Dana's father, Chief Justice Dana, in gown and bands. There was a smaller one of the poet himself, by William M. Hunt. In the library stood a bust of Allston.

"The work that brought Dana his fame," I observed, "was mostly accomplished before be came to this house, although he was then under fifty. His first book which included 'the Buccaneer,' was published in 1827; his second, repeating his poems with some of his prose writings added, in 1833. That was two years before this became his city home. During his first ten years here he was delivering his scholarly lectures on Shakspere's characters, about the country and in the colleges. His collected works in two volumes came out in 1850, almost thirty years before the close of his life, and proved to be his last publication. It is a melancholy fact that, of Dana's various literary ventures, only the Shakspere lectures were remunerative; nor were they really popular. And yet, as was remarked after his death, the critics almost uniformly placed a high value on them as contributions to the intellectual wealth of the country. It was simply that the community was then not up to their standard."

Speaking of Bryant in connection with *The Idle Man*, reminded me of the circumstances of the first publication of his "Thanatopsis," which he composed in his nineteenth year. So I related it in this wise, adopting a version given after

Dana's death, and differing, somewhat, from the earlier account.

"Dana was one of the club of gentlemen who, about 1814, succeeded Tudor in the *North American Review*, and he became associated with his cousin, Edward T. Channing, in editing it. One day Willard Phillips, a member of the club, who afterward became a judge of probate, brought to the editor's room several poems, some of which, he said, were written by a young friend of his in the country named Bryant. One was 'Thanatopsis,' and another 'The Fragment,' subsequently renamed 'The Entrance to a Wood.' Both Dana and Channing were struck with these poems, particularly the 'Thanatopsis'; and Dana declared that no author on this side of the Atlantic could have written them. They must have been written by a poet of experience, he said. Phillips then intimated that young Bryant wrote 'The Fragment,' and his father the 'Thanatopsis.' Thereupon Dana pronounced both poems admirable, but said that the father was the greater of the two men. 'Thanatopsis' was published in the *North American* of November, 1817, and 'The Fragment' later, — the author receiving no compensation for either.

"Some time afterward, hearing that the elder Bryant was a member of the State Senate, Dana walked over from Cambridge, where he was then living, to the Boston State House to make the "new poet's" acquaintance. He found a man of affairs, strong, clear, decided, but not one of sentiment; and a few minutes' conversation satisfied him that the senator could not have written such a poem as 'Thanatopsis.' After this interview it was admitted that the first statement was correct — that the young man wrote both poems.

"The publication of these verses," I added as a sequel to this story, "brought Bryant the invitation to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Cambridge in 1821; and 'The Ages' was the result. On this occasion he was Dana's guest in Cambridge. While there he prepared a new edition of his poems

written up to that time, and it was then that he changed 'Thanatopsis' to the form to which it afterward held. The intimacy thus begun between the two poets continued through life, maintained by frequent exchange of visits and a regular correspondence. Bryant, when an editor, in his turn published Dana's earlier poems. These were 'The Dying Raven,' and 'The Husband and Wife's Grave,' which first appeared in the *New York Review and Athenæun Magazine* in 1825.

"Dana was a high-bred American," I concluded. "His grandfather, Richard Dana, was a distinguished lawyer, and leader on the American side in the Revolutionary period. His father, Francis Dana, was secretary of legation to France with John Adams, commissioner to Russia later in the Revolution, and afterward chief justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. His mother was a daughter of William Ellery of Rhode Island, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, another daughter of whom became the mother of William Ellery Channing. Dana was born in Cambridge, and spent his early youth in Newport. He was at Harvard in the class of 1808. Although trained for the law, he soon became convinced that he was unfitted for legal life; thereupon he took up literature seriously as his profession. He gradually withdrew from the active world after the early death of his wife. Seclusion and natural scenery were always his choice. Throughout his mature life he spent large portions of each year by the seashore, at first in his cottage at Nahant; then at his 'old gray mansion' on the bluff at Manchester-by-the-sea. He never crossed the ocean."

The second Richard H. Dana (born 1815 — died 1882), he of the "Two Years Before the Mast," lived for a time in Boston, but he was longest identified with Cambridge. At this point, however, we drifted into talk of his work. Taking up the story, I told how "Two Years Before the Mast" was written from a journal of his experiences and observations

which he kept during a voyage around Cape Horn to the western coast and back in the late thirties.

"The voyage," my narrative ran, "was in a Boston brig on which, in a spirit of adventure, Dana had shipped as a common sailor, a sea voyage having been prescribed for him when an undergraduate at Cambridge, on account of some trouble with his eyes. The book gave a true account of a sailor's life in the golden days of the merchant marine in a style fresh and animated. But it was rejected by publisher after publisher, till Dana finally sold it to the Harpers for a pittance of two hundred and fifty dollars. Its success was immediate, and it proved a little mine to its publishers, the sales being continuous for years. It was republished in England, translated into various languages, adopted by the British Admiralty Board for distribution in the English navy, and became as popular in the forecastle as in the libraries ashore. Nearly thirty years after its first appearance, Dana having prudently reserved the copyright in his own name, the book was issued in a new edition with an additional chapter, 'Twenty-four Years After.' This met a reception almost as flattering as the first one." I spoke also of Dana's "The Seaman's Friend," republished in England as "The Seaman's Manual," which followed close upon the first successes of "Before the Mast," and took similar rank, although it was not so popular.

"Dana wrote other notable things," I added, "and became an authoritative writer on international law; but this first book gave him his lasting popular fame. His 'To Cuba and Back,' published in 1859, was in the same felicitous style. He shone in the profession of law which his father abandoned, although his tastes were strong for literature. He became a foremost advocate especially in admiralty cases. In the early years of his practice he was a 'Conscience Whig' and a 'Free Soiler,' and defended the fugitive slaves Simms and Burns and the rescuers of Shadrac, another fugitive slave, here in Boston. Unlike his father he was an extensive traveler

abroad. He died suddenly in Rome, from pneumonia, and was buried in the cemetery at Porte Pia near the graves of Keats and Shelley."

Directing Percy's attention down the street, I pointed toward a snug, old-style house facing a cross street — West Cedar Street, by name — which I told him was the home of Arlo Bates (born in East Machias, Me., 1850–) novelist and poet, best known, perhaps, by his "The Philistines," "The Puritans," and "Under the Beech Tree." "Nearby, on West Cedar Street, in a quainter row of houses (No. 3)," I added, "lives Henry Childs Merwin (born in Pittsfield, Mass., 1853—), one of the small group of high ranking modern American essayists, a master of English, some of whose best work is seen in his rugged essays on 'Tammany,' his terse biographical studies of Aaron Burr and Thomas Jefferson, and his 'Road, Track, and Stable,' which brings the American horse to the fore."

Now we resumed our walk, passing up Chestnut Street, and in a few moments were before No. 17, the long-time home of Cyrus A. Bartol (born 1813 — died 1900), the preacher and essayist, whose portrait-eulogies of contemporaries, delicate, subtle, keen, have been called the finest work of this kind yet done in America. This quaint house, high set, with broad old-fashioned façade, and antique entrance door flanked by four slender pillars, Percy declared to be unique among the choice old dwellings of the neighborhood. An atmosphere of great comfort and serenity pervaded the interior. From the broad, deep entrance hall, with antique furnishings, a stately staircase ascended. On the second floor was the study, a sunny room, with books and pictures and wide open fireplace set with ancient andirons. Other ample rooms open from the halls, on the walls of which hung paintings by Dr. Bartol's artist daughter.

It was all most interesting to Percy when he had gathered the full story of the house: that Dr. Bartol had occupied it as his city home from near the beginning of his ministry back in

1836, till his death at eighty-seven; that here he found his wife, whom he married in 1838, — the estimable woman connected by blood or marriage with "three worshipping generations, and with as many ministers" of the old West Church in Boston, which was his own pulpit from 1837, first as colleague then as successor of Charles Lowell, father of the poet Lowell. In the sunny study here was done most of the work which has given Bartol his peculiar place in our literature, books of essays mainly, of a style quite his own, dazzling in illustration and metaphor, issued at intervals through a period of thirty years. Percy here learned that Dr. Bartol came from Maine, where he was born in the little seaport town of Freeport, was a schoolboy at Portland, and a student at Bowdoin, graduating in 1832. Then he came to Harvard, and his life-long identification with Boston began a few years after his graduation from the Divinity School in 1835. He was the last of the famous group of Boston transcendentalists.

A house next to Dr. Bartol's was pointed out as the meeting-place of the Boston Radical Club, in the sixties and seventies, of which for a time Emerson and others of his kind were shining lights. And in this same house earlier lived for a few years Mrs. Julia Ward Howe before she had written that stirring war-lyric "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

At the head of Chestnut Street we turned into Walnut Street, and so crossed up to Mt. Vernon, the next hill-street parallel with Beacon. And here, taking the downward slope, we passed in review a succesion of literary landmarks. In the line of London-like dwellings on the north side, with deep front yards separating them from the public walk, the uppermost (No. 57) first claimed attention. For this was long the town house of Charles Francis Adams, senior (born 1807 — died 1886), son of one President of the United States and grandson of another. It was not, however, so distinctively a literary beacon as the others, for the work which Mr. Adams did in literature, — the editing of the Diary and the ten

volumes of the works of his grandfather, President John Adams, and the Letters of his grandmother, Abigail Adams, with his memoir of her, — was done, for the most part, at the ancestral seat in Quincy. Still, as associated somewhat intimately with his career in statesmanship, it was interesting.

Mr. Adams died in this house, I remarked. He had reached his eightieth year, but his public career had closed fourteen years before with the accomplishment of the Geneva Award, which fitly followed upon his estimable service as American minister to England during the Civil War. And I mentioned, by the way, that he was a native of Boston, born eighteen years before his father became President. His birthplace was a little mansion which stood where now is the Hotel Touraine at the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets; and he was baptized by Ralph Waldo Emerson's father.

The next house below (No. 55), with its classic entrance door, was most engaging to Percy when he was told that this was Thomas Bailey Aldrich's city home. Seldom, he thought, had poet been more happily lodged. The house seemed to him a poetically fit successor to the poet's boyhood home in his grandfather's mansion down in Portsmouth. Inside the promise of the exterior was fulfilled. The library, from floor to ceiling lined with books, some of rare editions, some in exquisite bindings, with the poet's desk of antique pattern in a comfortable corner, was on the drawing-room, or second, floor. Off from the deep entrance-hall opened the hospitable dining-room whose walls might tell of many a dainty feast, and sparkling table-talk, about the mahogany of the gracious and cheery host.

"What of Aldrich's published works have been written in this house it is hard to tell," I replied to Percy's questions, "for he has often published long after he has composed. His habit of holding a poem or a story till it is fashioned quite to his satisfaction is one of his most marked characteristics. Once he was asked by the managing editor of a daily newspaper to write an editorial article for the next morning's issue, upon an

eminent man of letters and intimate contemporary of his, who had just died. He could not possibly do it, he protested. It was hopeless for him to attempt to write within a definite time-limit. Nor could he let an article go from his hands till he had worked it out thoroughly. 'Why,' he exclaimed, taking a manuscript page from a pigeon-hole of his desk, 'here's a poem I wrote I can't say how long ago, and I've been holding it till the right word comes to me in place of one

HOME OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, BOSTON.
(Former Town Home of Charles Francis Adams, Senior, at the Right.)

which is not right. When that word comes I'll let the little thing go.'

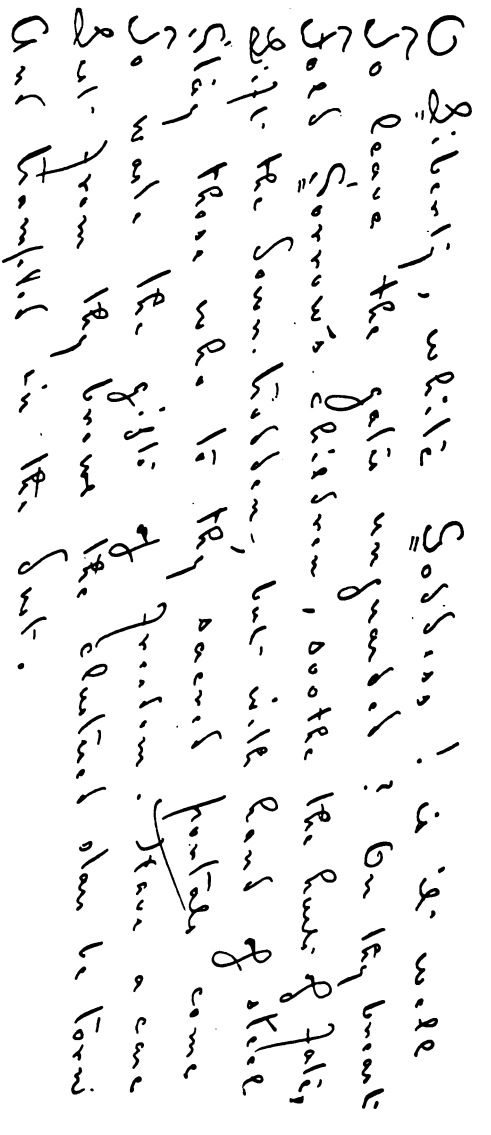
"George Parsons Lathrop has related that when Aldrich was once invited to write something for a soldier's reunion, he declined because he could not stir himself up to the occasion; but the very day after the reunion, the strain being relaxed and the mood coming, he wrote the tender war-eulogy 'Spring in New England,' which appears in his volume 'Flower and

Thorn.' Another illustration of his moods Lathrop has given in repeating this whimsical remark of his: — 'I've got a story under way that promises well. But just as my people were in the midst of a flourishing conversation they stopped. No one of them would say a thing, and there they sit, while I've been kept waiting a couple of weeks for the next speech!'

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

"Aldrich's mode of work is not methodical. That is, he is not like those prosaic souls who can sit themselves down to their desks at a given hour and minute each day, and write till a given hour and minute, producing a given number of thousand words with irritating regularity. He writes as his mood is, sometimes one part of the day, sometimes another, producing more or less as the spirit moves. So he is never careless in his workmanship. It is always exquisite in form and finish."

The last house in this row of dwellings was identified with William Ellery Channing (born 1760—died 1842), it having been the home of that remarkable man during the latter years of his life. As we tarried before it Percy followed, evidently with keen interest, the sketch I outlined of the great divine's



FACSIMILE OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH'S MANUSCRIPT.

career and the manner of his work which made so strong an impression and exerted so wide an influence upon his time.

"Channing's Boston home," I related, "was the Mecca of all sorts and conditions of men. He was accessible to all comers. Young men, poor men, unknown men, it has been said, could visit him, and 'find him as ready to talk with them as with the European *savants* and British noblemen, who, so soon as they landed in Boston, would find their way' to his study. Slight of frame, fragile, from his young manhood never enjoying a full day of unimpaired vigor, he pursued his work with unflagging constancy. Here is the story of an average day of his Boston life," and I read from my note-book the following condensation which I had made from the pages of the biography of him by his eminent nephew, William Henry Channing:

HOME OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

"'The sun is just rising, and the fires are scarcely lighted, when, with rapid step, Dr. Channing enters his study. He has been wakeful during many hours, his brain teeming, and, under the excitement of his morning bath, he longs to use the earliest moments for work. . . . His first act is to write down the thoughts which have been given in his vigils; next, he reads a chapter or more in Griesbach's edition of the Greek Testament; and after a quick glance over the newspapers of the day, he takes his

light repast. Morning prayers follow, and then he retires to his study-table.

"'If he is reading, you will at once notice this peculiarity, that he studies pen in hand, and that his book is crowded with folded sheets of paper, which continually multiply, as trains of thought are suggested. These notes are rarely quotations, but chiefly questions and answers, qualifications, condensed statements, germs of interesting views; and when the volume is finished, they are carefully selected, arranged, and under distinct heads, placed among other papers in a secretary. If he is writing, unless making preparation for the pulpit or for publication, the same process of accumulating notes is continued, which, at the end of each day, or week, are also filed. . . . When a topic is to be treated at length . . . these notes are consulted, . . . and then, with treasures of memory orderly arranged, Dr. Channing fuses and recasts his gathered ores under the warm impulse of the moment. . . . With flying pen he makes a rough draft of all he intends to say, on sheets of paper folded lengthwise, leaving half of each page bare. He then reads over what he has written, and in the vacant half page supplies defects, strikes out redundances, indicates the needed qualifications, modifies expressions. Thus sure of his thought and aims, and conscientiously prepared, he abandons himself to the ardor of composition. . . .

"'By noon Dr. Channing's power of study and writing is spent and he seeks the fresh air. . . . After dinner he lies for a time upon the sofa, and walks again, or drives into the country. Sunset . . . he keeps as a holy season, looking from upper windows which command wide prospects. . . . During the winter twilight he likes to be silent and alone. After tea he usually listens for an hour or more to reading. . . . Then guests come in, strangers to be introduced, earnest reformers seeking his sympathy or advice, familiar acquaintances with interesting topics of the day. . . . On other occasions a party of select friends gather in his rooms by invitation, for the purpose of unfolding some great subject of speculative or practical interest, not in the way of discussion so much as colloquy.'

"Dr. Bartol, his intimate friend and near neighbor (Dr. Bartol's Chestnut-Street estate opened, at the rear, nearly opposite Channing's house), pictures him during his later years, in figure short, slender, thin with 'scarce more than a hundred pounds of flesh' clothing 'in him the informing soul.' When he went out he was obliged to wrap his weak chest in many a covering against the damp and cold, and he was often 'only able to pace

up and down on the sidewalk before his dwelling in the sun, till his slowly moving form became one of the sights of Boston.' A quainter picture is this by Longfellow, 'He wears a blue camlet wrapper, silver-bowed spectacles, a shawl round his neck, and an enormous hat, coming down over his eyes.'

"Channing lost his health through his ascetic practices and his passion for study, when tutor of a group of boys in a family at Richmond, Va., just after his graduation from Harvard, in his nineteenth year (1798). According to his biographer, he was absorbed in teaching through the day, and passed most of the night in study, usually remaining at his desk till two or three o'clock in the morning, and sometimes till daylight. Meanwhile, to the end that he might overcome effeminacy, after the manner of the Stoics, he accustomed himself to sleep on the bare floor, and would spring up at any hour of waking to walk about in the cold. With the same purpose, he made experiments in diet and was rigidly abstemious, while he neglected exercise for too close application. Thus an originally fine constitution was broken, and from that time till his death he was battling against disease.

"He came to Boston in 1803 and early made his pulpit in the old Federal Street church, widely famous through his wonderful preaching, which displayed unusual independence of mind for that day, lofty purposes, and ripe scholarship. His church was always crowded, and to 'hear Channing preach' became one of the chief attractions of the town to visiting strangers. His voice was marvelous. Bartol has described it as having 'more in it of the violin than the flute, yet with liquid notes such as Wilhelmj or Joachim can fetch from the strings, and with an habitual rising inflection, rather than cadence, at the end of the sentence, which seemed to raise every hearer to the skies. It melted and resounded, was clear when it whispered, and a clarion when it rang.'

"He was first brought into general notice throughout the country by his published anti-war sermons in 1812–'16. Sub-

sequently his reviews and other contributions to literature extended his reputation among literary men abroad. On all questions and reforms which accorded with his principles he was outspoken, unmoved by popular applause or criticism. He died at Bennington, Vt., while on a journey for his health, after a service of nearly forty years in his Boston pulpit, and was buried at Mount Auburn, in Cambridge. The monument over his grave, which his church erected, was designed by Washington Allston (whose first wife was Channing's sister Ann), and George Ticknor wrote the inscription for it. This records him as 'honored throughout Christendom for his eloquence and courage in maintaining and advancing the Great Causes of Truth, Religion, and Human Freedom.'

Channing was also closely identified with Newport, Rhode Island, his birthplace. There he spent most of his summers, and his love for the old sea-side town was constant throughout his life.

Crossing to the opposite side of the street, we took a look at the house numbered 57, the home of Margaret Deland (born 1857—) whose reputation in the modern literary world was established by her first novel "John Ward, Preacher." This house attracted Percy's attention before he understood that it was a landmark on our list, from the peculiar fashion of its façade. The long windows extending across the entire front at the first story, and the glass extension along the roof line, betokened, he thought, an artist's home; and the refinement of its setting, a prosperous artist's home. And when he learned whose house it was, he remarked gallantly that his surmise was correct, for Mrs. Deland is an artist of the pen instead of the brush. He confessed that he had not himself read her stories, but he had heard his father (who, as they say in England, "took in" the *Atlantic*) speak of her work as superior; and surely his father ought to know for he was the president of a reading-club at home. I explained that the expanse of windows was to open the house to the sunlight

and to cheer the indoor gardens, for Mrs. Deland is an ardent cultivator of flowers, especially of jonquils, of which it has been her custom to give exhibitions and sales in their blossom-

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MARGARET DELAND.

ing season, for the benefit of some charity or philanthropic mission.

"This is Mrs. Deland's town home," I remarked. "The open seasons are spent in her country home in Kennebunkport,

Maine. There a considerable portion of her later work has been composed, but it has generally been finally shaped for publication in her work-room here. Although her topics are New England ones, she is not a New Englander. She was born in Pennsylvania, educated in New York, and only came to New England in her maturity. She was born Margaret

MARGARET DELAND'S LIBRARY.

Wade Campbell. Her father was a merchant in Allegheny, her mother a daughter of a United States army officer. Both parents died when she was a child, and she was brought up in an uncle's family. She was a school girl at 'Pelham's Priory,' an English-like boarding school at New Rochelle, New York, and later studied designing in the Cooper Union, New York City.

"It was not until after her removal to Boston, and she

had become Mrs. Deland, that her first appearance in literature was made, and this was with a volume of poems. It was 'The Old Garden and Other Verses,' published in 1886. The critics received it kindly. The following year 'John Ward, Preacher,' appeared, almost simultaneously, it happened, with 'Robert Elsmere,' of similar character. Accordingly the two were not infrequently considered together. 'Sidney,' in some respects stronger than the first venture, came two years later, after running as a serial in the *Atlantic;* and four years afterward, 'Philip and His Wife.' Meanwhile some short stories were successfully published. Like others who have made the surest reputations Mrs. Deland writes slowly, with painstaking revision, and lets her creations go forth only when they are fully fashioned to her satisfaction, without regard to the time consumed in their fashioning."

Now we turned into Louisburg Square, taking the lower side of the enclosed green with its lofty trees and little weather worn statues, that we might pass the house (No. 4) which William Dean Howells (born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, 1837—) occupied for a few seasons in the late seventies, when he was a Bostonian, and editing the *Atlantic;* and near by (No. 10) the last Boston home of Louisa M. Alcott, where her father, Bronson Alcott, died. Thence we crossed to quaint Pinckney Street, an old-time haunt of Boston literary folk. Taking the upward grade and the south side, our first landmark was the house No. 62, where long dwelt George Stillman Hillard (born in Machias, Me., 1808 — died in Longwood, near Boston, 1879), one of the most scholarly of that brilliant coterie who sustained the literary leadership of Boston in the second third of the nineteenth century.

"Hillard's publications 'between covers,'" I remarked as we paused for a moment here, "are but a small part of his literary accomplishment. His career began simultaneously in letters and in law, and he achieved equal distinction in both among his contemporaries. He began practice in the early

thirties, as a partner with Charles Sumner, and at the same time took up the work of an editor, critic, and essayist. He had the name of the purest classical scholar of his generation in the Boston bar. Among his earliest extended undertakings was the Boston edition of Spenser's Poetical Works in five volumes, published in 1839, with his critical introduction and notes, which were accepted as models of literary thought and execution. But his reputation in the widest field was gained by the 'Hillard's Readers,' those carefully edited reading books for schools, issued about 1856, which instilled a love of good literature, and a knowledge of the best English writers to generations of American school boys. Afterward these readers were used in the schools of Brazil, by order of Dom Pedro, to give their pupils the best idea of the English language.

"His 'Six Months in Italy,' published in 1847, with its charm of diction, passed quickly through several editions, unusual with American books of that day, and was republished in England. Hillard was Boston bred, although a native of Maine. He was also a Harvard man, class of 1828, and in later years a Phi Beta Kappa orator.

"This was Hillard's home from 1848 till a few years before his death. He had previously occupied a house a few doors above," and we stepped up to No. 54, "which is especially interesting as that from which Hawthorne sent his unique note to James Freeman Clarke engaging the good minister to marry him to Sophia Peabody, but naming neither place nor day. It ran in this wise," — and I read:

"No. 54 Pinckney Street,
Boston, July, 1842.

My Dear Sir. — Though personally a stranger to you, I am about to request of you the greatest favor which I can receive from any man. I am to be married to Miss Sophia Peabody; and it is our mutual desire that you should perform the ceremony. Unless it should be decidedly a rainy day, a carriage will call for you at half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Very respectfully yours,

Nathaniel Hawthorne."

"The Peabodys were then living in Boston, and were friends and parishioners of Dr. Clarke: so the minister probably knew all about the coming event. Hillard was an intimate friend of both Hawthorne and the Peabody family. Hawthorne had recently withdrawn from the community of Brook Farm, in the then country town of West Roxbury, now a part of Boston city, — the scene, by the way, of his 'Blithedale Romance.' The marriage took place on the ninth of July, at the home of the Peabodys in West Street, the site of which was long since covered with shops, and Hawthorne took his bride to the 'Old Manse' in Concord. It is said that Hawthorne and Clarke never met again in life; but Clarke performed the last rites at the burial of the romancer."

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Our next point of interest was a house a little above, the home of Edwin Doak Mead (born 1849—) editor of the *New England Magazine*, and the developer of the far-reaching "Old South" system of historical work for the instruction of youth in genuine American history, by methods most engaging, — a monument of patriotic and intelligent endeavor. "Mead is of New Hampshire birth," I chatted on. "He was born in Chesterfield on the Connecticut River, the son of a farmer; and near by, in Brattleboro, on the Vermont side of the river, lived during his boyhood his cousins, the Mead boys and girls, who in after years became, one, the distinguished sculptor, Larkin G. Mead, another, the architect, William R. Mead; and one of the girls, the wife of William

D. Howells. Young Mead got what education he could from the village school and through the reading of many books; and at length came to Boston, to take a clerkship in the 'Old Corner Bookstore,' at that time Ticknor & Fields's. So soon as he was able, however, he left business and went abroad, to acquire a more liberal education, in German and English universities. Then he took up the literary life, which he has since followed,

EDWIN D. MEAD'S LITERARY PARLOR.

along the way concerned much in wholesome philanthropic, educational, reform, and civic matters, as becomes the good citizen. His most notable published works, all practical contributions to literature, are his 'Martin Luther: a Study of the Reformation,' 'Outline Studies of Holland,' and 'Representative Government.'"

Continuing along the narrow street, we passed one of the earlier Boston homes of the Alcotts, a narrow-faced house with lofty stoop (No. 20). It was occupied by the family in Louisa's

young womanhood, and was the scene of some of her early struggles in authorship; also of a story, somewhat pathetic, which I would reserve for telling in Concord, I remarked as we walked by. Then we came upon another poet's former home. This was the modest little house No. 16, occupied by Louise Imogen Guiney (born in Boston, 1861—) when preparing her fourth book of poems, which appeared in 1900. And at Percy's bidding I recalled Miss Guiney's delicately refined work, best characterized in a stanza from some verses of the older Boston poet, Dr. Thomas W. Parsons, written "On Reading a Book of Poems" by her, which I quoted:

> "Not for *all* eyes those lovely lines:
> Too deep the music of her art;
> Yet every soul that reads, divines
> A touch that trembles from the heart."

"Her first volume struck a note which the critics welcomed," I said. "This was 'Songs at the Start,' published in 1884. Three years later appeared 'The White Sail, and Other Poems' of stronger and richer fiber. Five years later came 'A Roadside Harp: a Book of Verses'; the next year, 'England and Yesterday'; and then 'The Martyr's Idyl, and Shorter Poems.' Between these poetical collections appeared little volumes of her prose, including 'Patrins,' a collection of essays marked by the true poetic touch. Miss Guiney is the daughter of a soldier of the Civil War, General P. R. Guiney. She graduated from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Providence, Rhode Island, and began writing at once, publishing first in Boston periodicals. She has spent much time abroad in the close and ardent study of Old World classics on their native soil."

"Who was T. W. Parsons?" Percy asked. "I confess his name is quite new to me."

"Thomas William Parsons (born in Boston, 1819 — died in Scituate, 1892), according to Charles Eliot Norton's dictum,

was one of the three most eminent lovers and disciples of Dante in America, the other two being Longfellow and Lowell. His miscellaneous poems and sonnets have been extolled by other poets for their exquisiteness in form and diction; yet he was singularly indifferent to public recognition, and published almost reluctantly and at rare intervals. He preferred most an audience of friends and the literary coteries with which he was allied. Stedman calls him a poet for poets rather than for the people. He stood for 'The Poet' in Longfellow's 'Wayside Inn'; and he himself, at a later day, pictured the abandoned hostelry in his lines on 'The Old House in Sudbury Twenty Years Afterwards':

. . . . . .

"'House and landlord both have rest.

On the broken hearth a dotard
  Sits, and fancies foolish things;
And the poet weaves romances
  Which the maiden fondly sings,

All about the ancient hostel
  With its legends and its oaks,
And the quaint old-bachelor brothers
  And their minstrelsy and jokes.

No man knows them any longer:
  All are gone, and I remain
Reading, as it were, mine epitaph
  On the rainbow-colored pane.'

Dr. Parsons was the son of a former Dr. T. W. Parsons, born in Boston, but dwelling abroad a large part of his life. At seventeen his father took him to Italy; and there during a winter passed between Pisa, Florence, and Rome, began his passionate love for Dante, which possessed him throughout his life. Thus early he started upon the translation of the 'Inferno'; and in 1843, sometime after his return home, he put forth, anonymously, the first part of his work in a thin volume

with the title 'The First Ten Cantos of the Inferno of Dante Alighieri, Newly Translated into English Verse.' It won for him the instant recognition of scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. He was then twenty-four, and it was not till he had reached his forty-eighth year (in 1867) that the complete version made its appearance. This contained a revision of the earlier part. Nine years later he published 'The Ante-Purgatorio.' Subsequently cantos of the 'Purgatorio' appeared at irregular intervals in the *Catholic World.* He died with his task unfinished, the 'Purgatorio' being only partly completed, and the 'Paradiso' only begun. After his death all that he had accomplished was published in the volume 'The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri: Translated into English Verse,' with an appreciative introductory essay by Professor Norton, and a memorial sketch of him by Miss Guiney.

"His progress was slow because of his extreme fastidiousness, the high standard he had set for himself, and his peculiar temperament. He once said that no one should approach Dante's temple who was not master of his time, and he devoted his without stint to patient study. He would not and could not be hurried. When once pressed by his publishers for the return of proofs sent him for revision, he retorted, 'I expect to be a student of Dante through all eternity, and therefore I cannot afford to be hurried by the exigencies of your house.'

"His fugitive poems were from time to time collected from the literary corners of Boston newspapers and magazines where they first appeared, and published in a few small volumes. One of these, 'The Ghetto di Roma,' brought out in 1854, included his 'Lines on a Bust of Dante,' published in its first draft as a preface to his 'First Ten Cantos of the Inferno,' and now refashioned, which Stedman has called the 'peer of any modern lyric in our tongue.' Later selections appeared in 'The Magnolia' in 1866, in 'The Old House at Sudbury' in 1870, and in 'The Shadow of the Obelisk' in 1872, the latter bearing a London imprint.

"Dr. Parsons studied medicine in the Harvard Medical School, and practiced successfully for some years in Boston, and afterward in London, the unpoetic profession of dentistry. For the last twenty years of his life, which were devoted altogether to his literary pursuits, his home was alternately in Boston, in the country town of Wayland, and in placid Scituate on the South Shore of Massachusetts Bay. His Boston home was in this neighborhood. It was in an old 'Boston swell front' house on Beacon Hill Place, a delightfully secluded by-way, hard by the Boston Athenæum, his favorite haunt, close to the throbbing city. House and by-way with neighboring estates were blotted out a few years ago to make space for the park about the State House. Dr. Parsons's sister, the second wife of the poet George Lunt, of whom we heard in Newburyport, was also a writer of graceful lyrics."

We were now on the opposite side of Pinckney Street, before the plain little brick house (No. 11) distinguished as the home of Edwin Percy Whipple, the critic and essayist, of whose literary start in Salem we had made note. Accordingly his brilliant story from the time of his leaving Salem and coming to Boston was next narrated.

"That was in 1839," I said, "when he was but twenty; and so early he had begun to exercise his critical faculty with keenness and strength. He found work first as clerk in a State-Street broker's office, and then as superintendent of a business institution of that time — the News Exchange Room. Meanwhile he continued zealously his self-training so systematically started in Salem. He became the soul of the club of young merchants' clerks alluded to in our talk about another member of it, — James T. Fields, — when we were in Portsmouth. This club, called 'The Attic Nights,' from its meeting-place, — an attic room in a business building, — had exercises in debate, declamation, and composition; and early collected a library, from which developed the Boston Mercantile Library, a worthy Boston institution preceding the Public Library. These young

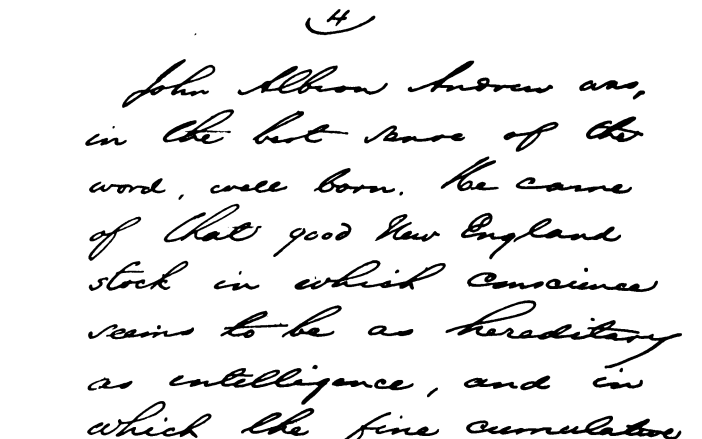
fellows educated each other by their keen criticisms of each other's efforts, their sparkling interchange of ideas, their rollicking wit. The club was for them a practical college, a fine training school in composition and in speech.

"Whipple was their cleverest literary man. They organized public lecture courses, and he was their first lecturer. His maiden effort was the first draft of his essay on Macaulay, which became celebrated, and upon its publication in a magazine elicited from the English historian a letter expressing high regard of the youthful critic. Whipple was in his twenty-fifth year when this essay was written. He had enormous powers of intellectual absorption. Most of his best work was done between 1840 and 1850, although in his subsequent writing he never fell short of his standard. He was one of the literary lecturers most sought during the flourishing days of the lyceum, and he is said to have lectured more than a thousand times.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE.

"His first books were his 'Essays and Reviews' in two volumes, published in 1848, made up of several lectures and critical articles originally contributed to reviews and magazines. The next year his 'Literature and Life' appeared; then after an interval of seventeen years his 'Character and Characteristic Men'; next, in 1869, his 'Literature of the Age of Elizabeth,' which competent critics predicted would live as the best writing of its kind yet done in America. Then came 'Success and its Conditions'; and after his death, 'American Literature and Other Papers,' including his admirable survey of our literature through the

first century of the republic; and 'Recollections of Eminent Men.' Whipple was remarkable especially for the delicacy and strength of his analysis. His essay on George Eliot drew from her the exclamation, 'This man understands me.'



4

John Albion Andrews was, in the best sense of the word, well born. He came of that good New England stock in which conscience seems to be as hereditary as intelligence, and in which the fine cumulative results of the moral struggles and triumphs of many generations of honest lives, appear to be transmitted as a spiritual inheritance. Born in Windham, Maine, on May 31st, 1818, at

FACSIMILE OF E. P. WHIPPLE'S MANUSCRIPT.

"In Whipple was united geniality of disposition with intellectual force, so that his literary friendships were many and strong. His daily conversation sparkled with wit and clever sayings. His 'Sunday evenings,' when he was at home

to his friends, were occasions of rare charm to those whose good fortune it was to cross the threshold. His working study was a pleasant room on the second floor, delightfully cluttered with books. He lived in this house for nearly forty years, and drew to its bookish parlors the best elements of the intellectual life of Boston during that period, while few persons of literary distinction from abroad failed to seek him out here — this critic whose abilities in his youth had been recognized by Macaulay, and who lived to attain the position of the foremost purely critical American writer."

Down the hill again, we passed, on the slope, "the little house in Pinckney Street" (No. 84) in which T. B. Aldrich and his wife first "set up housekeeping" in the "light of their honeymoon," upon their coming to Boston in 1867. And I recalled that here Longfellow's "Hanging of the Crane" was inspired, as Aldrich has so pleasantly related:

"One morning in the spring of 1867 Mr. Longfellow came to the little house in Pinckney Street. . . . As we lingered a moment at the dining-room door, Mr. Longfellow turning to me said, 'Ah, Mr. Aldrich, your small round table will not always be closed. By and by you will find new young faces clustering about it; as years go by, leaf after leaf will be added until the time comes when the young guests will take flight, one by one, to build nests of their own elsewhere. Gradually the long table will shrink to a circle again, leaving two old people sitting there alone together. This is the story of life, the sweet and pathetic poem of the fireside. Make an idyl of it. I give the idea to you.' Several months afterward I received a note from Mr. Longfellow in which he expressed a desire to use this *motif* in case I had done nothing in the matter. The theme was one particularly adapted to his sympathetic handling, and out of it grew 'The Hanging of the Crane.'"

"This was the poem," I added as a postscript, "which brought Longfellow the tidy sum of three thousand dollars, — fifteen dollars a line, — from Robert Bonner, for the right to its publication in his *New York Ledger;* while in book form, through Longfellow's regular publishers, it speedily earned a larger sum in royalties."

Mention was also made of the pleasant fact that from his little Pinckney-Street house Aldrich sent forth that inimitable "Story of a Bad Boy," which we followed in our visit to his beloved "Old Town by the Sea."

Nearby, on the same hill-slope, we took note of the home of Alice Brown (born in Hampton Falls, N.H., 1857–), poet, and writer of cleverly wrought stories of New England life, as shown in her "Meadow Grass," "The Day of His Youth," and later volumes; working to some extent in the rare field which Sarah Orne Jewett has opened so finely.

XVI.

IN NEWER BOSTON.

Charles Street homes of Aldrich, Fields, and Holmes. — A side note about Ponkapog. — The library in the Fields house. — Holmes's work in his Charles-Street house. — As a lecturing professor. — His career reviewed. — His earlier home on Montgomery Place. — Where the "Autocrat" papers were written. — Stories of notable poems. — Holmes's last home on Beacon Street, water side. — His closing years and gentle death. — Home of Julia Ward Howe. — Story of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." — Other "Back Bay" literary homes. — Edward Everett Hale. — Edwin Lassetter Bynner. — Brook Farm. — Lindsay Swift.

At the foot of Beacon Hill we turned into Charles Street, northward, to see the old houses of Oliver Wendell Holmes and James T. Fields; then returning southward to Beacon Street, we entered the "Back Bay" quarter, the modern West End of Boston, built entirely upon "made lands" where formerly a great bay backed from the river along the Charles-Street line.

"Once," I observed as we were walking along Charles Street, "this now unlovely thoroughfare was beautified by noble trees and had a well-bred air. Holmes and Fields, as we shall see, were close neighbors; and latterly, while the street yet retained its literary flavor, Aldrich took a house opposite them." Since we were walking on the east side we came first to the Aldrich house (No. 131). "To this house Aldrich moved from Pinckney Street," I remarked, "and it was associated with much of his work through the decade of 1871 to 1881. The library was the back room of the second floor; the retired study was above stairs. Aldrich moved back to The Hill, — taking his statelier Mount Vernon Street house, —

in 1884, after a two years' residence at Ponkapog, celebrated in the title of his sketches of travel, 'From Ponkapog to Pesth.'"

"And where is Ponkapog?" asked Percy. "Is it really a 'real place'?"

"Indeed it is. A charming spot, rural and secluded, though not far from the city, set by the beautiful Blue Hills of Milton. Aldrich's own sketch of it is exact: 'After its black bass and wild duck and teal, solitude is the chief staple of Ponkapog. . . . The nearest railway station (Heaven be praised!) is two miles distant, and the seclusion is without a flaw. Ponkapog has one mail a day; two mails a day would render the place uninhabitable.' The Ponkapog home was an ancient farm house, which Aldrich remodeled and fitted most comfortably and artistically, producing the cosiest of literary homes and workshops. Fortunate was the guest who was entertained within its aged walls."

JAMES T. FIELDS.

We now crossed to the Fields house (No. 148), and Percy's interest was freshly kindled when he heard that this continues to be a literary home, for Mrs. Annie Fields, the publisher's widow, herself a maker of good books, still abides here through the winter seasons, and with her Sarah Orne Jewett. No more inviting literary interior was enjoyed by Percy on this pilgrim-

age. In the library remain many of Fields's treasures. His collection of books, and souvenirs of famous writers, was, in some respects, one of the rarest of his day in Boston. He loved to show off to the appreciative visitor his great shelf-full of volumes, in tasteful bindings, composed of the original manuscripts of works by Dickens, Thackeray, Whittier, Hawthorne, — the full manuscript of "The Scarlet Letter" as it went to the printers, — Longfellow, and others. In the dining-room

LIBRARY OF JAMES T. FIELDS.

has been many a brilliant feast; in the drawing-room, with its western windows looking out, over the garden, upon the Charles River, many a fine literary gathering. Dickens, upon his memorable American visits, was at home in this house. So was Thackeray. A wide hospitality was exercised all through the quarter century of Fields's life here, — from 1857 till his death. And, as Dr. Bartol has expressed it in his "portrait-eulogy," he "radiated far and near a large and general good will."

The Holmes house (No. 164) was not so interesting, for it has been transformed since Holmes moved from it, and its literary flavor faded with his going. Still, as his home for twelve years through the period during which he produced many notable works, it fascinated Percy, dismantled though it was. It was here that he wrote his second "Breakfast-Table" papers — the "Professor at the Breakfast Table"; his two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel"; his stirring poems of the war times; that classic of our war literature, "My Hunt After the Captain," — the narrative of his search for the soldier-son, who, wounded at the battle of Ball's Bluff in 1862, lived to fight and to suffer more wounds another day and in after time to become chief justice of Massachusetts; numerous verses of occasion, and "Dorothy Q." Percy gazed up at the first floor windows out of which "the Autocrat" used to look from the pleasant down-stairs study, and fancied the kindly eyes beaming down upon him.

"The twelve years of Holmes's life here," I stated, since Percy asked for dates, "were the years between 1859 and 1871: busy years, for, along with his literary work he was part of this time traveling about the country as a favorite lyceum lecturer on English poets of the nineteenth century, and was delivering regularly his medical lectures in the Harvard Medical School, as he had been doing since the late forties. The latter work was in its way as important as his writing. He held the Parkman professorship of anatomy for the long period of thirty-five years, in that time delivering a succession of lectures which ranked high for their learning as well as their diction. And when at length, in 1882, he retired, becoming professor *emeritus*, the students whose rare privilege it had been to hear him, gave him a loving cup, inscribed fittingly with his own lines: 'Love Bless Thee, Joy Crown Thee, God Speed Thy Career.' Of him as the lecturing professor we have this true picture, by that clever Scotsman, David Macrae: —

"'Holmes is a plain little dapper man, his short hair brushed down like a boy's, but turning gray now [this was in 1863], a trifle of furzy hair under his ears; a powerful jaw and a thick strong underlip which gives decision to his look, with a dash of pertness. . . . He reads with a sharp percussive articulation, is very deliberate and formal at first, but becomes more animated as he goes on. . . . He enlivens his lecture with numerous jokes and brilliant sallies of wit, and at every point hitches up his head, looks through his glasses at his audience as he finishes his sentence, and then shuts his mouth pertly with his underlip as if he said, "There, laugh at that!"'

"He began professional life, you know, as a regular practicing physician, after study abroad; some time having previously been spent at Harvard in law studies which were not to his liking. Though he retired from practice within ten years, he continued steadily to keep step with the progress of the profession. He was called a fashionable physician, but he was rather the good physician. At first his tendency to versification, — he was already famed as a poet when he began as a doctor, — and his merry humor, told against him. It was thought that a doctor and a poet could not be combined successfully in one person: as to-day a lawyer given to poetizing is looked upon askance. When he was quoted as announcing gayly to his friends that in his profession of practitioner 'fevers would be thankfully received' precise Bostonians were dismayed if not shocked at such trifling with serious matters. He was thirty-one when he put out his doctor's sign, and then began his lifelong identification with Boston.

"That was in 1840, the year of his marriage to Amelia Jackson, a daughter of Judge Charles Jackson of Boston, associate justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, of which in after years their son, 'the Captain,' as we have seen, became the chief. Theirs was a fortunate and a happy union long lasting. As his biographer, John T. Morse, says, she was an 'ideal wife' for him. Their life in the Charles-Street home was serene and kindly. In their time it had a pleasing outlook at the rear over the river and the then

open hills beyond. One late August day the doctor wrote to his neighbor, Fields, 'We sit an hour or so after tea at the west window to enjoy the recollections of sunset — which is premature nowadays — and dig up the roots of remembrances that flowered and went to seed in the old summers and autumns.'

"The Autocrat's earlier Boston homes? All vestige of them disappeared years ago. He lived the longest period in the house which he describes in the Autocrat papers as the Professor's house, in that passage recounting one of his walks with the Schoolmistress (which I read from my note-book): —

"'We came opposite the head of a place or court running eastward from the main street. — Look down there, — I said. — My friend, the Professor, lived in that house at the left hand next the further corner, for years and years. He died out of it, the other day. — Died? — said the Schoolmistress. — Certainly, — said I. — We die out of houses just as we die out of our bodies. A commercial smash kills a hundred men's homes for them, as a railroad smash kills their mortal frames and drives out the immortal tenants. Men sicken of houses until at last they quit them, as the soul leaves the body when it is tired of its infirmities. . . . The Professor lived in that house a long time — not twenty years, but pretty near it. When he entered that door two shadows glided over the threshold; five lingered in the doorway when he passed through it for the last time, — and one of the shadows was claimed by its owner to be larger than his own. What changes he saw in that quiet place! Death rained through every roof but his; children came into life, grew to maturity, wedded, faded away, threw themselves away; the whole drama of life was played in that stock company's theater of a dozen houses, one of which was his, and no deep sorrow or severe calamity ever entered his dwelling. Peace be to those walls, forever, — the Professor said, — for the many pleasant years he has passed within them.'

"This quiet court was then Montgomery Place, opening opposite the old Granary Burying-ground. Now it is Bosworth Street, a prosaic thoroughfare with one picturesque feature, — the rough stone steps at its end leading down to the ancient narrow cross street into which it empties. The doctor lived here for eighteen years, — from 1841, the year after his mar-

riage, till his removal to Charles Street, — and here all his children were born.

"Here the Autocrat papers were in large part written, during the first year of the *Atlantic Monthly*, starting with its first number in November, 1857. You are familiar with the story? Holmes has told it in the preface (or the Autocrat's autobiography) to the papers in book form: how they were started in two numbers of Buckingham's *New England Magazine* in the winter of 1831–'32, and then were dropped; and how twenty-five years afterward, when the *Atlantic* was projected and he was asked to write for it, the recollection of these productions of his 'uncombed literary boyhood' suggested the thought that it would be a curious experiment 'to shake the same bough again and see if the ripe fruit were better or worse than the early windfalls.' This explains the whimsically abrupt opening of the first *Atlantic* paper, 'I was just going to say, when I was interrupted,' — a quarter of a century before.

"The experiment proved a most successful one, for it fixed firm the reputation of its author as the first of American essayists in the lighter vein, and the maker of a distinctly new departure in literature. It is interesting to note that among the poems so cleverly worked into the text are those which have contributed most to Holmes's fame, as 'The Promise,' 'The Chambered Nautilus,' with its swelling note: —

'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!'

— 'The Living Temple,' 'The Deacon's Masterpiece, or the Wonderful One-Hoss Shay,' 'Contentment,' with the familiar worldly lines: —

'Little I ask, my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A *very plain* brown stone will do) —
That I may call my own —
And close at hand is such a one
In yonder street that fronts the sun.'

— 'Parson Turell's Legacy,' and the much quoted 'The Old Man's Dream,' which I dare say was in your school Reader.

"And of these earlier poems Holmes was fondest. 'If you will remember me by "The Chambered Nautilus," or "The Promise," or "The Living Temple," — he once wrote some school children of Cincinnati who had been committing to memory several of his poems, — 'your memories will be a monument I shall think more of than any of bronze or marble.'

"'The Last Leaf,' also among his favorites and perhaps the most widely popular, was written at an earlier period. For this poem 'good Abraham Lincoln,' the doctor took pride in noting, had a great liking, and repeated it from memory. It took the fancy of the fastidious Edgar Allan Poe, who made an autograph copy of it; and it appeared in a French version. The famous 'Old Ironsides,' which countless schoolboys have declaimed, was produced when Holmes was a law student at Cambridge in 1830. It was cast at white heat upon reading of the threatened breaking-up of the *Constitution* by the Navy Department as useless, and was hurried to the *Boston Advertiser*, where it appeared the following morning. Copied by newspapers throughout the country, it roused public sentiment, and saved the grand old ship.

"It was to 'The Last Leaf' and 'The Old Man's Dream,' by the way, that the London *Punch* harked back in its fine tribute to Holmes upon his death at eighty-five: —

"'"The Last Leaf!" Can it be true
We have turned it, and on you,
Friend of all?

That the years at last have power?
That life's foliage and flower
Fade and fall?

. . . . . .

Of sweet singers the most sane,
Of keen wits the most humane,
Wide, yet clear.
Like the blue above us bent
Giving sense and sentiment
Each its sphere.

With a manly breadth of soul
And a fancy quaint and droll,
Ripe and mellow.
With a virile power of hit,
Finished scholar, poet, wit,
And good fellow!

Sturdy patriot, and yet
True world's citizen! Regret
Dims our eyes
As we turn each well-thumbed leaf;
Yet a glory 'midst our grief
Will arise.

Years your spirit could not tame,
And they will not dim your fame;
England joys
In your songs, all strength and ease,
And the "dreams" you "wrote to please
Gray-haired boys."'

. . . . . .

"'A Mother's Secret,' 'St. Anthony the Reformer,' 'Under the Violets,' 'The Crooked Path,' and 'The Boys' were among the poems incorporated in the Professor papers. 'The Boys' was the best of his forty and more verses written for the reunions of his class at Harvard; — that famous class of 1829, which included Benjamin Pierce, in after life the mathematician and astronomer; James Freeman Clarke and Chandler Robbins, the Boston ministers; William Henry Channing, nephew

of the great Channing, himself ranking high in literature; George T. Bigelow, judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court; Benjamin R. Curtis, justice of the United States Supreme Bench; and Samuel F. Smith, who wrote 'America.' Holmes's lyric, so much quoted and made a popular song, 'No Time Like the Old Time,' was written in 1865, — of the Charles-Street home period."

LAST HOME OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We had been strolling down Beacon Street on the "Back Bay," and were come before Holmes's last town house (No. 296), on the favored water side, — the veritable "brown stone" of his "Contentment" wish, — to which he moved from Charles Street.

"This house he greatly enjoyed," I remarked, while we stood at the door awaiting the response to the bell, "as that letter of his to Motley, which Morse quotes in the *Life*, attests:

"'We have really a charming house, and as I turn my eyes to the left from this paper I seem to look out on all creation, Bunker Hill and the spires of Cambridge, and Mount Auburn, and the wide estuary commonly called Charles River — we poor Bostonians come to think at last that there

is nothing like it in the *orbis terrarum*. — I suppose it sounds to one who is away, like the Marchioness with her orange-peel and water.' "

In this house it was observed that the Autocrat's study — or library-study as it was termed — was on the second floor back: a large room with the view over the river through broad bay windows. As it appeared in his time, books filled the shelves against the four walls, — that part of his library which he most used as his literary tools, — while other portions of his collection were scattered over the house. The writing-table stood near the middle of the apartment, and roomy chairs were on either side of the deep open grate, suggestive of comfort for guest and host.

"This," Percy was told, "was the Mecca of Holmes's army of admirers, of men and women of distinction and those striving for distinction, coming from everywhere. He was tolerant of all who gained entrance, ever the genial, kindly host, but with a happy knack of edging off the bores, so gently and cleverly that they found themselves on the street side of the outer door without realizing that they had been, though graciously, most effectively bowed out.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"The study here was identified with 'The Poet of the Breakfast Table,' the last of the inimitable Breakfast-table series, which appeared in 1873; and 'Over the Tea Cups,' the last of all his engaging table-talk, written in his old age after his return from that memorable summer in London, in 1886, when he enjoyed the merry round of distinguished courtesies, in part recounted in his 'Hundred Days.' While living here he published those

prime favorites of the centennial celebrations, 'A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party,' and 'Grandmother's Story of the Bunker

To the Editor of the Advertiser

Dear Sir

Your correspondent writing from Venice gives me credit for the happy expression "caterpillar bridges". It is not mine, but Mr. Lowell's, from whom I borrowed it with proper acknowledgment of its authorship.

Yours truly

O. W. Holmes.

296 Beacon St.,
March 24th
1885.

FACSIMILE OF HOLMES'S MANUSCRIPT.

Hill Battle.' And here was written, or shaped, 'The Iron Gate,' which one naturally associates with Tennyson's 'Cross-

ing the Bar,' though it is quite different, — his response at the Birthday Breakfast given him on his seventieth anniversary by the *Atlantic* folk, — than which no cheerier or tenderer picture of serene old age is found in our literature.

"After he was eighty he sent hence his rollicking 'The Broomstick Train: or the Return of the Witches,' which may well be called 'The Song of the Trolley-car,' brim full of his old-time wit and fancy.

"When Dr. Holmes came to die, it was in his chair 'painlessly as so humane a man well deserved to make his escape out of life,' as Mr. Morse, with fine sentiment, notes in the *Life*. Only a few days before his death he was taking his usual walks out-of-doors in the sunshine, and on the very day of his passing he was up and about the house. The day of his death was the seventh of October, 1894. Two days later he was buried from Old King's Chapel."

We extended our walk over the "Back Bay" to pass a few modern literary homes.

On the opposite side of Beacon Street I pointed out (No. 241) the later town home of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe (born in New York City, 1819 —), whence in her old age she sent out her pleasant "Reminiscences," and where her gracious hospitality has been dispensed to many of the literary guild, who have found charm in her ever brilliant conversation and her scintillating wit. Her "Battle Hymn," about which Percy asked, was written, I stated, when Mrs. Howe's home was in Boston (on little Boylston Place, opening opposite the Common), but during a visit to the army about Washington, in 1861, in company with her minister, James Freeman Clarke. As she tells the story, one day they were invited to attend a review of troops at some distance from the Capitol. While they were watching the maneuvers, a sudden movement of the army necessitated immediate action by these troops. The review was discontinued, and they saw a detachment gallop to the assistance of a small body of our men who were in imminent danger of being sur-

rounded and cut off from retreat. The return of her party to the city was slow, for the troops nearly filled the road. To beguile the rather tedious drive she and her friends sang from time to time snatches of the popular army songs, concluding with

> "John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave;
> His soul is marching on."

The soldiers applauded the singing with cries "Good for you!" and Dr. Clarke remarked, "Why don't you write some good words for that stirring tune?"

In the middle of the following night Mrs. Howe was awakened with the words of a hymn singing in her mind. Getting up, she groped for a light and hurriedly scribbled the lines on a chance bit of paper lest they should escape her. Then she retired again, and slept soundly till morning. The words of the "Battle Hymn," with but a few slight changes, are the words she transcribed that night. It was published anonymously in the *Atlantic*, and made no stir at the moment. Some time after, Chaplain McCabe in a lecture related an incident of Libby Prison: when the prisoners, upon hearing that a battle reported to them as a Union defeat was really a victory, made the prison walls ring with their singing of a battle hymn by an unknown author, which had been found in a stray newspaper; and he repeated the thrilling lines. They were those of Mrs. Howe's. This was the touch that brought them popularity. The authorship was made known, and the hymn became at once a leading lyric of the war.

Farther down, again on the "water side" at No. 392, we passed the home of James Ford Rhodes (born in Cleveland, O., 1848—), the historian, whose "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850," through the Civil War period to 1885, is the standard of its class. Turning into Fairfield Street, was seen, at No. 16, the home of John T. Morse, writer of sterling biographies (whose life of Holmes we had quoted), and editor of the "American Statesmen" series of "popular

lives." Farther southward we came upon the house of the Massachusetts Historical Society, close by "The Fens," — part of the city's chain of public parks, — and entering this building, many of the society's treasures were shown to Percy by the genial librarian and expert in Americana. Then we strolled back to Copley Square and revisited the famous Public Library, this time making a full tour of the various departments of the beautiful structure. Finally we took a "Broomstick train" and returned by "The Subway" to our starting point down town.

As we were comfortably dining at the Parker House after our long tramp, I remarked that this hotel covers the site of the home of Dr. Holmes's maternal grandfather, Oliver Wendell, on School Street, and that of the birthplace of Edward Everett Hale (born 1822—), on Tremont Street.

Thus our table talk turned to Hale's good life and work. "He gives us himself," I observed, "most pleasing glimpses of his early homes in the autobiographical 'Story of a New England Boyhood.' The home life in the second house to which the family was moved when Hale was a little fellow of six is here fully pictured. That house was near by, — in Tremont Place, which opens from Beacon Street behind the great office building opposite us. It remained as part of a delightfully old fashioned and roomy place of offices till only a year ago, when the structure made way for a modern 'sky scraper.' The Tremont-Place house was the Hales' home till young Edward had reached eleven, and was a Latin School boy. Then they removed to Central Court, a place of genteel Boston dwellings in its heyday, which once opened from Washington Street just above Summer Street, but is now obliterated, being built over by a great retail shop. While the family home was here the boy became a college youth, entering Harvard when he was but thirteen. After his graduation he became a teacher in the Latin School where he had been a pupil; worked on his father's newspaper; and later prepared for the ministry. He

was licensed to preach in 1842. Four years later he was settled in Worcester. Ten years later, or in 1856, he returned to Boston, becoming minister of the South Congregational Church. He has ever since remained in this charge, and ardently associated with everything of good report in his native city.

"You know about his lineage? On the paternal side he is a great nephew of Captain Nathan Hale, the patriot of the Revolution, hanged as a spy, after uttering those memorable

HOME OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
(From Hale's "The Brick Moon and Other Stories." Copyright, 1899, by Little, Brown & Company.)

last words, 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.' On the maternal side he is of the Everett family, his mother having been a sister of Edward Everett, for whom he was named. His father, Nathan Hale, was the founder and first editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, for which he won the honorable title of 'the Respectable Daily'; and he was a pioneer in the introduction of the railway system.

"Hale's most famous stories — 'The Man Without a Country,' 'My Double and How He Undid Me,' 'Ten Times One is

Ten,' 'In His Name,' 'The Ingram Papers,' 'Philip Nolan's Friends' — were all written here in Boston. He became known and recognized as foremost among American writers in the art of short story writing, a third of a century ago, and he has well sustained this reputation. Underlying his stories is a wholesome morality, and each teaches a lesson; but the workmanship is so clever, the touch so human, and the execution so spirited and fascinating, that the moral and the lesson are absorbed unconsciously — but none the less absorbed.

"Of all his works none had such a vogue, or so moved the public, as his 'Man Without a Country.' Coming in the Civil

EDWARD EVERETT HALE IN HIS STUDY.
(From Hale's "Addresses and Essays." Copyright, 1900, by Little, Brown & Company.)

War time, published anonymously, with all the air of a sober narration of fact, it was accepted by many as a true statement, and was profoundly impressive; and it did much to inspire in the public mind a truer devotion to the flag and loyalty to the country. His 'Ten Times One is Ten,' with the hero's motto, 'Look up and not down, look forward and not backward, look out not in, and lend a hand,' first published in 1870, was the

inspiration not only of the numerous 'Lend-a-Hand' clubs in the land, but of the various other Christian leagues of young people. His versatility is remarkable; his industry astonishing. At the celebration of his seventieth birthday, when the number of his published works exceeded eighty, and he was still actively producing, Dr. Holmes characterized him in verse, as 'The human dynamo.' Upon his eightieth birthday celebration, when three thousand people crowded a great public hall to do him honor, Senator Hoar styled him 'the representative and incarnation of the best and loftiest Americanism.' His home for years has been in the Roxbury district (on Highland Street), in a large, rambling, old-time house, which well befits him. His study there is a veritable literary workshop."

An allusion to Dr. Hale's interest in historical matters, especially early New England history, led me to speak of the younger Boston writer upon such subjects, Edwin Lassetter Bynner (born in Brooklyn, N.Y., 1842—died in Boston, 1893), whose "Agnes Surriage" ranks, in style and character, with the higher type of historical novels. "Bynner, as Hale has said," I remarked, "was perfectly informed in the history of New England, and had 'a gift which hardly any one else has had for reproducing the broken lights of the picture, working in, with his insight, details forgotten by most writers; in a word, making real the past.' His materials were gathered with painstaking care, with an eye for accuracy as well as for 'color.' The peculiar old

EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.

Marblehead dialect in 'Agnes Surriage,' for example, was obtained through visits, with a friend, to the older fishermen there, one engaging them in easy conversation, while the other took notes.

"Bynner was bred to the law, and practiced his profession; but literature was his real vocation. 'Penelope's Suitors,' published in 1884, after running as a serial in the *Atlantic*, was his first genuine literary success, although he had then published two novels, 'Nimport,' and 'The Tritons,' which had been well received by discerning readers. 'Agnes Surriage' appeared in 1887, and was at once favorably compared with Hawthorne's work. His later novels included 'The Begum's Daughter,' his most serious effort, and 'Zachary Phips.' He was also a successful short-story writer. Bynner's father was an Englishman, sometime editor of an inland Massachusetts newspaper, and his mother was of an old Massachusetts family, a woman of fine mental powers; so he came naturally by his literary bent. His home was not far from Hale's — in the West Roxbury District.

"More distant in the West Roxbury District lies 'Brook Farm,' scene, as we have before remarked, of Hawthorne's 'Blithedale Romance,' — the place where in 1841–47 that group of men and women of high ideals, led by George Ripley, instituted the 'Brook Farm Institute of Education and Agriculture,' and made their unsuccessful experiment in socialism. And within a pleasant walk of the Farm lives Lindsay Swift (born in Boston, 1865 —), the author of the story of this community, in his 'Brook Farm,' in the 'National Studies of American Letters' series; also accomplished critic, essayist, and authority on Americana."

XVII.

CAMBRIDGE REVISITED.

Home of the poet-painter, Washington Allston. — Lowell's picture of him. — Birthplace of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. — Story of her career. — The 'Dial.' — Home of Louis Agassiz. — His Cambridge life and work. — Latter home of Jared Sparks. — Where he wrote his histories. — Old "Professors' Row." — Home and study of Francis J. Child. — His classic. — Charles Eliot Norton at "Shady Hill." — The Palfrey Place. — Palfrey's public and literary life. — Birthplace of T. W. Higginson. — His literary and reform work. — Site of Holmes's Birthplace. — The "Gambrel-roofed house" and its memories. — In the old church yard. — John Holmes.

Our Cambridge pilgrimage occupied but a short day, for the points visited were all within the compass of an easy walk (as our walks went), and we passed the university buildings in quick review, they being familiar to Percy from his previous pilgrimage to the city. So, too, were several of its distinctively literary landmarks known to him; but devoting ourselves exclusively to these features, we saw much more than before, and made more intimate and definite acquaintance with the purely literary side of Cambridge.

We went out by trolley car and disembarked at Quincy Square by the college grounds where I had planned that our walk should begin.

On the way out, while we were riding through "The Port" — the local abbreviation for Cambridgeport, — I pointed down Magazine Street, at the left of us, indicating in a general way the site of the last home and studio of the poet-painter Washington Allston (born in Charleston, S.C., 1779 — died in Cambridge, 1843). Above, at our right, was Prospect

Street, in which just off the main street stood the "Cambridge Port Private Grammar School" where Oliver Wendell Holmes got his preliminary schooling along with other favored Cambridge boys, and with that remarkable Cambridge girl, Sarah Margaret Fuller (Ossoli) (born 1810 — died 1850).

Speaking of Allston, I remarked that he came to live in Cambridge at the time of his second marriage in 1830, and this remained his home and work place till his death. "His second wife," I went on, "was the poet Dana's sister, and cousin to his first wife, William Ellery Channing's sister Ann, who had been dead for twenty years. When a youth in Newport he became acquainted with the Channing family, and coming to Cambridge as a student he had Channing as a college mate, and Dana as a classmate. So with both friendship began early and was life-long. While he was the greatest American painter of his day, his poetical works gave him rank among the first American poets of the early nineteenth century. Though a Southerner by birth, born on a plantation, his boyhood and youth were spent in New England, and his art work in his own country was identified with Boston and Cambridge. He began writing poetry and studying art, in the crude way of those days, when in college; and in his senior year he delivered a poem on the death of Washington, at the commemoration by the college of that event. After his graduation he returned to Charleston and began painting. He went abroad in 1801, and a few years later settled down in Rome for the practical study of his art. There began an acquaintance which developed into a life-long intimacy with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and our own Washington Irving.

"He returned home in 1809, and marrying Ann Channing established himself in Boston, where he remained for a few years painting, and writing poetry, his rooms the center of a refined society. Then, going back to Europe, he settled in London. While there, in 1813, the volume of poems which established his reputation — 'The Sylphs of the Seasons and

Other Poems' — was published. His novel, or tale, 'Monaldi,' appeared twenty-eight years later. He enjoyed during his London life the friendship of Wordsworth, Southey, and Lamb, besides Coleridge, while in his art he ranked with the leading English painters. One of his works was a portrait of Coleridge, now in the National Portrait Gallery, London. His first wife died in England.

"Of Allston's homes here in Cambridge — there were two of them — no trace now is to be found. Both were on Magazine Street near the Charles River end. The first, as he described it, was a 'commodious little mansion, prettily situated in a retired part of the village [Cambridgeport was then a place of farms, and rural fields], and commanding a pleasant view of the adjacent country, taking in a part of the river and a picturesque little pine wood which used to be the favorite haunt of my younger days, to which I used to saunter after college hours and dream sometimes of poetry and sometimes of my art.' The second house was closer to his studio, — or 'painting-room,' as he called it, a very plain barn-like building — and was built after his own model, to suit his fastidious taste. It remained an interesting object long after the neighborhood was built up with modern dwellings.

"Allston himself was a picturesque figure of almost exquisite mold. Lowell in the 'Cambridge Thirty Years Ago' thus attractively sketched him in his old age:

"'The stranger who took the "Hourly" at Old Cambridge [the omnibus rumbling between Cambridge and Boston, long before street-car times], if he were a physiognomist and student of character, might perhaps have had his curiosity excited by a person who mounted the coach at the Port, so refined was his whole appearance, so fastidiously neat was his apparel, — but with a neatness that seemed less the result of care and plan, than a something so proper to the man as whiteness to the lily, — that you would have at once classed him with those individuals rarer than great captains and almost as rare as great poets, whom Nature sends into the world to fill the arduous office of Gentleman. . . . There are some men whom destiny has endowed with a faculty of external

neatness, whose clothes are repellent of dust and mud, whose unwithering white neck-cloths preserve to the day's end, unappeasably seeing the sun go down upon their starch, and whose linen makes you fancy them heirs in the maternal line to the instincts of all the washerwomen from Eve downward. There are others whose inward natures possess this fatal cleanness, incapable of moral dirt spot. You are not long in discovering that the stranger combines in himself both these properties. A *nimbus* of hair, fine as an infant's, and early white, showing refinement of organization and the predominance of spiritual over the physical, undulated and floated around a face that seemed like pale flame, and over which the flitting shades of expression chased each other, fugitive and gleaming as waves upon a field of rye. It was a countenance that, without any beauty of features, was very beautiful. I have said that it looked like pale flame, and can find no other words for the impression it gave. Here was a man all soul, whose body seemed a lamp of finest clay, whose service was to feed with magic oils, rare and fragrant, that wavering fire that hovered over it. . . . As the stranger brushes by you in alighting, you detect a single incongruity, — a smell of dead tobacco-smoke. You ask his name, and the answer is, "Mr. Allston." "Mr. Allston!" and you resolve to note down in your diary, every look, every gesture, every word of the great painter? Not in the least. You have the true Anglo-Norman indifference, and most likely never think of him again till you hear that one of his pictures has sold for a great price, and then contrive to let your grandchildren know twice a week that you met him once in a coach, and that he said "Excuse me, sir," in a very Titianesque manner, when he stumbled over your toes in getting out.'

"Allston died suddenly at midnight of a July Sunday while sitting in a contemplative attitude after hard labor on the unfinished canvas of his great painting 'Belshazzar's Feast.'"

From this picture we turned to Holmes's sketch of Margaret Fuller as a schoolgirl and after, copy of which I had also made in my note book:

"'She came with a reputation of being smart. . . . Her air to her schoolmates was marked by a certain stateliness and distance, as if she had other thoughts than theirs and was not of them. She was a great student and a great reader of what she used to call náw-véls. . . . Margaret as I remember her at school and afterwards, was tall, fair complexioned, with a watery aqua-marine luster in her light eyes, which she used to make small, as one does who looks at the sunshine. A remarkable point

about her was that long, flexible neck, arching and undulating in strange, sinuous movements which one who loved her would compare to those of a swan, and one who loved her not to those of the ophidian who tempted our common mother. Her talk was affluent, magisterial, *de haut en bas*, some would say euphuistic, but surpassing the talk of women in breadth and audacity.' "

Then her career, and its influence on the literature of her time, were recalled, for her birthplace was in "the Port." It was not worth while, I suggested, to visit the spot, for it is all changed now. The house was on Cherry Street, at the corner of Eaton Street, a roomy dwelling, with pillared doorway, adorned in front with a row of elms, behind with a blooming flower garden. When Margaret was still a girl the family left this house and moved up to Cambridge proper, just above the Port line, into the "old Dana mansion," a local landmark of distinction then on this main street. In her mature life, in the early forties, the home was for a twelve-month on Ellery Street near the Dana house site, and for a similar period on Prospect Street near by the academy of Margaret's girl days.

MARGARET FULLER (Marchioness Ossoli).

"Probably no woman of her time," I went on, "surpassed Margaret Fuller in intellectual culture, yet she left in published books little illustrative of her powers. She was the eldest of eight children, a precocious girl almost from infancy, and was educated at high pressure, receiving a training which boys only were given in those days, when destined for college. At six she had begun studying Latin, and before her teens she was a

promising Greek scholar. At fifteen this was her daily routine in the summer season: 'She rose before five o'clock, walked an hour, practiced an hour on the piano, breakfasted at seven, read Sismondi's "European Literature" in French till eight, then Brown's "Philosophy" till half past nine, went to school for Greek at twelve, practiced again till dinner; after the early dinner read two hours in Italian, then walked or rode, and in the evening played, sang, and retired at eleven to write in her diary.' 'This be it observed,' says Thomas Wentworth Higginson in his biography of her from which this statement is quoted, 'was at the very season when girls of fifteen or sixteen are in these days on their way to the seashore or the mountains.'

"No wonder that with such rigorous régime she became the most learned American woman of her day, and one of the most peculiar. Her father, Timothy Fuller, was a man of strong intellect and pronounced opinions, descended from a line of hard-headed Fullers, a successful lawyer, politician, and orator, whose public service had covered terms in the State Legislature and in Congress. He directed and pushed his daughter's studies and was proud of her extraordinary intellectual capacity. When she was twenty-three the family moved to Groton, then an isolated country town, nearly forty miles away from the intellectual center of Boston. Here, however, she managed to provide herself with books out of the common reach, and while teaching her brothers and sisters, she pursued an astonishingly full course of reading in German literature and philosophy, and in European and American history, mastering subjects and doctrines with which but few of her contemporaries of the masculine sex were familiar. She early became intimately associated with the foremost literary men of her time, notably Emerson, and when yet in young womanhood was famed in her circle for the brilliancy of her conversation, and her masterful critical faculty.

"The exercise of Margaret Fuller's literary influence out-

side her own coterie began after her father's death, when she was twenty-five. She had then come down to Boston to teach the languages in Bronson Alcott's unique school, and to report the mystic schoolmaster's 'Conversations on the Gospels' which he delivered to his tender pupils as part of the regular school course — an occupation of short duration, for the school was short lived. While engaged in this work she taught French, German, and Italian to private classes of her own, and indulged her marvelous conversational powers.

"After another year's teaching in an academy at Providence, Rhode Island, she began her famous 'Conversations' on literary and philosophical themes in Boston before classes of women. These continued through five winters, — from 1839 to 1844, — and were without precedent in this country. They were given weekly, beginning at mid-day, and were chief of all the literary 'functions' of their seasons. Among the maids and matrons constituting the classes at different times were such women as the wives of Emerson, Theodore Parker, and George Bancroft, Channing's daughter, Lydia Maria Child, and Maria White who became Lowell's wife. The subjects treated ranged from German philosophy to mythology, with a great variety of learned topics considered along the way. Margaret opened each Conversation with an introductory talk, and then drew out her hearers by inducing them to question her; but generally she did most of the talking. After the opening of the series when Greek literature was the theme, she wrote Emerson enthusiastically, 'I assure you, there is more Greek than Bostonian spoken at the meetings.' Later on, evening Conversations to men were instituted, but these though drawing some very clever folk did not have much vogue.

"But the broader achievement of Margaret Fuller, for which Higginson declares she will always be an important figure in American history, was as 'the organizer and executive force' of what he terms 'the first thoroughly American literary enterprise.' This was *The Dial*, of which she was the

editor through part of its existence of four troubled years (1840–1844). It had its origin in a club of 'speculative students who found the air in America getting too close and stagnant,' as Emerson has chronicled. This was the original Transcendental Club, so called, formed after several years of talk and consultation. It was the time of the literary awakening in America, of the movement for a national literature, impelled to a not inconsiderable extent by Emerson's famous Phi Beta Kappa oration of 1837 here in Cambridge on 'The American Scholar.' The members of this club, nearly all of whom became contributors to *The Dial*, included Dr. Frederick H. Hedge, the Greek scholar, George Ripley, founder of the Brook Farm community, Emerson, Alcott, James Freeman Clarke, Theodore Parker, Convers Francis, the learned Watertown minister, Cyrus A. Bartol, Margaret Fuller, and Elizabeth P. Peabody.

"*The Dial* announced itself as a quarterly magazine for literature, philosophy, and religion; its purpose to furnish a medium for 'the freest expression of thought on the questions which interest earnest minds in every community.' It encountered much criticism and not a little ridicule from contemporary publications and writers. Its failure — from a financial point of view, at least — was due, Emerson has explained, to the limited number of workmen at that time of sufficient culture for a poetical and philosophical magazine, and to the circumstance (which has wrecked many a worthy periodical venture since its day) that 'as the pages were filled by unpaid contributors, each of whom had, according to the usage and necessity of this country, some paying employment, the journal did not get his best work, but his second best.' Emerson edited it through its last two years.

"Margaret Fuller's later work was in New York as a regular writer on Horace Greeley's *Tribune*, — one of the first women to be attached to the staff of a daily newspaper. Her contributions, like her 'Conversations,' treated a wide range

of topics, but her principal occupation was the review of books. In this department her critical powers were displayed at their fullest, and with a frankness and a vigor which have seldom been matched. Longfellow and Lowell, then among the accepted newer poets, were of those who came under her lash. Some of her longer criticisms are collected in the volume of her writings entitled 'Life Within and Life Without.'

"Her last years were marked by romance and tragedy. One day in Rome, while she was on a tour of Europe in fulfillment of a long cherished wish, she became separated from friends with whom she had attended vespers in a church, and missing her way out, she was piloted to her destination by a young Italian gentleman. He was Giovanni Angelo, Marquis Ossoli, of an old Roman family. This chance meeting speedily ripened into friendship, then to love; and despite the disparity of ages, they married, and she became the Countess Ossoli. For some reason the marriage was kept secret; and it was not divulged till the siege of Rome by the French army, in the revolution of 1848, when the marquis was fighting with the revolutionists, and she was succoring the wounded in the hospitals. A short year of placid life in Florence, with their infant boy Angelo, followed the Roman upheaval, while Margaret's pen was busied with the history of the short-lived Roman Republic of 1849.

"Then came the voyage home with its fatal ending: the long strain of two months on shipboard; the death of the captain at sea from small pox; the illness of the child from the dread disease, and his almost miraculous recovery; the approach at last to land with the hope of speedy disembarkation; the gale off the coast of New Jersey and the midnight hurricane; the striking of the ship on Fire Island; the long wait for help within sight of the protecting shore; the drowning before the parents' eyes of the little Angelo in the arms of the steward trying to make the beach; the sweeping off of the deck by the great waves; the final engulfing of the few pas-

sengers clinging to the wreck, — Margaret and her husband, Horace Sumner, brother of Charles Sumner, and a young Italian girl.

"The history of the Roman Republic never appeared. The manuscript went down with the ship. Of Margaret Fuller's books, her translations of Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe, and of the letters of Fraulein Günderode and Bettina von Arnim, and her 'Women in the Nineteenth Century,' published in 1844, have endured the longest."

From Quincy Square, where we left the car, we turned into Quincy Street — the eastern boundary of the college grounds, upon which the president's house faces — to pass the Agassiz house, the home of Louis Agassiz (born in Switzerland, 1807 — died in Cambridge, 1873) through the last twenty years of his life. We came upon it near the upper end of the short street, on the right side, a house of unusual size and unusual architecture, which attracted Percy's eye before I had chance to identify it for him. It was built by the college, he was told, expressly for Agassiz. There was the great library on the entrance floor, its lines of shelves packed with his thousands of volumes of scientific works, and broad-surfaced tables strewn with maps and "specimens." There was the spacious drawing-room into which the sociable savant was wont of evenings to bring his work, writing on a portfolio on his knee, that he might at the same time enjoy the companionship of his family and neighboring friends who happened in. There was the generous dining-room in which famous men of science and literature gathered on occasion about the liberal board. On the upper floor was the roomy apartment of the Agassiz School for Young Ladies, that unique academy, a forerunner of Radcliffe College, which Mrs. Agassiz conducted, and in which the professor taught through easy conversational lectures in the sixties, — established to eke out the family income, for in those

times Agassiz's regular salary was but fifteen hundred dollars per annum, and his lecture fees often went largely for science.

I quite agreed with Percy that next to the great Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, which Agassiz founded from the smallest beginnings, and which is his noble monument, this house is the most interesting landmark of the savant. For here was done much, if not most, of the literary and scientific work of his pen, which increased the wide fame he had when he came to America, and which added so much to the world's knowledge. When he moved into this house in 1854, he had been but eight years in the United States, and but six years in his professor's chair, that of natural history created for him in the Lawrence Scientific School, then newly established. Only a few years before, he had married Miss Elizabeth Cary — (she was his second wife; the Swiss wife, who had shared his European work and honors, having died in the old home in Switzerland) — and had settled down for life here in Cambridge.

"In this house he composed the four large quarto volumes of the contemplated ten-volumed (but never finished) 'Contributions to the Natural History of the United States,' the first of which was completed on his fiftieth birthday, — that day celebrated by Longfellow's lines 'To Agassiz.' Here was written his 'Methods of Study in Natural History,' published in 1863, and his 'Geological Studies'; and the outlines of many of those fascinating lectures which he delivered at various times all over the country.

"You have heard how he came to make America his chiefest working field? No? His coming was primarily a mission from the King of Prussia to study the geological formations and the natural history of North America, and incidentally to give some lectures before the Lowell Institute of Boston. These lectures, — the first course 'On the Plan of Creation, especially in the Animal Kingdom,' and the second on his especial subject of Glaciers, — given in 1846–'47, were such a

momentous success that an interest was immediately awakened in his teachings, and place was soon made for him at Harvard. The revolutionary upheavals of 1848 in Europe changed his plans; and his ardent devotion to the work begun here led him ultimately to determine to give the remainder of his life unreservedly to it. He died in this house, and was buried in yonder Mount Auburn, where a bowlder from the glacier of the Aar, and a group of pine trees from his native place in Switzerland, mark his grave."

Another landmark of interest was seen in the house next above the Agassiz place, now occupied by The Theological School of the New Jerusalem Church. This was the home of Jared Sparks (born in Wellington, Conn., 1789 — died in Cambridge, 1866), the historian, through the last twenty years of his life, during which period he brought out his "Correspondence of the American Revolution"; and also collected the mass of material for his contemplated diplomatic history of the Revolution, now preserved with the Sparks Manuscripts in the College Library. It was while living here that he served as President of Harvard (1849–1853), his Alma Mater, from which he had graduated thirty odd years before. Of the "sunny library" in this house in which Sparks did his literary work in most methodical and orderly fashion, and which was reserved practically unchanged for years after his death by his widow who long survived him, I had copied the pleasant sketch given by Professor Herbert B. Adams in his life of the historian; which I duly read:

"His standing desk was still there, as he left it, surmounted by silver candlesticks. Adjoining this library there was a little room containing his private papers. . . . There were his bound manuscript journals, his commonplace and account books; his letter-book in quarto form, containing copies of the most important letters written by him; there, too, was the vast collection of letters received by him chronologically arranged in leathern-bound cases resembling quarto and octavo volumes, with the records of letters received and sent through a long and busy life. The manuscripts of Mr. Sparks's lectures on the American Revolution were

there. So also were the bound manuscripts of his printed works, and a set of the *North American Review* during the period of his editorship."

"When Sparks was engaged upon his 'Writings of General Washington,'" I remarked, "he was living in the Craigie house, where the identical letters which he was editing were written, when that house was Washington's headquarters, a coincidence upon which the historian felicitated himself in his journal. That was between 1833 and 1835. The 'Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution,' which preceded the 'Washington,' and was also in twelve volumes, he prepared largely during his residence in Boston. His editorship of the *North American* extended from 1824, when he purchased the review, to 1831. The notable 'Library of American Biography,' which he edited and brought out between 1834 and 1837, was carried forward partly in Boston and partly here in Cambridge. His ten volumes of Franklin's Works and Life, published between 1836 and 1840, were also in part prepared during his Cambridge life. Fully a hundred volumes of historical or biographical work bear Sparks's name as author or editor."

PROF. FRANCIS J. CHILD.

Turning now into Kirkland Street and walking a little way down this old thoroughfare, — which used to be called Professors' Row, because so many of the college professors lived here, — we reached the long-time home of that fine personality, Professor Francis James Child (born in Boston, in 1825 — died there, 1896), who has been ranked foremost among American scholars in Anglo-Saxon and early English literature, and whose

"English and Scottish Popular Ballads" is a classic. This house, set back from the street, with vine-clad piazza along the street front, entrance porch at the side, the front grounds a garden, struck Percy's fancy. I wished that he could have seen the place in the professor's time, when it was embowered in roses, of which he was an ardent and devoted cultivator, growing them, as Howells has written, "in a splendor and profusion impossible to any but a true lover with a genuine gift

STUDY IN PROFESSOR CHILD'S HOUSE.

for them." The peculiar appearance of the dwelling, as of two distinct houses brought together, I explained was due to the building of the larger rear part as an afterthought, when the occupants had outgrown the front part. The library was in the front part, and the working study in the rear. The latter was a veritable scholar's den, with the genuine bookish flavor, a retreat into which it was the privilege of only his nearest friends to penetrate. The scholar's desk, a flat table, stood

near the middle of the room, near at hand were his literary tools, and always in their season blooming roses from the garden.

"Probably for no professor of his day had Harvard men a warmer affection," I observed as Percy stood contemplating the house. "He was connected with the college as tutor or professor almost from his own graduation, in 1846, after a few

PROFESSOR CHILD IN HIS ROSE GARDEN.

months spent abroad in study in his favorite fields. He was professor of rhetoric and oratory from 1851, and professor of English literature from 1871 till his death, and gave these departments of the university a superior character and standing. His class lectures on Anglo-Saxon, Chaucer, and Shakspere were especially rich, while his handling of the students' themes was of infinite value to those who would heed his choice criticism, and be guided by him to the pure English style of which he was master.

"His collection of English and Scottish Popular Ballads was a literary recreation with him, begun almost with his professorship and pursued with an ardor and thoroughness which a scholar would be expected to give to an absorbing life-study. Its final publication, in exquisite form, between 1883 and the year of his death, was a literary event. Nearly a quarter of a century before he had brought out his first eight-volume edition of the ballads, following the standard American edition

"SHADY HILL," HOME OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

of the 'British Poets' which he edited, and which inspired him to the closer study of balladry."

The Norton house, home of Professor Charles Eliot Norton (born in Cambridge 1827 —), the Dante scholar and authority on the literature of the fine arts, was next on our list. A short walk brought us to "Shady Hill," as it is fitly called — a mansion of early nineteenth-century type, long and low, with long piazzas, retired among venerable trees on the edge of which was once "Norton's Woods." It was the home originally of the father of the professor, Andrews Norton, the Biblical

scholar, and himself a professor in the Harvard Divinity School, where he occupied the chair of sacred literature from 1819 to 1830. Percy heard with lively interest that these Nortons were in direct descent from the minister, John Norton of Ipswich, whose ancient homestead we had visited on our pilgrimage to Ipswich town.

"They were all cultivated men, these Nortons," our talk ran on, "each leaving his stamp on the literature of the soil. Charles Eliot Norton held his Harvard professorship of the history of art for nearly a quarter of a century (1874–'98), retiring at length to devote himself exclusively to literary work which was accumulating on his hands. To him we owe the published Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, and of Goethe and Carlyle; the miscellaneous Letters of Carlyle; the Letters of his life-long friend James Russell Lowell, with the slight thread of biography running through them; and the collected writings of that Bayard of American letters, George William Curtis. In his young manhood, and indeed quite to middle life, Mr. Norton was much abroad, making long stays in Europe, given to study and observation of the development of the fine arts, some of the results of which appeared in his 'Historical Studies in Church Building in the Middle Ages,' and in his class-room lectures. His translation of Dante was among his earlier works. He holds the primacy among cultivated Americans."

A turn or two by cross paths took us up past the Palfrey place, the Cambridge home of John Gorham Palfrey (born in Boston, 1796 — died in Cambridge, 1881), the historian of New England. The house of this estate was seen also, secluded in a grove of trees. Here Palfrey spent his declining years after his retirement from public life, placidly pursuing his historical work. "Few, I fancy," I remarked, "few of this day and generation are aware of the strenuous part which Palfrey played in public affairs in his prime, or of the extent of his literary activity.

"Son of a merchant of Demerara and Boston, who was also a

Louisiana planter, and grandson of an officer of the Revolution, who was an aide-de-camp of Washington at the occupation of Dorchester Heights, he became early an aggressive anti-slavery advocate. When the slaves of his father's Louisiana plantation came to him by inheritance he liberated them all. Graduating from Harvard in the class which included Jared Sparks and Theophilus Parsons (the class of 1815), he became first a clergyman. For thirteen years he was settled over the Brattle-

HOME OF JOHN G. PALFREY.

Square Church in Boston, the immediate successor there of Edward Everett. He served eight years as professor at Harvard, succeeding Andrews Norton in the chair of sacred literature. Then he entered politics, and served successively in the Massachusetts Legislature, the secretaryship of the Commonwealth, and Congress. In the Legislature he interested himself with Horace Mann in developing the public school system. In Congress his uncompromising course brought upon

him much ostracism, and his defeat for reëlection in a remarkable contest which inspired Lowell's lines beginning:

> "'There are who triumph in a losing cause
> Who can put on defeat as 'twere a wreath
> Unwithering in the adverse popular breath,
> Safe from the blasting demagogue's applause;
> 'Tis they who stand for Freedom and God's laws.'

"He was a political abolitionist, and a founder of the Free Soil party. All this time, from his ministry through his political career, he was actively engaged in literature. Between 1836 and 1842, within the period of what has been termed its 'great days,' he edited the *North American*, contributing also to its pages numerous articles alluded to as remarkable for scholarship and acumen. Later he wrote much on theological subjects. His history of New England, planned large, was conceived while he was in the thick of politics; and after his enforced retirement to literary privacy, he gathered the material, here and in England, and developed the work with precision

BUST OF DR. PALFREY IN MEMORIAL HALL.

and painstaking detail. The publication of the three large octavo volumes, between 1858 and 1864, widened his reputation especially with historical scholars. The compendious history in four smaller volumes followed, in 1866–'73."

Back again on Kirkland Street and at its upper end, we passed the birthplace of Thomas Wentworth Higginson (born 1823—); and a little north of this the site of the "gambrel-roofed house" in which Oliver Wendell Holmes was born. Holmes's description of this place and its association with the opening of the Revolution as the headquarters of General Artemas Ward, were yet fresh in Percy's memory, they having been fully recalled in our earlier historic pilgrimage. He tried again to picture in his mind the mansion's appearance and setting in Holmes's boyhood: with the "row of tall Lombardy poplars mounting guard on the western side"; the line of elms leading up to the western entrance; the porch from which President Langdon prayed for God's blessing on the little band of raw troops starting off on their night march to Bunker Hill. And within the great "dark and haunted garret" beneath the gambrel roof; the attic chambers "which themselves had histories"; the rooms of the second story, "chambers of birth and death, sacred to silent memories"; the heavy-beamed "study" on the ground floor, with its shelves of books about which the boys of the household "tumbled" in familiar association with literature, and those legendary "dents" in the floor credited to the ponderous butts of the Continental soldiers' firelocks; the old-fashioned garden; the "fields of waving grass" beyond, "and trees and singing birds; and that vast territory of four or five acres around," the Holmes Farm, "to give a child the sense that he was born to a noble principality." Percy tried, also, to imagine this farm, covered now by the Hemenway Gymnasium, the Lawrence Scientific School, the Jefferson Physical Laboratory, and old Holmes Field.

Meanwhile I was speaking of other points in the story of the historic mansion: its association with men connected with

HOLMES'S BIRTHPLACE.

the college before and after its occupancy by the Holmes family. Of these before the Holmes's day were the second Jonathan Hastings (who inherited the place from his father, the first Jonathan), for thirty years steward — now called bursar — of the college, and Eliphalet Pearson, the learned professor of Oriental literature. After the Holmes's day and its purchase by the university, it was the home successively of Professor William Everett, Edward Everett's son, and Professor James B. Thayer of the Law School, for the new building of which, on its grounds, the mansion finally made way. Also, it was the seat of Judge Oliver Wendell, the Autocrat's maternal grandfather, before his father, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, established himself in it, two years preceding the Autocrat's birth.

Then we chatted about Parson Abiel Holmes himself: his "Annals" of Cambridge, the early history of the town; his ministry of nearly forty years, from 1792, in the First Parish; his tenacious adhesion to the old faith after the Unitarian whirlwind had swept through the Puritan churches; his ultimate dismissal for this adhesion, and his association with the seceders who held the faith with him in a new Trinitarian church, — the Shepard church, the steeple of whose present meeting-house we could see across the Common; and his long, cultivated life in the gambrel-roofed house till his death, in 1837.

Of Higginson's birthplace we had his own sketch in his autobiographical "Cheerful Yesterdays": a house spacious and roomy, then facing an open field now largely covered by Memorial Hall, and occupying grounds adjoining the Holmes Farm. It was built shortly before his birth, by his father, at the time steward of the college. "Higginson alludes to himself as a 'child of the college,'" I said, "born in the college, so to speak, bred to it, and interested in all its men. The home life, too, must have been in itself a liberal education for him. His father's connection with the college, and the popu-

larity of his mother and aunt, brought many guests to the house, including, he has told us, the most cultivated men in Boston as well as in Cambridge. And there was a fascinating library of a thousand or so volumes, composed chiefly of English literature and history of the eighteenth century. There were here also the new books of the choicest, though then few, American writers, copies of which it was their custom upon publication to present to their friends, among whom the Higginsons were counted.

"The father, Francis Higginson, came of a 'line of Puritan clergymen, officials, militia officers, and latterly East India merchants,' all dating back to that Reverend Francis Higgin-

BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

son who landed in Salem in 1629 with the first large party for the Massachusetts Bay Colony. He had been a prosperous East India merchant in Boston, till the Embargo preceding the War of 1812 swept away his trade and fortune. The mother was a great granddaughter of one of the Portsmouth Wentworths, — Judge Wentworth, a grandson of the first of the three royal Governors Wentworth, from whom Colonel Higginson gets his middle name. She was his father's second wife, married at nineteen, sixteen years the junior of her husband. They had ten children, of whom Thomas Wentworth was the youngest.

"Higginson passed his boyhood here in Cambridge (his father died when he was nine years old), and in his fourteenth year entered the college in the class of 1841. Among his classmates was Levi L. Thaxter, of whom we heard at the Isles of Shoals as Celia Thaxter's husband, and a warm friendship grew up between them, fostered by their mutual love of letters. Thaxter, Higginson says, was an ardent student of literature, and first led him to Emerson and to Hazlitt. They were both also lovers of Longfellow, and he tells how they used to sit at the open window every New Year's Eve and read aloud Longfellow's 'Midnight Mass to the Dying Year.'

"From these college days the literary life was Higginson's choice; but he was first turned to the ministry. He was at work in the literary field, however, early in his pulpit career; indeed, while in his first settlement in Newburyport, he attained a standing as a *littérateur* as marked, almost, as his prominence as an anti-slavery advocate, — which so soon lost him his parish there. So through his service as minister of the Free Church in Worcester his literary pen was much employed. It was during this period that he compiled with Samuel Longfellow, the poet's minister brother, his first book, — the volume of seaside poetry, entitled 'Thalatta.'

"It was also while a Worcester preacher, by the way, that he took a leading hand in the attempt to rescue the fugitive slave, Anthony Burns, in Boston (1854), and was indicted with Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and others, a deputy marshall having been killed in that affair, but escaped with the rest through a flaw in the indictment. He had previously been concerned in the attempted rescue of that other fugitive slave Thomas Simms. Later he was in Kansas prepared to fight in the Free Kansas cause. In the Civil War he headed the first regiment of freed slaves mustered in the United States service — the First South Carolina Volunteers, — as colonel; thus he got his title and won unique distinction.

"Higginson's regular ministry closed, and his work exclu-

sively in letters began three years before the Civil War, and since that time his pen has been pretty constant in the production of good literature. After the war he settled in Newport, Rhode Island, and thence issued some of his best essays, papers on social topics, poems, his romance 'Malbone,' his 'Young Folks' History of the United States,' that admirable pioneer of its class, the 'Larger History of the United States,' and his mellow 'Oldport Days.' Then he returned to Cambridge as his final home. That was twenty years ago, and with this home is identified his literary work of finest flavor. Here he married his second wife, one of Longfellow's nieces, and the 'Aunt Jane' of his 'Malbone.' His first wife was his second cousin, Mary Elizabeth Channing, of the famous Channings. We are to pass this later house of his, before long."

Colonel Higginson tells us that in the immediate neighborhood of the Holmes house and of his birthplace, stood the house of Royal Morse, the old village constable and auctioneer whom, as "R. M.," Lowell has immortalized in the "Fireside Travels."

We now made a détour round the Common, having on our left the ancient burying-ground between the two churches, "like Sentinel and Nun" keeping "their vigil on the green," where the dead presidents of the college "stretched their weary bones under epitaphs stretched out at as full length as their subjects"; and where lies the gentle Vassal lady: —

> "Dust in her beautiful eyes.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> At her feet and at her head
> Lies a slave to attend the dead,
> But their dust is white as hers."

Just above old Christ Church, "where the gouty Tories used to kneel on their hassocks," we turned into the meek little street staggering under the weight of the classic name of Appian Way, here to pass the latter-day home of John Holmes (born 1812 — died 1899), Dr. Holmes's younger brother.

Percy had not heard of this Holmes, he said, and asked what had been done by him in literature.

"Little," I replied. "And yet he had the author's talent as well as his brother. Emerson once said that John Holmes represented humor, while Wendell Holmes stood for wit. His winsome quality sparkled in conversation, in his familiar letters or terse notes to friends, and on rare occasions in verse; but it seldom got into print. Though not a recluse, he was, as Higginson has said, 'in the last degree self-withdrawing and modest, more than content to be held by the world at arm's length, yet capable of the most devoted and unselfish loyalty to the real intimates he loved.' He basked in his brother's fame, but good-humoredly resented any implied superiority of the Autocrat over him. When one day a gentleman, upon being introduced to him, exclaimed, 'What! John Holmes, the brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes!' he retorted, with a twinkle, 'No, sir, he is the brother of me.' His few publications, which he reluctantly let go out, were confined to some stray verses, and unique sketches of Old Cambridge, delightfully reminiscent and lightly historical.

"With the exception of two extended visits to Europe, long intervals apart, John Holmes lived all his life of eighty-seven years here in Cambridge, and in two houses, — the gambrel-roofed house, which was also his birthplace, and this. He moved here, — then the dwelling of an old domestic of the family, — and established his bachelor quarters in the second-floor rooms, when the homestead was sold to the university a few years after the death of his mother, which occurred, in 1862, at the great age of ninety-five. For many years he had lived alone in the homestead with the gentle old lady, caring for her in the most tender way, as his brother has testified. Howells says that he was the most devoted Cantabrigian, after Lowell, whom he knew. Lowell called him the best and most delightful of men."

XVIII.

FROM "CRAIGIE HOUSE" TO "ELMWOOD."

The approach along Brattle Street. — Scene of "The Village Blacksmith." — Homes of John Fiske. — His notable work. — In the library of "Craigie house." — Longfellow's Cambridge life. — His first rooms on Professors' Row. — The "Five of Clubs." — First coming to the Craigie house. — Madam Craigie. — The upper and lower studies and the work done in them. — The tragedy of the poet's life. — Neighboring homes of Horace E. Scudder and T. W. Higginson. — Lowell at "Elmwood." — The attic study. — Story of the "Biglow" papers. — Lowell's closing years at the beloved home. — John T. Trowbridge at Arlington. — Story of "Neighbor Jackwood."

FROM the Appian Way we entered Brattle Street and our steps were now directed westward toward the Longfellow, or Craigie, house. At the turn I indicated with a general sweep of the hand, down the street, where stood the "village smithy," beneath the "spreading chestnut tree," scene of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." This was by the corner of Brattle and Story Streets.

As we strolled up Brattle Street Percy's eye was attracted by a long, low, peculiarly designed dwelling on the left, at the corner of Ash Street, having a distinguished look and an air of exceptional breadth and roominess within. It interested him the more when I told him that this was the house of the late John Fiske (born in Hartford, Conn., 1843 — died in Gloucester, Mass., 1902) the historian, ripe student of philosophy, and lecturer. It was not, however, I explained, an old established landmark, so to speak, for it is a new house, built for Professor Fiske, but never occupied by him, his sudden death occurring as he was preparing to move into it. It was fashioned as he

desired on a large and comfortable scale, the library being made especially spacious to accommodate his great collection of books. The house identified with his large historical work was his former home on Berkeley Street, off Craigie Street, in neighborly nearness to the Longfellow place. These remarks moved Percy to questionings about Fiske and his career, and as we walked I gave a rapid sketch of him in this wise.

LIBRARY OF JOHN FISKE.

"He lived here in Cambridge almost from his first coming to the college as a student; and he was preëminently a Cambridge author. He was born, by the way, not Fiske, but Green, — Edmund Fiske Green. He adopted in his boyhood, after his father's death, the name of John Fiske, which was that of his maternal great-grandsire, a soldier of the Revolution. His father, native of Delaware, was a newspaper editor, at different periods, in Hartford, Connecticut, New York, and

Panama, and died in the last place. His mother was of Middletown, Connecticut. Most of his youth before entering Harvard, at seventeen, was spent in Middletown, in the family of his maternal great-grandmother. This was a cultivated home, enriched with a good classical library; and here, with congenial surroundings, he very early began his ardent excursions into literature.

"The boy was a prodigious reader, and a marvelous scholar. If we are to believe his earlier biographer, at seven he had read through Cæsar; at nine had devoured much of Milton, Pope, and Bunyan, and nearly all of Shakspere; at eleven had read histories of many lands; at thirteen, a large part of Livy, Cicero, Ovid, Catullus, and Juvenal, and all of Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, Sallust, and Suetonius. In like manner Greek was disposed of; then modern languages were taken up,—German, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese; at seventeen and eighteen (when in college) he was reading Hebrew and Sanskrit; and later, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Roumanian, and Russian. He started in professional work not long after his graduation as University lecturer on philosophy at Harvard. He then lectured at large for several years, on philosophical and historical subjects in various parts of the country and abroad, before his reputation as an author had spread. At one time, also, he was librarian of Harvard College.

"Fiske's lectures on evolution brought him first into prominence, and his earlier books were on this and kindred subjects. It has been said that no American has done more than he in expounding the Darwinian theory. His notable contributions to scientific thought began with his 'Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy,' made up of a series of lectures on the doctrine of evolution. That was brought out a quarter of a century ago, and arrested instant attention from philosophical students and readers. The next year 'The Unseen World' appeared; three years later, 'Darwinism'; after an interval of four years, 'Excursions of an Evolutionist'; then in succession, 'The Destiny

of Man Viewed in the Light of his Origin,' 'The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge,' 'The Doctrine of Evolution: Its Scope and Influence,' and 'Through Nature to God,' — all profound subjects, so treated, and in such attractive diction, as to invite and hold the general reader as well as the student.

"Meanwhile Professor Fiske's historical publications presenting especially the philosophical characteristics of American history, were advanced with uncommon rapidity. His first work in this field, which also grew out of lectures, was 'The Critical Period of American History: 1783–1789,' issued in 1888. This was followed within a year by 'The Beginnings of New England.' Two years later appeared 'The American Revolution'; the next year, 'The Discovery of America,' later 'Old Virginia'; and 'The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War.' Between these larger studies were produced his historical manuals for schools and his 'Myth and Myth-Makers.' No writer has done more in popularizing American history, and accurate history, than John Fiske."

JOHN FISKE.

At length at the doubly historic Longfellow house, as Washington's headquarters and the poet's home, — unchanged in aspect since Percy first saw it in our previous pilgrimage, — we took up the poet's story from the point at which we dropped it in Maine.

"We left him there, you will remember," I said, "about to

take up his Harvard work as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres, in the chair which his friend George Ticknor had occupied. It was in December, 1836, that he established himself here in Cambridge, first in a house on old Professors' Row. These were very pleasant chambers, he wrote a friend, 'with great trees in front whose branches almost touch my windows; so that I have a nest not unlike the birds, being high up in the third story. Right under me, in the second, lives and laughs Cornelius whose surname is Felton.' This was Professor Cornelius C. Felton, then professor of Greek, afterward president of the college.

"The poet's Cambridge life thus began quietly and agreeably. 'Like the clown in Shakspere,' he wrote, 'I have no enemy but winter and rough weather.' With Felton he was already on terms of intimacy, having made his acquaintance some time before; and he soon formed close friendships with a little group of Felton's friends, — Charles Sumner, then an instructor in the Law School, George S. Hillard, and Henry R. Cleveland. These four were then young men about Longfellow's own age, Felton like himself being twenty-nine, Sumner twenty-five, Hillard twenty-eight; and all were pursuing literature along with their professions. They early associated themselves in a literary club, taking for name the 'Five of Clubs,' which held together for years. Later, when their glowing notices of each other's productions began to appear in the reviews, the slashing newspapers dubbed the 'Fives' the 'Mutual Admiration Society,' and this was the origin of the phrase which has come into such common use, and has been so variously applied.

"Only a season was passed in the Kirkland Street rooms, for in August of his first year Longfellow was most fortunately lodged in this 'Craigie house,' in 'two large and beautiful rooms'; and, as it happened, this remained his home throughout the rest of his life. How he came to seek rooms here, and how Madam Craigie received him, he has himself picturesquely

related in a note which his biographer — his brother Samuel — quotes in the *Life*. Thus it runs," and taking up the first volume, and turning to the chapter on the Craigie house, I read: —

"'The first time I was at the Craigie house was a beautiful summer afternoon in the year 1837. I came to see Mr. McLane, a law-student, who occupied the southeastern chamber. The window-blinds were closed, but through them came a pleasant breeze, and I could see the waters of the Charles gleaming in the meadows. McLane left Cambridge in August, and I took possession of his room, making use of it as a library or study, and having the adjoining chamber for my bedroom. At first Mrs. Craigie declined to let me have rooms. I remember how she looked as she stood, in her white turban, with her hands crossed behind her, snapping her gray eyes. She had resolved, she said, to take no more students into the house. But her manner changed when I told her who I was. She said she had read Outre-Mer, of which one number was lying on her sideboard. She then took me all over the house and showed me every room in it, saying, as we went into each, that I could not have that one. She finally consented to my taking the rooms mentioned above, on condition that the door leading into the back entry should be locked on the outside.

"'Young Habersham, of Savannah, a friend of Mrs. Craigie's, occupied at that time the other front chamber. He was a skillful performer on the flute. Like other piping birds, he took wing for the rice fields of the South when the cold weather came, and I remained alone with the widow in her castle. The back part of her house was occupied, however, by her farmer. His wife supplied my meals, and took care of my rooms. She was a giantess, and very pious in words, and when she brought in my breakfast frequently stopped to exhort me. The exorbitant rate at which she charged my board was rather at variance with her 'preaching.' Her name was Miriam, and Felton called her 'Miriam, the profit-ess.' Her husband was a meek little man.'"

"And who was Madam Craigie?" Percy asked.

"She was the relict of Andrew Craigie, who bought the mansion in 1795. He had been Apothecary General to the American Army in the Revolution, and after the war had grown rich. He enlarged the estate to about one hundred and fifty acres, extending back to and including what is now Observatory Hill, where the Harvard Observatory stands. He

also enlarged the mansion, building on the western wing and broadening the square northeastern room into a banqueting-hall, embellished with pillars and columns, for his grand dinners. He set up a princely establishment, with horses and carriages, and greenhouses and gardens. But by and by his fortune disappeared, and when he died he left the Madam a life interest in the mansion, but very slender income. Accordingly she reserved a few rooms for herself, and let out the others to lodgers carefully selected. She was an eccentric person, and many tales are told of her peculiarities. In this same note which I have just read, Longfellow gives us a droll one. During his first summer here 'the fine old elms in front of the house were attacked by canker worms, which, after having devoured the leaves, came spinning down in myriads. Mrs. Craigie used to sit by the open windows and let them crawl over her white turban unmolested. She would have nothing done to protect the trees from these worms. She used to say, "Why, sir, they are our fellow-worms; they have as good a right to live as we have."' Craigie's name is perpetuated in the beautiful street originally cut by the rear of the estate, and in one of the bridges crossing the Charles.

"How old is the mansion? Colonel John Vassal built it in 1759, and it was the 'Vassal house,' stateliest of the stately mansions of 'Tory Row,' along this road, till the Vassals had fled with the oncoming Revolution, and it was taken for Washington's headquarters.

"But let us get back to Longfellow. The poet's first study was this historic upper chamber, which had been Washington's private room —

> "'Yes, within this very room
> Sat he in those hours of gloom,
> Weary both in heart and head, —'

as Longfellow has sung, and there were written all of his poems till 1845. Then, after his second marriage it became

the nursery, and he moved down to the large front room adjoining the library. This remained his study ever after. The same room was Washington's office, or business headquarters, while the library room was used by his military family.

"'The Psalm of Life' was the second poem written in the up-stairs study. It was composed, Samuel Longfellow has related, 'hastily, upon the blank portions of a note of invitation, and was dated July 26, 1838.' The poet kept the manuscript closely to himself for some time, unwilling that any one should see it. 'It was a voice from my inmost heart,' he wrote long after, 'at a time when I was rallying from depression.' It appeared first in the *Knickerbocker* in October, 1838, and was immediately copied far and wide. In it, the biographer says, the critics 'recognized a new strain in American poetry.' And it won the recognition of the world. Its quatrains became veritable household words on both sides the Atlantic. The poem reappeared, with 'The Midnight Mass,' 'The Reaper and the Flowers,' and a dozen other verses, in the thin first volume of 'Voices of the Night,' in 1839, which, Professor Charles C. Carroll has said, formed an epoch in our literary history.

"'The Wreck of the Hesperus' was based on newspaper reports of shipwrecks of fishermen. In the poet's journal this note appears under date of December 17, 1839: —

"'News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe where many of these took place: among others, the schooner *Hesperus*. Also the *Sea-flower*, near Black Rock. I must write a ballad on this; also two others — The Skeleton in Armor, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert.'

Then on the thirtieth, thirteen days afterward, we find the ballad written, and the manner of its composition disclosed, in this note: —

"'I wrote last evening a notice of Allston's poems; after which I sat till twelve o'clock by the fire smoking, when suddenly it came into my

mind to write the ballad of the Schooner *Hesperus*, which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add these to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines, but by stanzas.'

"'The Hesperus' was first published in the *New World*, of New York, which Park Benjamin was editing, and the honorarium for it was twenty-five dollars. It is an interesting fact that Longfellow never saw Norman's Woe till long years after. So late as 1878 he wrote in a note to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps [Ward] upon his return from an August day call at her tiny summer cottage, the 'Sea Shell,' in Gloucester: 'I am sorry that I did not stay long enough at East Point to see the fog lift and Norman's Woe rise to view. I have never seen those fatal rocks.'

"'The Skeleton in Armor' made its first appearance in the *Knickerbocker* in 1841, and for this the sum received was also twenty-five dollars. 'Excelsior' was written, in the first draft, on the back of a note to Sumner, and was dated 'half-past three, morning.' This first draft is preserved in the College Library.

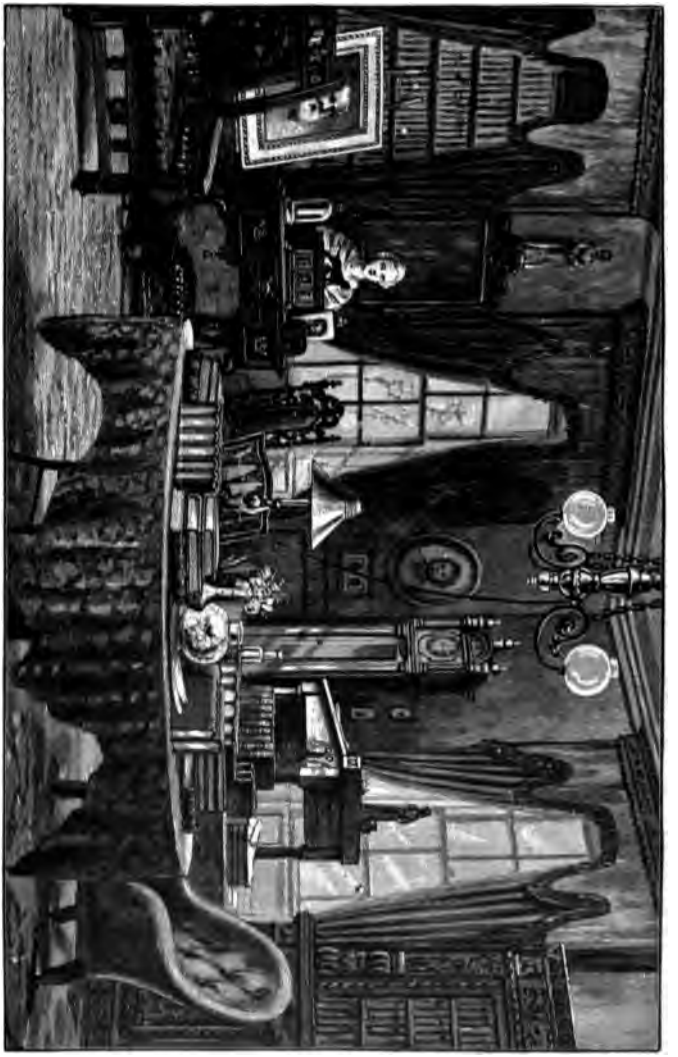
"Mrs. Craigie died in 1841, and Joseph E. Worcester, the maker of Worcester's Dictionary, took the mansion for a year, Longfellow keeping his rooms. The summer and autumn of 1842 he spent abroad for his health. While there the 'Belfry of Bruges' was inspired, and possibly written. On the return voyage he wrote some poems against slavery, which were subsequently published in a little volume.

"In the summer of the following year, 1843, his second marriage took place, when he wedded Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, daughter of Nathan Appleton, the Boston merchant and manufacturer, and sister of Thomas Gold Appleton, of whom we spoke when in Boston. Longfellow had met her six years before while traveling in Switzerland, when she was

a maiden of nineteen. She was the 'Mary Ashburton' of his 'Hyperion.' He brought his bride to his rooms here, — increased to three some years before by the addition of the front room across the hall, for a dining room, where he had given choice little dinners to his literary friends, among them Dickens, on his first visit to America in 1842. Soon the mansion was purchased for them by Mr. Appleton, with the grounds immediately adjoining. Afterward he added to his gift the land across the street, now the public park so well named the Longfellow Garden, thus securing the open view to the river and beyond which the poet so loved.

"Longfellow gave up the old study reluctantly. To Sumner he wrote some time after, 'I have always regretted the dismantling of that consecrated chamber. But what can one do against the rising tide of the rising generation?' Yet the new study was charming; richer than the old, with the same outlook from the deep windows, only from a lower point of view. The poet's work table with his high desk upon it, was placed by the corner front window; antique oaken bookcases were fitted between the windows and against the high wainscoted walls, and in this adjoining library; in front of the generous fireplace was set the poet's deep armchair in which he was wont to muse before he wrote, or sometimes to firstcast in pencil upon a portfolio resting on his knee. In course of years the beautiful room assumed the appearance which became so familiar to us through repeated descriptions and picturings, — with the portraits on the walls of Felton and Sumner, Emerson, Hawthorne, and the poet himself, each in his young manhood.

"There was the round table in the middle of the room agreeably cluttered with books and periodicals, and upon it the 'oblong ebony tray, with two flacons for the ink,' inscribed on an ivory plate 'Samuel Taylor Coleridge, his inkstand'; also the inkstand of Thomas Moore, — both gifts to the poet from English admirers; and the poet's own inkstand, with the



LONGFELLOW'S STUDY.

quill pens by its side, the only kind which he used, having no fondness for pens of steel. Below the ancient mirror on the eastern wall, surmounted by a statuette of Dante, stood the antique table, holding the little Italian casket containing fragments of Dante's coffin, and a miniature edition of the 'Divina Commedia.' On the poet's high desk was the statuette of Goethe, in long gray coat, with hands folded behind him; and nearby, the tall, old-fashioned clock, similar to the 'Old Clock on the Stairs.' By the fireplace, in congenial company with the older arm-chair, was the 'Children's Chair,' which Cambridge school children presented to the poet on his seventy-second birthday, made from the wood of the 'Village Blacksmith's Spreading Chestnut Tree,' cut down by unpoetic city fathers to widen Brattle Street.

"The first year in this study was prolific. Within that year Longfellow wrote or finished for publication, among other poems, 'The Bridge Across the Charles,' 'Birds of Passage,' 'The Old Clock on the Stairs,' and 'The Day is Done'; he began 'Evangeline'; and brought out his fourth volume of collected poems.

"'Evangeline' was started under the name of 'Gabrielle,' as a note in the journal, dated November, 1845, indicates: 'Set about Gabrielle, my idyl in hexameters, in earnest.' But soon he wrote, 'Shall it be Gabrielle, or Celestine, or Evangeline?' Evangeline was settled upon, however, before the work had far progressed. The suggestion of the idyl came indirectly from Hawthorne. One day he and a Boston friend were dining here with Longfellow, and during the dinner-table talk, the friend related an incident of the banishment of the Acadians, — the story of a young maiden who, in the dispersion, was separated from her lover and spent the rest of her life in searching for him. The friend observed that he had long been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story on this theme. Hawthorne being evidently reluctant to undertake it, Longfellow remarked, 'If you really do not want this incident for a tale,

let me have it for a poem,' to which Hawthorne heartily consented. That the subject had been in the romancer's mind for some time appears from the note in his 'American Note-Book,' made eight years before this talk at Longfellow's table:

"'H. L. C—— heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage day all the men of the Province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England, — among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him, — wandered about New England all her lifetime, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise.'

"'Evangeline' appeared in October, 1847, almost two years from its inception, and won the popular heart. One English critic hailed it as 'the first genuine Castalian font which had burst from the soil of America.' Some criticised the rhythm, the choice of hexameters; but most commended the radiant pictures of scenery, the pathos of the tale, and the beauty of its telling.

"When eight years later 'Hiawatha' appeared, hostile critics broke out again. Some of the newspapers were 'fierce and furious' over it. But the poet took all this complacently. When in less than a month after the first issue the publishers were putting to press the tenth thousand, he wrote, 'Critics may assail as they please, *oppur si nuove*.' Again it was the meter which received the brunt of attack; in this, the eight-syllable trochaic verse. The work was ridiculed, imitated, parodied. One humorist, 'P. Philander Doesticks' (Mortimer Thomson), published a burlesque in a book of similar size, which he called 'E. Pluri Buster.' But its popularity continued steadfast. After it had been out five years the poet notes, 'A new edition of "Hiawatha." My publisher says that he sells two thousand a year, which is a great sale for an old book of which fifty thousand have already been sold.' That was forty and more years ago, remember, when the literary

field was much more contracted than now, and the hundred-thousand-edition book, now so common, was undreamed of.

"The composition of 'Hiawatha' occupied less than a year. Under date of a day in June the journal has this note, 'I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole.' And under date of June the next year is recorded 'Proof sheets of "Hiawatha."' Although it started briskly, well outlined in the poet's mind after he had absorbed the great quarto of Schoolcraft's Indian legends and lore, it did not move forward smoothly. There were many interruptions in the work; some misgivings at times about it all; much rewriting. Some progress was made in the summer, at the seaside in Nahant. In October the poet seemed to be quite in the spirit of the work, noting in his journal, '"Hiawatha" occupies and delights me. Have I no misgivings about it? Yes, sometimes. Then the theme seizes me and hurries me away, and they vanish.' But in November he notes, 'Read to —— some pages of "Hiawatha." He finds the poem will want human interest. So does F. So does the author. I must put a live, beating heart into it.' Then it lagged till mid-winter. Finally in February he had eighteen cantos satisfactorily fashioned, and a month later the poem was assumed to be finished.

"The prose tale of 'Kavanagh,' 'The Building of the Ship,' 'The Golden Legend,' and the 'Seaside and Fireside' volume of collected poems preceded 'Hiawatha'; also 'The Two Angels,' written upon the birth of a daughter to the poet's house, and the death of Lowell's wife. Before, too, he began 'Hiawatha,' Longfellow resigned his professorship to give himself wholly to poetry. 'My Lost Youth,' the poem on his birthplace, from which we quoted when in Portland, followed close upon the finish of 'Hiawatha.' Next he devoted himself to writing 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,' which came out in 1858. Two years later appeared 'Paul Revere's Ride,' a part written on the historic Nineteenth of April.

"Then came the tragedy of Longfellow's life, sharp and swift. His brother has related it in the fewest and tenderest words. 'On the 9th of July, 1861, his wife was sitting in the library with her two little girls, engaged in sealing up some small packages of their curls which she had just cut off. From a match fallen upon the floor her light summer dress caught fire. The shock was too great, and she died the next morning.' Three days later she was buried at Mount Auburn. 'It was the anniversary of her marriage day, and on the beautiful head, lovely and unmarred in death, someone had placed a wreath of orange blossoms. Her husband was not there, — confined to his chamber by the severe burns which he had himself received.' The recovery from this calamity was slow, and the shadow of it remained on his life.

"When again he took up his pen it was to begin the 'Tales of a Wayside Inn.' But he felt the need of a 'continuous and tranquil occupation.' So it was that early in 1863 he returned to the task of translating the 'Divina Commedia,' which he had taken up years before and laid aside. When the work was ready for the press he called Norton and Lowell to his aid, and the three, with sometimes one or two other Dante scholars, went through it on a final revision, critically at every step. Thus was formed the Dante Club which met here Wednesday evenings, when a dainty supper followed the literary labors. The translation was published in 1867, the same year in which Norton's translation of the 'Vita Nuova' appeared, and Dr. T. W. Parsons's fine version of the 'Inferno.' Meanwhile the first installment of the 'Wayside Inn' had made its appearance, adding fresh laurels to the poet's fame; the 'Flower-de-luce' had been completed, and the 'New England Tragedies' begun.

"In 1868–'69 another, and the poet's last, visit to Europe was made, when he received distinguished courtesies, private and public; and spent some felicitous days with Tennyson at the Isle of Wight. Home again, he settled down to his old

quiet and serene life, and a notable period of literary activity followed. From this time until his death the 'output' included the translation of 'The Divine Comedy'; the volume of 'Christus'; the 'Three Books of Song'; 'Aftermath'; the 'Tales of a Wayside Inn'; the 'Masque of Pandora'; the thirty-one little volumes of his selected 'Poems of Places'; and 'Keramos.' Then the last volume, 'Ultima Thule,' with the familiar lines — familiar from much quoting — of the initial poem:

"'*Ultima Thule!* Utmost isle!
Here in thy harbors for a while
We lower our sails: a while we rest
From the unending, endless quest.'

"During these latter years of his life Longfellow was the chief figure in Cambridge, and this house was beset by callers, some distinguished, more curious, to see the poet and 'Washington's headquarters.' One day he notes in his journal, 'Fourteen callers in the afternoon.' On another, 'Six Pennsylvanians and one Bostonian, called in a body.' Another day an Englishman called, introducing his visit with the remark, 'In other countries, you know, we go to see ruins and the like; but you have no ruins in your country, and I thought — I thought — I'd call and see you!'

"He died at the close of a March day, in 1882, after a short illness, surrounded by his family, in the chamber where his wife had died. The city bells announced the end, tolling off his seventy-five years. At the simple home funeral his brother Samuel read selections from his poems; and at the public service at the Appleton Chapel, in the College Yard, were read these fitting lines from 'Hiawatha':

"'He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the master of all music,
To the master of all singing.'"

With a reluctant leave-taking of this revered landmark, we resumed our walk.

Strolling on to the junction of Brattle and Craigie streets, and turning back into the latter, we came to Buckingham Street, and presently reached the later home of Colonel Higginson, which I had promised should be in our route. This is one of the pleasantest of Cambridge streets, as Percy fancied it must be, with comfortable detached houses agreeably placed, those on the left side set against a gentle hill-slope.

HORACE E. SCUDDER IN HIS LIBRARY.

We followed this side, and along the way I pointed out (No. 19) the house where lived Horace E. Scudder (born in Boston, 1838 — died in Cambridge, 1902), maker of many and various books, sometime editor of the *Atlantic*, and the biographer of Lowell. It was a modest house of quiet but attractive design, Percy pronounced, retired from the street, yet in a neighborly way open to it through uninclosed grounds. "Though Scudder was a Bostonian by birth, and a graduate of Williams College (1858), rather than of Harvard, through all his literary life Cambridge was his home," I remarked, while we tarried a moment before this house. "Here in Cambridge he wrote those fascinating 'Dream Children' and the

'Bodley Books' for young folk, eight volumes of them, detailing pleasing and profitable adventures among things historic. Later appeared his excellent 'History of the United States' for young readers; then his essays into the broader field of literature, brought together in his 'Men and Letters.' Earlier he wrote and published his first and only novel, 'The Dwellers in Five Sisters' Court,' now, I dare say, unknown to the general reader who feeds most lustily on novelties, and only a memory to others; but it was widely read when new, and is well worth rereading these days, for its clever portraiture and its Dickensian flavor, though not at all an imitation of Dickens. Subsequently was gathered together some of his lighter fiction in his 'Stories and Romances.'

"As editor and author Scudder added good store to our stock of biography in his life of his missionary brother, David Coit Scudder; his 'Noah Webster'; the 'Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor,' done in conjunction with that poet's widow; and the life of Lowell. In his books and papers on historical topics, and his 'Recollections of Samuel Breck,' he contributed to our knowledge of Colonial life and times. In the important branch of editorial work — that of compilation, which is too often slightingly and slovenly performed — he did great service, the numerous volumes and booklets which have come from his hands being models in their way. Scudder was first a magazine editor from 1867 to 1870, in charge of the *Riverside Magazine for Young People*, which had a popular run for several years. His editorship of the *Atlantic*, succeeding that of Aldrich, covered the period from 1890 to 1898."

We came upon Higginson's home (No. 27) a little way above the Scudder place, and on slightly higher ground.

"Quaintness," Percy ventured while we stood looking up to it over the rustic front fence, — "Quaintness, I should say, is what you would call 'the dominating feature' of this place. And how picturesque it all is! the house of red, the vine-clad piazza, the side entrance porch, the broad window-panes framed

in old-fashioned side lights; and the grounds, bounded by that close line of pines on the upper side, and this fence of bark-covered pales. Now this, to my mind, is what a *littérateur's* place should be."

Within it was equally choice. Across the threshold, in the hall, are trophies of the colonel's war life. And on the

HOUSE OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

entrance floor are the library and study, from which have issued those engaging essays, the life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and the mellow books, — the "Cheerful Yesterdays," "Contemporaries," "Concerning All of Us," "Old Cambridge," and the rest, now brought together with Higginson's other productions in his "Collected Works," — which have marked

his ripened years. Since 1878, when he came back to Cambridge permanently to live, as Percy learned, his work has borne the Cambridge stamp.

Again on Brattle Street, and perhaps a third of a mile beyond the Craigie-Longfellow house, we were at that equally revered landmark, "Elmwood," birthplace and home of James Russell Lowell (born 1819—died 1891). Pressed upon by modern dwellings more than on our previous visit, curtailed in extent, and somewhat weathered and worn, the place yet retained its familiar aspect.

COL. HIGGINSON IN HIS STUDY.

Percy recollected the history of the mansion, as it was outlined to him on our previous pilgrimage: that it was built in the days "when we lived under the king," about the year 1760, as the country seat of Thomas Oliver, a Provincial magnate and the last of the royal lieutenant governors of Massachusetts; that at its entrance door, in 1774, this Tory official was forced by the men of Middlesex to hand over his

resignation of his office; that after the Battle of Bunker Hill the mansion was converted into a hospital for Provincial soldiers; that some time after the Revolution, and for a quarter of a century, it was the country seat of Elbridge Gerry, patriot,

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

governor, and vice-president; and that it became the Lowell house shortly before the poet's birth (two years, to be accurate, I suggested), when it was purchased by his father, the Rev. Charles Lowell, minister of the West Church, in Boston.

Then Percy was told how the place acquired its poetic name of Elmwood, from the old English elms which formed the noble arch of approach to the mansion, and were mostly of the minister's planting; and its appearance in Lowell's boyhood and youth was pictured to him. "At that time," I observed, "it was a genuine country place, with garden, orchard, and pasture, fronting a rural lane between two country roads. Brattle Street was then the 'Old Road,' and Mount Auburn Street, the thoroughfare on the other side, the 'New Road.' And all the surroundings were rural. Eastward, toward the river, was Symonds's Hill, long since leveled, from which Lowell's 'soothing and placid' view of 'Cambridge Thirty Years Ago' — almost eighty years now — was so invitingly sketched.

"While in time, with the growth of the village into the town and then the city, all about Elmwood became changed, the estate itself steadfastly retained its old air and dignity, only increasing in beauty, till Lowell's death. When toward the close of his life Lowell returned to it, after his years abroad, he wrote, 'But oh, the changes! I hardly know the old road, now a street, that I have paced so many years, for the new houses. My old homestead seems to have a puzzled look in its eyes as it looks down (a trifle superciliously, methinks) on these upstarts. "He who lives longest has the most old clothes," says the Zulu proverb, and I shall wear mine till I die.' It was dearer to him than any other place in the world. 'I am back again in the place I love best: I am sitting in my old garret, at my old desk, smoking my old pipe, and loving my old friends,' he wrote on another occasion of return after long absence."

Entering the mansion, we found no difficulty in recalling the interior as it appeared in Lowell's time. Here is the great hall, eight feet wide, running straight through the middle of the house, terminating with broad glass doors giving upon the rear grounds. From either side open the four large rooms, each wainscoted in deal, painted white, so often described.

LOWELL'S STUDY, ELMWOOD.

Here is the drawing-room, in the poet's later years the lower study, with its deep paneled recesses on either side of the ample fireplaces, the farther recess lighted by a window looking upon the lawn. Beyond, the library, connected with the drawing-room by arches at the sides of the great chimneys. Ascending from the hall, the staircase, broad and stately, with quaint old twisted banisters.

Passing the rooms of the second floor, one of them the chamber in which the poet was born on Washington's Birthday, in 1819, the "attic high beneath the roof" was reached where was the older study. This was the room in which most of the poet's work at Elmwood was done, and it was his room in childhood. His own description of it we find in Charles Eliot Norton's volumes of Lowell's letters. It appears in one of his letters, written in 1848, to his intimate friend Charles F. Briggs, sometime editor of *Putnam's* magazine in New York, and I read this passage.

"'Here I am in my garret. I slept here when I was a curly-headed boy, and used to see visions between me and the ceiling. . . . In it I used to be shut up without a lamp — my mother saying that none of her children should be afraid of the dark — to hide my head under the pillows and then not be able to shut out the shapeless monsters that thronged around me, minted in my brain. It is a pleasant room, facing, from the position of the house, about equally toward the morning and the afternoon. In winter I can see the sunset, in summer I can see it only as it lights up the tall trunks of the English elms in front of the house, making them sometimes, when the sky behind them is lead-colored, seem of the most brilliant yellow. . . . In winter my view is a wide one, taking in a part of Boston. . . . As the spring advances, and one after another of our trees puts forth, the landscape is cut off from me piece by piece, till the end of May I am closeted in a cool and rustling privacy of leaves. Then I begin to bud with the season. . . . When I can sit at my open window and my friendly leaves hold their hands before my eyes to prevent their wandering to the landscape, I can sit down and write.'

"Lowell's earliest literary efforts here," I said as we settled down for a chat over the poet's life, "were mostly his versifica-

tions when an undergraduate at the college, which he entered at fifteen. During his junior year he translated some odes from Horace. The next year he had produced a number of 'poetical effusions,' as he wrote his mother in dedicating them to her, — 'you, who have been the patron and encourager of my youthful muse.' His mother was a woman of exceptional mental powers, and an ardent lover of nature. She was a Spence of New Hampshire, of an old Orkney family, and Norton says, 'In her blood was a tincture of the romance of those solitary Northern isles.' These traits she imparted to her son (her youngest child); while from his father he inherited a refined intellectual temperament, a most kind and tender heart. He once characterized his father as 'Dr. Primrose in the comparative degree.'

"The first of Lowell's verses to be published was his college class poem, which he did not deliver, for he was 'rusticated' at the time and the suspension extended over class day. This suspension was in part due to his 'cutting' certain studies which he did not care for, and devoting himself only to those he liked. The season of rustication was spent in Concord, where his studies were carried on under the charge of good Dr. Ezra Ripley, the Concord minister, of the Old Manse. He was wretchedly lonesome and homesick there. He called it 'this infernal Concord.' Still he got on well with his tasks, and for diversion wrote this class poem. Although not delivered, it was published in a little pamphlet, now very rare. Norton says of it, guardedly, that 'as a poem it is perhaps above the general level of such performances.' Lowell was back in season to receive his degree with his class.

"The choice of a profession much perplexed him. He knew clearly enough what he wanted most to do. 'Above all things should I love to be able to sit down and do something literary for the rest of my natural life,' he wrote one of his intimates. But a more practical occupation was desired by his elders. He thought at one time of the ministry, following in his father's and grandfather's footsteps; at another, of medi-

cine. At length he settled upon law. Taking up the study, he tried hard to like it. 'I am reading Blackstone with as good a grace and as few wry faces as I may,' he wrote, his classmate Loring — afterward Dr. George B. Loring of Salem, Hawthorne's friend. But only a few weeks later he wrote, 'I have renounced law. I am going to settle down into a business man at last, after all I have said to the contrary. Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness! I find that I cannot bring myself to like the law, and I am now looking for a place "in a store." . . . I must expect to give up almost entirely all literary pursuits, and instead of making rhymes, devote myself to making money.'

"A month after this renunciation, however, when he was in Boston looking for a business opening, he happened into the United States Court where Webster was one of the counsel in a case pending, and before he had been there an hour he determined to continue in the law. Accordingly he resumed his studies. Meanwhile he kept steadily at verse making and prose composition. Again, and very soon, he wrote his friend Loring, 'I have quitted the law forever.' For a while he took up lecturing at lyceums. A lecture at Concord brought him five dollars. He wished he might get a call to lecture in his own Cambridge, which paid fifteen dollars; or in Lowell, where the pay was twenty-five, — a lofty figure to him, evidently, for he quoted it with two exclamation marks. Shortly, however, he is found actually in business, writing from a Boston counting-room about his verses which are appearing in the newspapers and magazines. At this time the 'Threnodia,' which leads off his 'Earlier Poems' in his collected works, appeared in *Knickerbocker's*. At first he published anonymously, or with the *nom de plume* of 'Hugh Percival.' The business trial ended abruptly, with his decision that he was 'never made for a merchant,' and for a third time he returned to the law, this time finishing at the Harvard Law School. He was duly graduated in the summer of 1840.

"It was now necessary for him to earn his livelihood, for

his father had suffered misfortune in the loss of the greater part of his personal property, although the home estate remained intact. An additional spur to activity was his engagement to Miss Maria White, whom he had first met a few months before at her father's home in the neighboring Watertown, and whose attractiveness of person and mind had speedily charmed him — she also became a poet. So he went into a Boston law office, and endeavored to pursue his profession. But he never practiced.

"While in the law office he brought out his first volume of collected poems, 'A Year's Life,' and wrote some of the best sonnets and lyrics that, in his judgment, he had yet written. At this he expressed much gratification, for he had feared that the law would 'cover all the sunny greensward of his soul with its dust.' The 'Year's Life' included poems which Norton declares gave him at once the highest place among the younger American poets. The reception of his work, it may be, led him the speedier from law to literature as his life work; at all events, within two years thereafter, literature became and remained his sole occupation.

"It 'paid,' however, very slowly. In the autumn of 1842, after having published much of both poetry and prose in the current periodicals, he ventured a magazine of his own, in the hope of increasing his slender revenues. This was the *Pioneer*, a literary and critical monthly journal, of high grade. Its contributors, besides himself, included Poe, Hawthorne, and other growing writers of the day; but financially it was a lamentable failure. Only three numbers were issued, when it expired, leaving a debt upon the projectors' hands. This debt hung heavily upon Lowell for a while, but ultimately he cleared it all off.

"At the end of 1843 he published his second volume, — 'Legends of Brittany, Miscellaneous Poems, and Sonnets.' This included the 'Prometheus,' his first long poem in blank verse, 'overrunning with true radicalism and antislavery,' as

he wrote upon its original publication in a magazine. He was now fully launched in the antislavery cause. His lines on 'The Present Crisis,' closing with the familiar stanza beginning —

> " 'New occasions teach new duties: Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;' —

were written, with other poems of similar note, the following year; and at its end his second book appeared: a book of essays purely literary — 'Conversations on Some of the Old Poets.' At this time, too, Lowell's marriage with Maria White took place. They went to live for the winter and spring in Philadelphia, where he was a regular contributor to the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, the antislavery paper which Whittier had edited. Returning to Cambridge, they made their home thenceforth at Elmwood. In the early summer of 1846 his pen was engaged for the *Antislavery Standard* of New York, the organ of the American Antislavery Society, edited by Sidney Howard Gay. He was to write regularly each week, prose or poetry.

"At the same time the first of 'The Biglow Papers' appeared, — that one beginning —

> " 'Thrash away, you'll *hev* to rattle
> On them kittle-drums o' yourn, —
> 'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
> That is ketched with mouldy corn;
> Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
> Let folks see how spry you be, —
> Guess you'll toot till you are yeller
> 'Fore you git ahold o' me!'

"These pungent satires were directed against our Mexican war which Lowell held to be a war of false pretenses, 'a national crime committed in behoof of slavery.' His desire to put in a way that would tell, the feelings of those who thought as he did, promoted his conception. 'I imagined to

myself,' he long after related, in that elaborate 'Introduction' to the Second Series, 'such an up country man as I had often seen at antislavery gatherings, capable of district-school English, but always instinctively falling back into the natural stronghold of his homely dialect when heated to the point of self-forgetfulness.' Needing on occasion to rise above the level of mere *patois*, he conceived the character of the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, 'who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry, as Mr. Biglow should serve for its homely common-sense vivified and heated by conscience.' Mr. Wilbur's fondness for scraps of Latin he adopted deliberately to heighten the contrast. Then, finding soon afterward that he needed some one as a mouthpiece of the mere drollery, he invented Mr. Birdofredum Sawin, 'for the clown' of his 'little puppet-show.' In Sawin, moreover, he meant to embody that 'half-conscious *un*morality' which he had noticed as the 'recoil in gross natures from a puritanism that still strove to keep in its creed the intense savor which had long gone out of its faith and life.'

"The success of his experiment not only astonished him, but early made him feel the responsibility of holding in his hand 'a weapon instead of the mere fencing-stick' he had supposed. The Papers following through 1846–'47 were soon transferred to the *Antislavery Standard*. They were all published anonymously, for, as he wrote Gay, he wished 'slavery to think it had as many enemies as possible.' He composed them always rapidly, and sometimes, as in the case of the second one, 'What Mr. Robinson Thinks,' with its

"'——John P.
Robinson he—'

at one sitting; so he wrote Thomas Hughes,—'Tom Brown of Rugby,' you know,—who introduced the first English edition of the Papers twelve years afterward.

"Lowell's connection with the *Standard* continued uninter-

rupted for about four years, at an annual salary beginning at $500, but dwindling after a while as the resources of the journal narrowed. His contributions were of varied character,—editorials, miscellaneous articles, and verse. In its pages first appeared, besides the antislavery poems, 'Eurydice'; 'The Changeling,' on the death of one little daughter and the birth of another, with its picture of a child's smile, so frequently quoted:

> "'To what can I liken her smiling
> Upon me, her kneeling lover,
> How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
> And dimpled her wholly over,
> Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
> And I almost seemed to see
> The very heart of her mother
> Sending sun through her veins to me!'

— the lines 'To Lamartine'; 'A Parable,' written the morning after a Thanksgiving Day; 'The Parting of the Ways'; 'Beaver Brook'; 'The First Snow Fall,' and others which have become favorites. Conspicuous among the antislavery poems were the uplifting 'Stanzas to Freedom,' the lines 'To John G. Palfrey' from which we have quoted, and the familiar 'To W. L. Garrison,' beginning —

> "'In a small chamber friendless and unseen,
> Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
> The place was dark, unfurnitured, and mean;
> Yet there the freedom of a race began.'

"The year 1848 was especially prolific, the output embracing 'The Fable for Critics'; 'The Biglow Papers' in book form, with the unique introductory matter — 'Notices of an Independent Press,' and Parson Wilbur's 'Introduction'; and the narrative poem of 'The Vision of Sir Launfal.' The 'Fable' was a New Year's gift to his friend Charles F. Briggs, Lowell retaining only the copyright. He declined even to 'share the profits,' as Briggs suggested. 'I wish they might

be a thousand dollars with all my heart, but I do not think that they will be more than enough to buy something for my little niece [Briggs's daughter] there in New York,' he wrote. As it turned out, however, they were quite beyond his expectations, for the 'Fable' proved to be one of the most popular things he had written. It was composed rapidly, — 'slapdash,' was Lowell's expression, — and sent over to Briggs in sections as written. It was published anonymously, and stirred up the critics considerably.

"In the collected 'Biglow Papers' the first draft of 'The Courtin'' made its first appearance —

> "'Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
> An' peeked in thru the winder,
> An' there sot Huldy all alone,
> 'ith no one nigh to hender.'—

and so on. The story of its composition shows not only how literary workers are often 'inspired' to their cleverest things, but also Lowell's facility. He tells it in this wise. While the introductory matter was going through the press he received word from the printer that there was a blank page left which must be filled. He sat down at once and improvised another fictitious 'notice of the press,' in which 'because verse would fill up the space more cheaply than prose' he inserted an extract from a supposed ballad of Mr. Biglow. He kept no copy of it, and the printer, as directed, cut it off when the gap was filled. After the publication of the volume he received letters asking for the rest of it. He had none, but to answer such demands, he patched a conclusion on it in a second edition. Afterward, during the Civil War, being asked to write it out as an autograph for a Sanitary Commission Fair in Baltimore, he added other verses, into some of which he 'infused a little more sentiment in a homely way,' and completed it by 'sketching in the characters and making a connected story.'

"The 'Sir Launfal' had a flattering reception. But no

part of it was so widely copied as the stanzas on June. Everybody is familiar with the lines —

> "'And what is so rare as a day in June?
> Then, if ever, come perfect days;
> Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
> And over it softly her warm ear lays:' —

"It was planned that the next volume should be 'The Nooning,' on the 'Canterbury Tales' plan. The scheme was to bring together at Elmwood a party of old friends, who were to go to the river to bathe, and then, at the suggestion of one of them, go up into a great willow tree, which stood at the end of the causey near the house, and had seats in it, to take their nooning. There they were to agree that each should tell a story or recite a poem. In the tree they were to find a countryman already resting himself, who should enter into the plan and tell a humorous tale with 'touches of Yankee character and habits in it.' Lowell, as the host, was to read his poem of the 'Voyage of Leif to Vinland.' Two of the poems were already written — 'The Fountain of Youth' and an 'Address to the Muse,' to be offered by the Transcendentalist of the party. But the plan was never carried out, although seventeen years afterward the dropped thread was taken up, and more matter written. Several poems intended for it, however, were published separately. Of these the 'Voyage to Vinland,' 'The Fountain of Youth,' 'Pictures from Appledore,' from which we quoted at the Isles of Shoals, and the 'June Idyl,' appear in 'Under the Willows,' the 'June Idyl' without its title, as the 'forefront' of the volume.

"In 1851–'52 Lowell made his first visit to Europe, one of the results of which was his 'Leaves from my Journal in Italy and Elsewhere.' A saddening shadow on this journey was the death of his only boy, Walter, in Rome, and the grave decline of his wife's health. A twelvemonth after their return to Elmwood she died. Of their four children only one was left — Mabel, who in after years became Mrs. Burnett, the mother

of his four grandchildren. Like Longfellow, after the loss of his wife, Lowell sought distraction in work.

"The autumn of 1854 was devoted to the writing of his series of twelve lectures on the English Poets, for the Lowell Institute course in Boston. No such discourses had to that time been heard in America, and they added greatly to his reputation as critic, scholar, and poet. The following January he was appointed to succeed Longfellow in the chair of 'French and Spanish Languages and Literatures and Belles-Lettres' in the university. Thereupon he went to Europe again for special studies, as his predecessors had done. Returning after an absence of a year, he took up his new duties, and held the professorship for twenty years.

"This period was marked by the editorship of the *Atlantic* for about four years from its start in the autumn of 1857; his joint editorship with Norton of the *North American* for about two years, the two editors making it the organ of the best contemporary thought of the country; the revival of 'The Biglow Papers' in the Civil War period; and his poems of the war, beginning with 'The Washers of the Shroud' and culminating with the 'Commemoration Ode' at Harvard at the end of the conflict, with the sublime closing stanza well worth cherishing in the memory:

"'Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!
Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet

Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!'

"During the second year of his professorship Lowell married Miss Frances Dunlap; and toward the close of the college service they were in Europe two years, whence he sent his beautiful Eulogy on Agassiz, written in Rome.

"The 'Commemoration Ode' when its composition was actually begun, dangerously near the time for its delivery, was written with extraordinary rapidity. 'Till within two days of the celebration,' Lowell wrote in one of his letters, 'I was hopelessly dumb, and then it all came with a rush.' In another letter, written twenty years after, he repeats that it was an improvisation, and tells this incident of Professor Child's cheery indorsement of it. He had sat up all night writing it out clear, and on the morning of the day it was due he took it to Child, — to whom two days before he had declared that it was impossible, that he was dull as a doormat. 'I have something,' he said, 'but don't know yet what it is or whether it will do. Look at it and tell me.' Child went a little way apart with it under an elm tree in the College Yard, and read a passage here and there. Then he brought it back to the waiting poet and said, 'Do? I should think so! Don't you be scared!'

"The years 1877–'85 covered Lowell's public service as United States minister first to Spain, then to England. He accepted the Spanish mission, after declining the posts at Vienna and Berlin. His appointment to the English mission came upon him unexpectedly, while at Madrid. None of his literary predecessors in similar positions gave higher distinction to them. He was no diplomat, in the political sense, but he was ever the representative of the highest type of Americanism, and of the ripest culture of the country. His literary

activity during this time was slight as compared with that of the previous decade. Its richest fruits were his various scholarly addresses in England, which are collected in his 'Literary and Political Addresses.' The volume of 'Last Poems,' edited by Norton, was published soon after his death.

Cambridge, 7th July. 1895.

Dear Sir,

I have already promised my poem to the Atlantic. But I could not at any rate give a copy in advance for I need every moment before Saturday for revision

Yours truly

J. R. Lowell

FACSIMILE OF LOWELL'S' MANUSCRIPT.

"Lowell's last years glided by very quietly. For a while his winters were spent in England, and his summers at his daughter's home in Southborough, — a charmingly unadulterated New England village, 'and with as lovely landscapes as I

ever saw,' he wrote his English friends. At length he renewed his life here at Elmwood, with his daughter and her children: his second wife had died in England, in 1885. Returning to Elmwood he felt, so he wrote, 'as if Charon had ferried me the wrong way, and yet it is into a world of ghosts that he has brought me.' But this, as always, was his only real home. He wrote a friend who wished him to come to Washington to live, 'I have but one home . . . and that is the house where I was born, and where, if it shall please God, I hope to die; I shouldn't be happy anywhere else.'

"Here he died as he wished, his death occurring on the 12th of August, 1891, after an illness of a year. His funeral was at Appleton Chapel, in the College Yard. The pall-bearers were all his cherished friends, — President Eliot of the University, Norton, Child, John Bartlett, Christopher P. Cranch, the poet-painter, Dr. Holmes, John Holmes, George William Curtis, and Howells. As the simple procession made its slow way from the Chapel to Mount Auburn, all the bells of the city tolled. He was buried in the spot of his own selection, almost in sight of the old study windows of Elmwood, at the foot of the ridge upon the brow of which Longfellow rests."

With this picture of Lowell among his books by his English friend Leslie Stephen, our Elmwood visit ended: —

"All around us were the crowded bookshelves, whose appearance showed them to be the companions of the true literary workman, not of the mere dilettanti or fancy bibliographer. Their ragged bindings, and thumbed pages scored with frequent pencil marks, implied that they were a student's tools, not mere ornamental playthings. He would sit among his books, pipe in mouth, a book in hand, hour after hour. Or he would look from his 'study windows' and dwell lovingly upon the beauties of the American elm, or the gambols of the gray squirrel on his lawn. . . . To see Lowell in his home and the home of his father, was to realize more distinctly what is indeed plain enough in all his books, how deeply he had struck his roots into his native earth. Cosmopolitan as he was in knowledge, with the literature not only of England but of France and Italy at

his fingers' ends, the genuine Yankee, the Hosea Biglow, was never far below the surface. No stay-at-home Englishman of an older generation, buried in some country corner, in an ancestral mansion, and steeped to the lips in old-world creeds, could have been more thoroughly racy of the soil."

Since a remnant of the day was left, and we would have no better opportunity, I suggested a drive to Arlington, the home of John T. Trowbridge (born in Ogden, N. Y., 1827—), story

HOUSE OF J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

writer and poet, whose "Neighbor Jackwood" was a household friend through a generation. The suggestion was agreeable, and accordingly we lost no time in engaging a road wagon and driver. We could have made the little journey by trolley lines; but the drive was preferable, since it enabled us to select our route along byways.

We found Trowbridge's home on Pleasant Street, — an elm-arched thoroughfare well named, — backing upon the pretty lakelet which still clings to its old-time name of Spy Pond. His comfortable estate occupies historic as well as

picturesque ground: "for here it was," I observed, "as tradition tells (a well authenticated, not an apocryphal tale, Trowbridge pronounces), that those fleeing British soldiers on the Nineteenth of April, 1775, surrendered to old 'Mother Batherick,' who had been peacefully digging dandelions, unmindful of the unwonted happenings on the high road; and who upon delivering them up, charged them, if they ever got back to England alive, to 'tell King George that an old woman of Menotomy took six of his grenadiers prisoners'; " — all of which was related during our historic pilgrimage to these parts and Lexington and Concord beyond, as Percy remembered.

We passed up to the house, — a red painted house, with roomy piazzas, set back from the road in a frame of trees, — and were cordially received by my long-time friend. Percy found the study a cosy apartment on the second floor, cheerful with books and pictures and comfortable furnishings, and with windows opening upon inspiriting views. By a window overlooking the pond was the desk at which Mr. Trowbridge has written most of the stories that have made him so beloved by young folk, and the poems that rank him with our best New England poets; for this house, Percy was informed, has been his home during more than a third of a century.

The period included Trowbridge's editorship of *Our Young Folks' Magazine*, with Lucy Larcom and "Gail Hamilton," when this study was the real editor's sanctum, the formal office being in Boston. Here were written "Jack Hazard," which first ran as a serial in *Our Young Folks*, "A Chance for Himself," "Doing His Best," "Lawrence's Adventures," "The Young Surveyor," "The Tide Mill Stories," and so on, several of which Percy had read. The poems of this period are collected in Mr. Trowbridge's various volumes of verse. The initial lyric of his first volume — "The Vagabonds," — which has become classic, was of an earlier date. That first appeared in the fifties. It has been recited on the platform or stage

hundreds of times. Percy knew it, he said, and in proof repeated the first two verses:

> "We are two travelers, Roger and I.
> Roger's my dog. — Come here, you scamp!
> Jump for the gentleman, — mind your eye
> Over the table, — look out for the lamp! —
> The rogue is growing a little old;
> Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
> And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
> And ate and drank — and starved — together.
>
> We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
> A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
> A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
> The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
> Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
> (This out-door business is bad for strings),
> Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
> And Roger and I set up for kings."

"Neighbor Jackwood," Percy learned, also dates from the fifties. It preceded "The Vagabonds." It was written in France at Passy, then a little suburb of Paris, during Mr. Trowbridge's first visit to Europe in 1855. "He wrote the novel," I remarked, "as he once expressed it, between two lives in the greatest possible contrast to each other — one with friends in the atmosphere of the brilliant metropolis, and the other in the plain Vermont farmhouse in which the scene of it was set. It was published upon his return home, in 1856. Soon afterward he wrote the play founded upon it, which started on its long career at the Boston Museum in 1857.

"'Neighbor Jackwood' was Mr. Trowbridge's third novel. 'Martin Merrivale: His + Mark' preceded it by about two years. That was his first notable success in fiction. His first book, 'Father Brighthopes,' of pleasant memory, was well received, however, and disclosed the talent that was in him. Before its publication he had written and published numerous stories and sketches, under the pen-name of 'Paul Creyton';

had edited a story paper; and had enjoyed a brief experience as a sub-editor of a newspaper, which he nearly killed during his chief's absence in Washington by publishing a brave editorial against the Fugitive Slave Law. The story 'Coupon Bonds,' and the novel of 'Cudjo's Cave,' both popular though in different fields, were of the Civil War period."

With a reference to Mr. Trowbridge's fine poem "The Winnower," published in the autumn of 1899, fitly celebrating his seventy-second birthday, our call to this poet's home ended. On the way to the station, where we were to take a return train to Boston, I spoke of Mr. Trowbridge's early life, telling of his birth in a log house on a little clearing in the woods where now is the town of Ogden, New York, to which his parents had moved from New England; of his boyhood on the farm, passed in farm duties with scant schooling at the district school; of his passion for books, which he procured from a neighboring town library; of his "den" in an unused part of the house where all his spare time he lived with his dreams and his books; of his teaching himself French, Latin, and German, while following the plow, through the "noonings," and in the leisure hours; of his one term in a classical school; of his service as a country school teacher; of his boyish writings; of the thrill with which he saw his first poem in print, lines on "The Tomb of Napoleon," written when he was sixteen.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

"His manner of work," I concluded, "has always been methodical. His custom has been to write regularly through the forenoon hours. His poems have generally been first thought out in the open air during long walks or shorter strolls. His most profitable work has been his contributions to juvenile literature. He once said, 'While I might perhaps be able to secure bread from the sale of my poems, it is from the profits of my boys' stories that I afford butter and jam.'"

XIX.

SUDBURY AND CONCORD.

The Wayside Inn. — Longfellow's Picture in the "Tales." — Story of the poem. — The Wadsworth Monument. — Homes of "the Concord Group." — Thoreau and his haunts. — The poet Channing. — "Aunt Mary Emerson" and Thoreau's mother. — The Hut at Walden. — Frank B. Sanborn and his work. — The Concord Library. — Birthplace of the brothers Hoar. — Emerson in Concord. — The Alcotts and their homes. — Story of a remarkable family. — Bronson Alcott's unique career. — Louisa Alcott's achievements. — The Concord School of Philosophy. — Hawthorne at "The Wayside." — Scenes of his later romances. — His "Walk" on the Ridge. — His earlier life at the Old Manse.

THE "Wayside Inn" at Sudbury, and literary Concord, were next on our schedule. Taking an early morning train for South Sudbury, twenty miles from Boston, we reached the little Wayside Inn station in the woods when the forenoon was yet young. Before leaving the city we had telephoned the landlord of the Inn to have a carriage meet us here, and accordingly we found awaiting us a smart trap with a fresh-faced driver. The ride over of about a mile and a half along a country road, through sweet-scented woods and bush, and upon high land with off-spreading pastoral landscapes, was exhilarating. A final turn brought us on the highway, in the old days the traveled thoroughfare between eastern and western Massachusetts, but now indeed a "region of repose"; and off to the left the Inn first appeared to our view in its picturesque setting, "just as Longfellow sketched it," Percy exclaimed —

"'A place of slumber and of dreams
Remote among the wooded hills.'"

My young friend had evidently been "coaching" for this trip, and had memorized quotable lines from the poem. As we drove up to the porch, the landlord, quite as in the old way, appeared at the door, and gave us welcome. For, as I had explained to Percy on the drive over, the Inn has been restored

THE WAYSIDE INN.

in recent years, and, equipped in harmony with its colonial fashion, reopened to guests as an antique hostelry.

We found the interior, though freshened and furbished, retaining most of its ancient finish and features. Here was the public parlor, large and low, where sat the group of friends as Longfellow pictured —

> "Around the fireside at their ease
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Who from the far off noisy town
> Had to the Wayside Inn come down
> To rest beneath its old oak trees:" —

with each his tale to tell. Here were the old tap-room, with its lattice guard above the counter; the low-browed dining-room, and the ample kitchen. Above the "stairways worn" were the chambers with their "creaking and uneven floors." Here were the rooms which had been occupied by many an important guest in provincial days when this was the Red Horse Tavern, far famed, patronized by the processions of travelers along the great road by stage-coach, or in their own

OLD DINING-ROOM, WAYSIDE INN.

equipages, some with postilions and out-riders. From the windows we looked down upon the picket line of ancient oaks on either side of the road eastward, beneath which, as the local historian relates, "Washington and his retinue passed, and perhaps Wadsworth and Brocklebank when they sped in haste to relieve Sudbury" in King Philip's War of 1675; and where "soldiers to Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and the various expeditions to the west and south in the Revolutionary and French and Indian wars," halted in their march for rest and refreshment at the tavern.

Although it was early in the day, we followed the custom of the place and took luncheon in the quaint dining-room; and while at table we talked of Longfellow's conception of his "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and the men and scenes it depicts.

"The idea of making this Inn the setting of a poem after the manner of the 'Canterbury Tales,'" I began, "was suggested to Longfellow, perhaps, by hearing of its unique attrac-

OLD TAPROOM, WAYSIDE INN.

tions and serene surroundings from his friends Professors Daniel Treadwell and Luigi Monti of Cambridge, and the poet T. W. Parsons, who had been in the habit of spending the summer months here in the waning days of Landlord Howe, the last of a family who had kept the tavern for more than a century. His own first visit to Sudbury was not until after he had begun the work. This visit was on an Indian summer day in 1862, when he drove out with James T. Fields. The house was no longer an inn, the last Landlord Howe having

died a year before. They were shown over the place by a kinswoman of his, and elsewhere saw the coat-of-arms of the Howes, and the old clock, mentioned in the poem. Subsequently the verses written on one of the parlor window-panes were copied and sent to the poet: —

"'The jovial rhymes that still remain,
Writ near a century ago
By the great Major Molineux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.'

"These 'jovial rhymes' read;

"'What do you think,
Here is good drink,
Perhaps you may not know it,
If not in haste do stop and taste
You merry folks will show it.

WM. MOLINEUX, JR., ESQ.

24th June 1774. Boston.'

"The pleasant allusion to 'My Kinsman, Major Molineux,' drew from Hawthorne, upon the publication of the poem, a graceful note to Longfellow, in which he expressed his gratification at finding his own name shining in the poet's verses,— 'even as if I had been gazing up at the moon, and detected my own features in its profile.'

"The group of friends who tell and listen to the 'Tales' were all real characters. Lyman Howe, the last of his line and a bachelor, was 'The Landlord':

"'Grave in his aspect and attire;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as the Squire.

. . . . . .

His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colors blazed;

. . . . . .

And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore
In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight.'

"Henry Ware Wales, of Cambridge, a scholar of promise who died young, was 'The Student':

"'To whom all tongues and lands were known
And yet a lover of his own;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude;
A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced,
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.'

"Luigi Monti, a Palermo refugee, instructor in Italian at Harvard, was 'The young Sicilian':

"'In sight of Etna born and bred,
Some breath of its volcanic air
Was glowing in his heart and brain.
. . . . . .
His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light;
His hands were small; his teeth shone white
As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke;
His sinews supple and strong as oak;
Clean shaven was he as a priest,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
Save that upon his upper lip
His beard, a good palm's length at least,
Level and pointed at the tip,
Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.'

"Israel Edrehi, a merchant, was 'The Spanish Jew from Alicant':

"'Vender of silks and fabrics rare,
And attar of rose from the Levant.
Like an old Patriarch he appeared,
Abraham or Isaac, or at least

Some later Prophet or High-Priest;
With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,
And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,
The tumbling cataract of his beard.'

"The 'Theologian,' who

"'. . . preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need:—'

was Professor Treadwell, the Physicist of Harvard.

"The 'Poet' whose verse

"'Was tender, musical, and terse;
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,
Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream,—

was Dr. Parsons.

"Last, 'The Musician'—

"'Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed;'—

was Ole Bull.

"The tavern dates from near the beginning of the eighteenth century, quite as the poet describes:

"'Built in the old Colonial day
When men lived in a grander way
With ampler hospitality.'

"The Howes who erected it were a family of consequence in the town, and became innkeepers upon the loss of their fortune. The sign of the 'Red Horse' was put out by Colonel Ezekiel Howe, 'The Landlord's' grandsire of Revolutionary fame. Upon his death, in 1796, his son Adam succeeded him, and kept the Inn for forty years; when he died his son Lyman became 'The Landlord,' and so continued until his death in 1861. He died suddenly, found dead in his bed one morning by his long-time faithful negro servant, 'Pete.'

"The scenes about the tavern in ante-railroad days are pleasantly pictured by the historian of Sudbury:

"'It was largely patronized by the up-country marketers, who, by their frequent coming and going, with their large, canvas-topped wagons, made the highway . . . look like the outlet of a busy mart. Stages also enlivened the scene. The sound of the post-horn, as it announced the near approach of the coach, was the signal for the hostler and housemaid to prepare refreshment for man and beast. In short, few country taverns were better situated than this to gain patronage in the days when few towns of the province were better known than old Sudbury.'"

Again taking carriage, we were driven over to the town center of Sudbury, there to take train for Concord. This way, rather than by South Sudbury, was selected that we might make a visit in passing to the site of the Sudbury fight in King Philip's War, or the place on Green Hill where Wadsworth and Brocklebank with most of their command fell on an April morning, caught by the Indians in ambush. Captain Wadsworth, Percy was told, was a son of Christopher Wadsworth, of Duxbury, the common ancestor of the Massachusetts and Maine Wadsworths, from whom came Longfellow's mother. He was the father of the Rev. Benjamin Wadsworth, president of Harvard College from 1725 till his death in 1734, for whom was built the old President's House, now known as the "Wadsworth House," on the college grounds at Cambridge. Captain Wadsworth lived in Milton, near Boston, on Wadsworth Hill, named for him, in the

Blue Hills region (which embraces Aldrich's "Ponkapog," I reminded Percy); and he had marched his command from that town to the relief of Sudbury. President Wadsworth was born on Wadsworth Hill.

WADSWORTH MONUMENT.

We reached the point where the action took place about a mile south of the village center. It is within an old burying ground, the central feature of which is the granite monument to Wadsworth and his soldiers,—some distance from the place of their original burial, in a common grave. This monument, we saw, was erected by the State of Massachusetts, half a century ago; it is in place of a simpler one set up by President Wadsworth about 1730.

It was a short railroad ride from Sudbury to Concord Junction, and thence to the Concord station on the Fitchburg line. This station is on a side of the town which we had not visited on our historic pilgrimage to Concord, and so the approach was altogether new to Percy. Very soon, too, we came upon landmarks not seen on that previous visit. The first street which we entered, in the direction of Main Street, the way to the village center, indicated neighboring literary landmarks, for this

was Thoreau Street. And true to the indication, when we turned the corner into Main Street, a plain, yellow house, secluded by a hedge of trees, was pointed out to Percy as the "Thoreau house," home of Henry David Thoreau (born in Concord, 1817 — died there, 1862).

Here, he was told, Thoreau lived during the last twelve years of his life; and here he died of consumption, the result of exposure on a bleak November day a year and a half before, when tramping through the woods in the snow "counting the rings on trees." On the opposite side of the street earlier lived Thoreau's rare companion and first biographer, William Ellery Channing (born 1818 — died 1902), a nephew of the "great" Channing, himself a poet, whose wife was Margaret Fuller's sister. Channing's was a house with a garden sloping to the river. At the foot of this garden, under a group of trees, Thoreau moored his boat, and thence started on his river voyages. In this same part of the town is the present home of Thoreau's later biographer and literary executor, Franklin B. Sanborn (born in Hampton Falls, N.H., 1831 —), the last remaining of the "Concord group" who gave this town its unique distinction. Thoreau's birthplace was a mile or more beyond the village, to the eastward, in country parts. That was the home of his maternal grandmother: a typical New England farmhouse, standing on the old "Virginia road," a back way to Lexington. Before the family came to this Main-Street house they had lived for a long time in a little house on the village square. Thoreau's "hermitage" was on the shore of Walden Pond a mile and more to the southward of the village, in a piece of woodland belonging to Emerson; and devotees of the poet-naturalist have marked its site by a cairn.

"Thoreau," I remarked, after thus enumerating his landmarks, "was the only one of the 'Concord group' of Concord birth. He was of a family, as Sanborn shows, settled in Concord a hundred years ago. His grandfather Thoreau, of French descent, came from the island of Jersey to New Eng-

land in 1773, and a few years after married in Boston a Scotchwoman. He moved his family to this town in the year 1800, after his wife's death, and the next year he died, of consumption, in his home on the village square. Thoreau's father was a store-keeper, then a pencil-maker, pencil-making being at one time quite an industry in Concord; and this was the family occupation till after Thoreau's death, his sister Sophia continuing it for some years. Sanborn describes the father as a 'small, deaf, and unobtrusive man,' leading a 'plodding, unambitious, and respectable life.' The mother was a daughter of a New England clergyman, an active body, and 'one of the most unceasing talkers ever seen in Concord.' She was fond of dress, and had a weakness for ribbons, apropos of which Sanborn relates this droll anecdote, illustrative also of Concord frankness: One day in 1857, when Mrs. Thoreau was seventy years old, she called with her daughter Sophia upon Miss Mary Emerson (the austere aunt of Ralph Waldo Emerson), who was then eighty-four, wearing bonnet ribbons of a good length and of a bright color, — perhaps yellow. During the entire call Miss Emerson kept her eyes shut. As Mrs. Thoreau and her daughter rose to go the little old lady said, 'Perhaps you noticed, Mrs. Thoreau, that I closed my eyes during your call. I did so because I did not wish to look on the ribbons you are wearing, so unsuitable for a child of God and a person of your years!'

"After his return from college, Thoreau held fast to Concord, with the exception of a few months (in 1843) spent at Staten Island, New York, as tutor of the sons of William Emerson, Ralph Waldo's brother, and his absences on long walking excursions. No Concordian was more intimately associated with the town. He fitted for Harvard at the 'Concord Academy' (now extinct), and afterward taught in the academy. He attended lectures at the 'Concord Lyceum' when a boy, and himself lectured there in the regular winter courses almost every season for twenty years, beginning the year following

his graduation, which was in 1837. His acquaintance with nature about Concord was of the earliest. He knew the country, Emerson has said, 'like a fox or a bird, and passed through it as freely by paths of his own.' When on his walks as Emerson pictured him: —

"'Under his arm he carried an old music-book to press plants; in his pocket his diary and pencil, a spy-glass for birds, microscope, jack-knife, and twine. He wore straw hat, stout shoes, strong gray trousers, to brave scrub-oaks and smilax, and to climb a tree for a hawk's or squirrel's nest. He waded into the pool for the water-plants, and his strong legs were no insignificant part of his armor. His intimacy with animals suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler the apiologist, "that either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him." Snakes coiled round his leg, the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water. He pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters.'

"In these explorations, and also in his extended foot-journeys among the mountains and along the seashore of New England, Sanborn tells us, 'his habits were those of the experienced hunter, though he seldom used a gun in his years of manhood.' On this point he himself wrote in 'Walden': 'As for fowling, during the last years that I carried a gun my excuse was that I was studying ornithology, and sought only new or rare birds. But I am now inclined to think there is a finer way of studying ornithology than this. It requires so much closer attention to the habits of the birds that, if for that reason only, I have been willing to omit the gun.' 'He knew how,' said Emerson, 'to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish, which had retired from him, should come back and resume its habits, — nay, moved by curiosity, should come to him and watch him.'

"Thoreau's close relations with Emerson began the year of his return from college, and continued lifelong. For two years, from 1841 to 1843, he was an inmate of Emerson's household, managing the garden and doing other hand-work for his friend, as Sanborn states; and again in 1847–'48 he

had charge of the household affairs during Emerson's absence in England. His earlier publications, apparently, were under Emerson's direction.

"He contributed to nearly every number of the *Dial*, both verses and essays written originally in his 'journal,' which he began keeping in 1837 and continued to the end of his days. His 'Walk to Wachusett' first appeared in the *Boston Miscellany* in 1843. The 'Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers' was his first book published; portions of it having been first printed in the *Dial*. The editing of this book was his principal occupation during his life in the hermitage on the Walden shore. It was not brought out, however, till 1849, some months after he had left the hut. It was published at his own expense, and involved him in debt which took the labors of several years to cancel. It was to earn money to meet these costs that he became a surveyor. The book did not sell, but he took its failure philosophically. When more than half of the edition of one thousand copies came back to him unsold, he said gayly to his friend Sanborn that he had added seven hundred volumes to his library, all of his own composition!

"'Walden,' published in 1854, was a record of the life at the hermitage, or, as Channing puts it, the log-book of the woodland cruise. This hermit's life covered about two years and a half, from the summer of 1845. The hut was a plain and comfortable affair of lumber hewn by Thoreau from Emerson's woods. It was convenient, says Channing, for shelter, sleep, and meditation. 'It had no lock on the door, no curtain to the window, and belonged to nature nearly as much as to man.' Thoreau's life here was not the life of a misanthrope; nor was it that of a world-hating recluse. He came to the woods, he said, because he wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if he could not learn what it had to teach; also to 'transact some private business with the fewest obstacles.' This private business was his

studies and his writings; when it was completed he abandoned his hut. He was strong in his convictions and uncompromising. He cheerfully spent a night in jail for refusing to pay his tax to the town tax-gatherer, because it 'went to support slavery in South Carolina.'

"Thoreau's fame came after his death. During his life only a small world knew him, and his income from authorship was

HOUSE OF FRANK B. SANBORN.

not half enough in most years, Sanborn estimates, to supply even his few wants. With the publication of his 'Excursions' the year following his death, 'The Maine Woods' in 1864, 'Cape Cod' in 1865, 'A Yankee in Canada' in 1866, and the later Thoreau books, his name became known in widening circles, and his unique place in American literature was at length established."

This Main-Street house, I added, as we turned to our next subject, became in later years the last Concord home of the Alcotts. It was purchased by the eldest daughter, Anna Bronson (Alcott) Pratt, and Louisa. Here Mrs. Alcott, the

mother, died; and here Bronson Alcott spent his declining years.

Our next subject was naturally Thoreau's friend Sanborn, whose house I had said is near by. We came to it a few rods off Main Street, on Elm Street, by a bend of Sudbury River. In its architecture and setting, — a red house, large and symmetrical, vine-clad and umbrageous, — it has, like its master, an air and aspect which distinguishes it among its fellows, and arrests the passer's eye. Within, the best room is the work-room, the author-journalist's study packed with books. Here were written the biographies of Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott, and of John Brown of Osawatomie.

"Mr. Sanborn's Concord life," I related in answering Percy's questions, "began immediately after his graduation from Harvard in 1855, when he came here, at Emerson's suggestion, to open a private school in the higher branches. He took rooms first in Channing's house across the way from Thoreau's, and soon his acquaintance with Thoreau, begun when he was in college, — through the publication of a review of 'Walden' and the 'Week' in the college periodical which he was at the time editing, — ripened into a lasting friendship. For two years or more, he has told us, he dined with Thoreau almost daily, and often joined in his walks and river voyages, or swam with him in Concord waters.

"Sanborn was an accomplished and successful Concord schoolmaster, but his chief interest was centered in the anti-slavery cause, into which he threw himself with almost reckless zeal. In 1856 he was secretary of the Free Kansas Committee of Massachusetts. He took up the cause of John Brown, and was one of the handful of Massachusetts men whom Brown took into his confidence when planning the raid on Harper's Ferry in 1859. It was at his house that Brown spent a portion of his last day in Concord, and thence started off at noon for the fatal Virginia campaign. In April of the following year Sanborn was summoned by the United States

Senate to appear before its committee to testify, as a possible accessory before the fact in that raid. He refused to go, and a deputy marshal with assistants appeared to arrest the Concord schoolmaster. By a ruse they got him outside his house, and, handcuffing him, would have carried him off in a waiting carriage, had not his sister attacked them and their team, and by her outcries summoned a crowd of infuriated townspeople to his defense. A writ of *habeas corpus* quickly issued by his neighbor Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, brought him before the Massachusetts Supreme Court at Boston, and he was released on the ground that the warrant was not served by the person to whom it was directed, — the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate. When he came back to town he was received with a salute of cannon, and a public meeting at which T. W. Higginson, one of his associates in Brown's confidence, and others, made congratulatory remarks.

Yours sincerely
F. B. Sanborn
Concord, Nov. 11, 1882.

F. B. SANBORN.

"Besides his literary and journalistic work Mr. Sanborn has contributed much to the advancement of State charities and prison reform, upon which his writings in reports and other papers are voluminous. He was one of the founders of the American Social Science Association in whose development he has had a constantly leading hand. He was a founder, also, if not the chief instigator of that unique

institution, the Concord School of Philosophy, which flourished, largely through his skillful conduct of its affairs as secretary, for the decade between 1878 and 1888. He was one of the lecturers before the school; and he has lectured on learned topics at Cornell and Wellesley colleges. His journalistic work has appeared in the editorship of a political and literary journal in Boston, — the *Commonwealth*, — during the latter part of the Civil War, and in the independent Springfield *Republican* for upward of thirty years. He wields a bold and pungent pen."

Returning to Main Street we strolled on toward the village center, passing, about an eighth of a mile beyond, the Public Library embellished within with portraits and busts of Concord authors; and nearly opposite, the old mansion house of that good and beloved citizen of Massachusetts "Squire" Samuel Hoar (born 1778 — died 1856), in which were born his eminent sons, Judge E. Rockwood Hoar (born 1816 — died 1895), and United States Senator George F. Hoar (born 1826 —).

From the center, where Percy felt at home since he recalled its historic features over which we had lingered when here before, we proceeded at once to the Emerson house. At the turn from the square to the old Boston, or Lexington, road, he noticed a new structure in place of the historic church behind the tablet near the site of the meeting-house in which the Provincial Congress sat; and I told of the burning of the old church in April, 1900; adding a word of commendation of the work by the builders in faithfully reproducing the old structure, rather than creating a modern affair, which Percy heartily approved.

He was much pleased to find the Emerson place and its immediate surroundings unchanged. We passed as before through the gate and along the flagged-walk, between the groups of lofty chestnuts, to the entrance porch. The front room at the right of the long hall running through the middle

of the house, which was Emerson's principal indoor study, was as of old, pleasant with pictures and books. On the mahogany center-table still lay his pen by the side of his morocco writing-pad. On either side of the ample fire-place doors opened to the south parlor, with its old-fashioned furnishings. On the opposite side of the hall were the library room and the dining-room. Above stairs, over the study, was the room in which Emerson died. Back of the house, at the south, was the garden once so bright with old-fashioned flowers, hollyhocks, roses, and shrubs. In the distance beyond the brook and fields, lay the greater garden, — the pines on the shores of Walden, and the woodland on the farther shore running up to a rocky pinnacle, of which the poet wrote: —

> "My garden is a forest ledge
> Which older forests bound;
> The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,
> Then plunge to depths profound.
>
> Self-sown my stately garden grows;
> The wind, and wind-blown seed,
> Cold April rain and colder snows
> My hedges plant and feed."

These woodland ranges, as his son says in the affectionate memoir of "Emerson at Concord," were to him a temple visited almost daily, and "there he waited for the thoughts, the oracles, which he was sent into the world to report." The woods were his real study. Sometimes he took his note-book with him, but more often he carried in his mind the thoughts which came to him there, till he had returned to the house study and recorded them in his journal. "Even in the winter storms," Dr. Emerson, the son, adds, "he was no stranger to the woods, and the early journals show that he liked to walk alone at night for the inspiration he ever found in the stars."

These details were imparted to Percy as we strolled about

the place after our call. Then we reviewed Emerson's life here.

"He was but a year past thirty," I said, "when he established himself permanently here in Concord, the home of his ancestors. This was in the autumn of 1835, after having boarded some time at the old Manse with his step-grandfather's family. He had just married Miss Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth, his second wife, and their wedding journey had been the ride up from Plymouth to the new home the day after the nuptials, in the chaise in which he had driven down from Concord, alone, on the wedding-day.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1845.

"He had closed his career as a minister because of the unreadiness of the churches to accept his conditions that public prayer in the pulpit should not be expected of him as a regular act of devotion, but only when he was moved to it; and that the form of the Communion service be modified. He had already begun the work of the lecturer in the larger and freer field, which he followed with scarcely a season's interruption for nearly half a century. He had written his first book, 'Nature,' the year before, and had fully entered upon the scholar's life. He had spoken as the orator of the town at its celebrations. He had spent nearly a year in Europe (1832-'33), whither he went to 'see in the flesh' Coleridge, Wordsworth, and others whose works he had hung over in his chamber at home, but most especially to seek out Thomas

Carlyle among the Scottish moors, inspired to this pilgrimage by reading in English reviews the writings of that man of letters, — then new and slightly recognized.

"This was a genuine scholar's pilgrimage, and from it sprung the ardent friendship between these two original characters which lasted to the end of their lives. Upon his return home ensued their life-long, intimate correspondence which fills two thick volumes. Emerson welcomed and introduced Carlyle's works to America before they had become much known in England. He repeatedly urged Carlyle to visit the United States, and to come and live with him at this Concord home. Soon after he and his wife had become settled here he wrote: 'The house is not large, but convenient and very elastic. The more hearts (specially great hearts) it holds, the better it looks and feels. . . . So know now that your rooms in America wait for you, and that my wife is making ready a closet for Mrs. Carlyle.' Fourteen years after their first meeting they met for the second and last time, when Emerson went to England to lecture in 1847. Immediately upon his landing he hastened to the Carlyles' house, then in Chelsea, reaching it at ten at night. 'The door was opened by Jane Carlyle,' his journal records, 'and the man himself was behind her with a lamp in the hall. They were very little changed from their old selves of the year before when I left them at Craigenputtock. "Well," said Carlyle, "here we are shoveled together again."' They had a 'wide talk' that night till nearly one, and at breakfast next morning.

"Emerson chose this spot for his home because of its closeness to the stage route to Boston (it was before the first railroad was cut through the country town), whither he had to journey to his lecture engagements; and because of its retired and rural situation, on the edge of the village, backed by the meadows and the distant woodland ranges of Walden. The estate included the house, newly built, and two acres of land. He soon enlarged it by the purchase of the grove of pines extending to

the pond, and the woodland tract with its rocky pinnacle on the farther shore. He never regretted this choice of a dwelling-place, his son says. It proved 'exactly fitted for his purpose; gave privacy and company enough, and the habit of the town favored the simple living which he valued.'

"Emerson was a good neighbor and a good citizen, holding it 'a privilege to bear his part of civic duties and neighborly relations.' He was interested in the public schools, and served for several years as a school-committee man. He fostered the Concord Athenæum, — the village reading-room open to the citizens for a small fee. He was a helpful member of the village Social Circle. He attended the town meetings, and took pleasure in watching the plain men of the town manage its affairs. He went to political meetings, 'partly for the rough training good for a scholar,' 'always as a learner, . . . but only as to details, for even his modesty did not accept the doctrine that the scholar . . . must learn his duty from the callous politician or man of affairs.' He early joined the fire association, and went 'in the neighborly fashion of those days to fires in the woods, and fought fire with his pine bough . . . side by side with his neighbors.' He liked to talk with the farmers, and with horsemen and stage-drivers whose 'racy vernacular and picturesque brag' he enjoyed 'as much as the cautious underestimate' of the former. 'On his walks he fell in with pot-hunters and fishermen, wood-choppers and drivers of cattle, and liked to exchange a few words with them, and he always observed the old-time courtesy of the road, the salutation to the passer-by, even if a stranger.' In the village 'he looked sometimes with a longing eye at the group of village worthies exchanging dry remarks round the grocery stove; but he knew it was of no use for him to tarry, for the fact that he was a scholar and clergyman would silence the oracles.'

"All of his relations to the town were pleasant. 'The people of the village felt his friendly and modest attitude to them and were always kind,' — such is his son's testimony.

When in his latter years, in the summer of 1872, his house was nearly destroyed by a fire, they showed their affection for him, and their solicitude, in countless ways. Upon his return from abroad, where generous friends had sent him with his daughter Ellen, while the house was rebuilding, they welcomed him home with a demonstration that touched the old scholar's heart. The bells of the town were joyously rung while the townspeople in a great throng greeted him as he stepped from the train, and escorted him under a triumphal arch to the restored house. 'He was greatly moved,' runs the son's brief account, 'but with characteristic modesty insisted that this was a welcome to his daughter and could not be meant for him. Although he had felt quite unable to make any speech, yet seeing his friendly townspeople, old and young in groups watching him enter his own door once more, he turned suddenly back and going to the gate said: "My friends, I know that this is not a tribute to an old man and his daughter returned to their house, but to the common blood of us all — one family — in Concord."'

"Emerson's life of forty-eight years here moved on placidly. Though dwelling apart, as his occupations required and his tastes dictated, he was never out of touch with the world. Those lines so often quoted

> "'Good-by, proud World, I'm going home;
> Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine;' —

were written in his youth, when he was a schoolmaster in his brother William's 'finishing school' for girls, in Boston; they are sometimes assumed to be his note of renunciation, but had no such significance. Through his discourses before literary societies, and his lectures in lyceums all over the country, he was brought into a contact with minds and work of all sorts of men and women, which, his son says, he highly valued.

"Most of his published work issued from this house. 'Nature' was published during his first year here. In 1837

he wrote here those immortal lines of the 'Battle Monument' dedication hymn:

> "'By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmer stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world.'

"The same year he wrote the inspiring Phi Beta Kappa oration, 'Man Thinking' (which appears in his collected works as 'The American Scholar'), with its call to the American intellect to throw off its foreign shackles and assert its intellectual freedom. The delivery of this oration at Cambridge in August made a great commotion in our then contracted literary circles. Lowell thirty years after characterized it as 'an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration.' Holmes called it 'the declaration of independence of American literature.'

"Then came Emerson's leadership in the Transcendental movement, with his declaration of the doctrine in his address before the Harvard Divinity School in 1838, which aroused a roar of criticism from the conservatives. Then the 'Transcendental Club,' evolved from 'The Symposium,' which was started in Boston shortly before by Alcott and others, developed here, and resulted in those famous gatherings in Emerson's library of the humorously termed 'Apostles of the Newness.' Meanwhile *The Dial*, mainly sustained by Emerson, and in good part edited here, ran its glowing and costly career of four years. In 1841 Emerson's second book — the first series of the 'Essays' — came out from this study; three years afterward, the second series appeared. Now the 'Concord group,' Emerson being the loadstar, had ripened, and in his library were held those 'Monday evenings,' one of which George William Curtis, then a youthful Concordian, described in this rollicking fashion," — and I read this account from Curtis's "Homes of American Authors":

"'It was in the year 1845 that a circle of persons of various ages, and differing very much in everything but sympathies, found themselves in Concord. Toward the end of the autumn Mr. Emerson suggested that they should meet every Monday evening through the winter in his library. "Monsieur Aubepine," "Miles Coverdale," and other phantoms, since generally known as Nathaniel Hawthorne, then occupied the Old Manse; the inflexible Henry Thoreau, a scholastic and pastoral Orson, then living among the blackberry-pastures of Walden Pond; Plato Skimpole [Alcott], then sublimely meditating impossible summer-houses in the little house on the Boston road; the enthusiastic agriculturist and Brook Farmer already mentioned [George Bradford], then an inmate of Emerson's house, who added the genial cultivation of a scholar to the amenities of a natural gentleman; a sturdy farmer-neighbor [Edmund Hosmer], who had bravely fought his way through inherited embarrassment to the small success of a New England husbandman; . . . two city youths [Curtis, and his brother Burrill] ready for the fragments from the feast of wit and wisdom; and the host himself composed this club. Ellery Channing, who had that winter harnessed his Pegasus to the New York *Tribune*, was a kind of corresponding member. The news of this world was to be transmitted through his eminently practical genius, and the club deemed itself competent to take charge of tidings from all other spheres.

"'I went the first evening, very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained but very amiable silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to say, "Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?" It was quite involuntary and unavoidable, for the members lacked that fluent social genius without which a club is impossible. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners upon the other. I vaguely remember that the Orphic Alcott invaded the Sahara of silence with a solemn "saying," to which, after due pause, the honorable member for Blackberry Pastures responded by some keen and graphic observation; while the Olympian host, anxious that so much material should be spun into something, beamed smiling encouragement upon all parties. But the conversation became more and more staccato. Miles Coverdale [Hawthorne], a statue of might and silence, sat, a little removed, under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturbably upon the group; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes and suit of sables made him, in that society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories, while the shifting presence of the Brook Farmer played like heat lightning around the room.

"'I recall little else but the grave eating of russet apples by the philosophers, and a solemn disappearance into the night. The club strug-

gled through three Monday evenings. Plato [Alcott] was perpetually putting apples of gold in pictures of silver; for such was the rich ore of his thought, coined by the deep melody of his voice. Orson [Thoreau] charmed us with the secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden woods; while Emerson, with the zeal of an engineer trying to dam wild waters, sought to bind the wide-flying embroidery of discourse into a web of clear good sense. . . . I have known clubs of fifty times its number whose collective genius was not more than that of either one of the Dii Majores of our Concord coterie. The fault was its too great concentration. It was not relaxation, as a club should be, but tension.'

"In 1847," I continued, "Emerson ventured his first volume of poems. Then came 'Representative Men,' in 1850, after the return from the memorable lecturing tour in England, where his fame had long been established; in 1856, 'English Traits'; in 1860, 'Conduct of Life'; in 1867, 'May Day,' the second volume of poems; 1870, 'Society and Solitude'; 1874, his selections of English poetry in 'Parnassus'; and in 1875 the final volume of his last years, 'Letters and Social Aims.' The 'Lectures and Biographical Sketches,' and the 'Miscellanies' were published after his death. Almost all of his essays were his lectures reconstructed, and the lectures were drawn from his journals in which his thoughts were first transcribed as they came, in chronological order only, but indexed.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1858.

"Of Emerson's personal appearance in his prime we have this portrait drawn from his son's description: six feet in his

shoes, and erect; neither very thin nor stout in frame; shoulders rather narrow and unusually sloping; neck long; head well poised; eyes very blue; hair dark brown; complexion clear with good color; features pronounced but refined; face very much modeled. His smile, David Macrae, the Scotchman, from whom I have before quoted, described as 'effervescing . . . into a silent laugh that runs up into his eyes and quivers at the corners of his eyebrows, like sunlight in the woods.' As

THE "ALCOTTS' ORCHARD HOUSE."

pictured by Curtis, it was a 'slow, wise smile that breaks over his face like day over the sky.'"

Our steps were now directed down the Lexington road along which we had ridden on our previous pilgrimage; and soon we were at the "Orchard House," a former home of the Alcotts, and the chapel-like buildings in the yard, set up for the

Concord School of Philosophy. These we inspected leisurely, while our talk turned upon the Alcott family.

"This Orchard House," I remarked, "was the third settled home of the Alcotts in Concord, and it is the most interesting of their numerous landmarks, — they were a wandering family. Their life here covered a longer period than anywhere else; and during this period Louisa produced the work which brought fortune with fame, enabling her to realize the ambition of her girlhood, — to bring comfort and ease to the household, through her own earnings.

"The Alcotts were a remarkable family, and the story of their life is unique in our literary annals. The father, Amos Bronson Alcott (born in Wolcott, Conn., 1799 — died in Boston, 1888), came of a Connecticut family of old English ancestry, with the surname Alcox, earlier Alcock, which he changed to the present spelling. He was an Idealist, a peripatetic philosopher; and during the larger part of his life, he delivered, for small and uncertain fees, his Sayings on lofty themes in cities and towns over the country in the form of 'Conversations,' often above the heads of his audiences. Earlier he traveled as a Connecticut pedler among plantations in the South in ante-bellum days, picking up much learning along the way in the planters' libraries. He was a schoolmaster with reform ideas, most of them excellent, but all ahead of his times, accordingly inviting criticism, some ridicule, and disaster; a reformer, ardent in every cause for humanity, and drawn to every New England 'ism' in the 'fermenting' period between the thirties and sixties; a pioneer Transcendentalist, a non-resistant, a vegetarian; an unworldly man, soaring serenely above the commercial world, incapable of earning money from his pen or his speech in ordinary way; a 'majestic soul,' Emerson, his faithful friend, called him, the only one whom the greater seer had ever met who could 'read Plato without surprise,' and upon whose tombstone he would write 'Here lies Plato's Reader.'

"The mother, Abigail (May) Alcott (born in Boston, 1800

— died in Concord, 1877), was a woman of rare character and mental powers. She was the youngest daughter of a Boston merchant and gently reared, sister of one of the most constant of the antislavery leaders, — the Rev. Samuel J. May, — and allied to sterling old New England families, on the maternal side descending from the famous Sewall family of judges. Though she published nothing, Sanborn, Alcott's biographer, gives her the credit of having been the best writer of the family, as her letters displayed. It was her encouragement and interest in Louisa's literary efforts from the start that inspired the author's best work. Her married life was full of hardship till the strain was relieved through Louisa's earnings. She did not always share her husband's theories of living; but she was ever loyal and hopeful. That pathetic little story which Louisa related in her diary, of the home-coming of the dreamy philosopher from one of his 'Conversation' tours, forlorn and almost penniless, well illustrates the mother's fine character:" — and I read from my notebook:

"'In February [1854] Father came home. [The family were then living in Boston, in the Pinckney-street house.] Paid his way, but no more. A dramatic scene when he arrived in the night. We were waked by hearing the bell. Mother flew down, crying, 'My husband!' We rushed after, and five white figures embraced the half-frozen wanderer who came in hungry, tired, cold, and disappointed, but smiling bravely and as serene as ever. We fed and warmed and brooded over him, longing to ask if he had made any money; but no one did till little May said, after he had told all the pleasant things, "Well, did the people pay you?" Then, with a queer look he opened his pocket-book and showed one dollar, saying, with a smile that made our eyes fill, "Only that! My overcoat was stolen, and I had to buy a shawl. Many promises were not kept, and traveling is costly; but I have opened the way, and another year shall do better." I shall never forget how beautifully Mother answered him, though the dear, hopeful soul had built much on his success; but with a beaming face she kissed him, saying, "I call that doing *very well.* Since you are safely home, dear, we don't ask anything more."'"

"Louisa May Alcott (born in Germantown, Pa., 1832 — died in Roxbury district, Boston, 1888) was the second of the

four daughters. She began writing when a child, and before she was through her teens she had become an industrious writer of stories. Her earliest verses were some lines 'To the First Robin,' composed when she was eight years old; her first story was published when she was sixteen, and it brought her five dollars. That story was written in this Orchard House. She had her full share of the family anxieties and hardships. At one time she kept a little school in Emerson's barn, having for pupils her playmates the Emerson children, and those of other neighbors. From sixteen to twenty-three she engaged in numerous occupations, still steadily continuing her writings. She taught children in Boston, earned money with her needle, and in domestic service. Some of these experiences were afterward detailed in her novel, 'Work.'

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
(From the Bust by F. E. Elwell, in the Missouri State University.)

"Her first book was published when she was twenty-two. This was 'Flower Fables,' a series of little tales which she had written, in her seventeenth year, for Emerson's daughter Ellen, some years her junior. It brought her thirty-two dollars, and, what was most important, the attention of publishers; so that instead of seeking, her wares were now sought. Accordingly she wrote many stories for various newspapers and periodicals through the following years; tried her hand at playwriting (she had a strong inclination to the stage, and would have become an actress

had not circumstances prevented); and began her first novel, 'Moods.'

"It was, however, not till the Civil War period that Miss Alcott obtained really wide recognition as an author; and not till 1868 that fame and fortune together came. She was then thirty-six, and had been publishing for twenty years. The wider recognition was achieved by her 'Hospital Sketches.' These were made up from her letters to the home-circle during her service as an army nurse in the Union Hospital at Georgetown, in 1862, an experience which nearly cost her her life. The fame and fortune were won by her 'Little Women.' This was founded on the family history and adventures, in which she and her sisters stood for the chief characters. 'Jo' was herself; 'Beth,' her younger sister, Elizabeth, who died just before the family moved into the Orchard House; 'Meg,' her eldest sister, Anna Bronson, who became Mrs. Pratt, and whose boys were the 'Little Men'; and 'Amy,' her youngest sister, Abby May, the artist. May married a young Swiss, M. Niericker, while pursuing her art in Paris, and died there in December, 1879; for her infant girl, left as a legacy to Louisa, the stories of 'Lulu's Library' were spun. Between the 'Hospital Sketches' and 'Little Women,' the novel 'Moods' was published; and after 'Little Women,' 'The Old Fashioned Girl.'

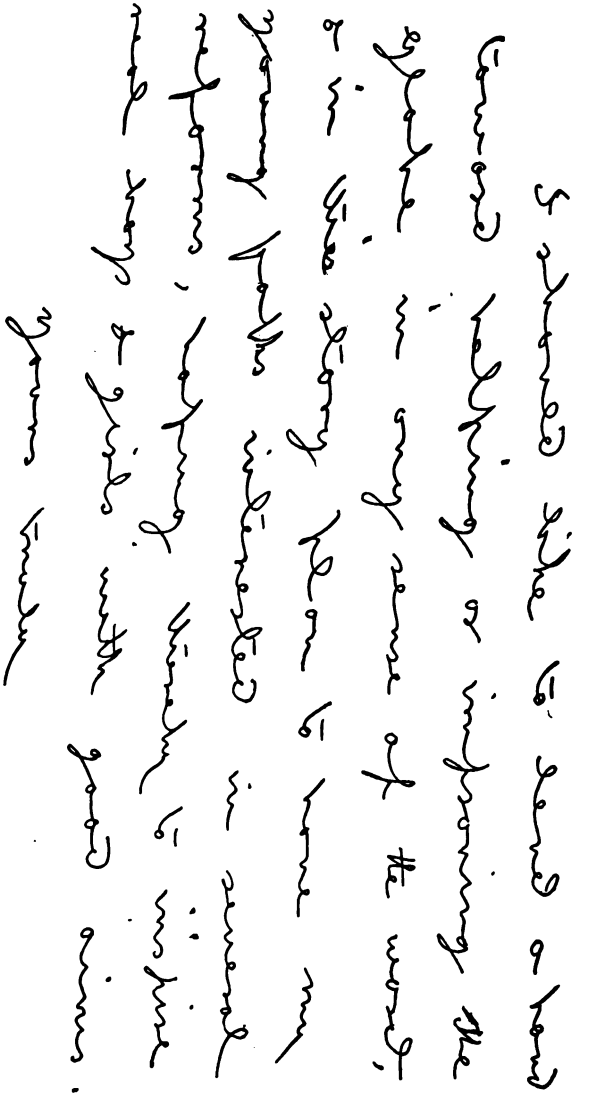
"In 1872, Miss Alcott was enabled to record in her journal, 'Twenty years ago I resolved to make the family independent if I could. At forty this is done. Debts all paid, even the outlawed ones, and we have enough to be comfortable. It has cost me my health, perhaps; but as I still live, there is more for me to do, I suppose.' Not only had this large-hearted woman cleared the family of debt and made them comfortable, but she had aided the artist-sister May to her art education, and had helped others over the rough road of professional apprenticeship. Her labors had indeed cost her her health, and she was an invalid through the remainder of her life; but her

work went on almost unceasingly to the end, and with it her benefactions.

"In 1871 'Little Men' was written — begun in Rome, when she was abroad seeking rest, upon hearing of the death of 'Meg's' husband, — 'that John's death may not leave A[nna] and the dear little boys in want,' she recorded in her diary. In 1872–'73 came 'Shawl Straps' recounting her journeyings through France, her novel 'Work,' and ten or a dozen tales; through 1874–'76, many tales; in 1877, her first successful attempt at an adult novel in 'The Modern Mephistopheles'; the same year, among other stories, 'My Girls' and 'Under the Lilacs,' the one written, and the other finished, to distract her mind while watching at the bedside of her mother, who died that year. 'Jack and Jill,' into which Concord scenes and folk are worked, and 'Jo's Boys,' were among the productions of her last years. Her books in the alcove of the Concord library filled with the works of Concord authors, number about thirty.

"Miss Alcott was a rapid writer, and some of her most popular books were produced in remarkably quick time. 'Little Women' was thought out and written in less than three months. She had no regular study, but wrote where she could; any pen or paper would do, and an old atlas on her knee served as desk. She often carried a dozen plots in her head, and thought them out when in the mood. When she got down to a book or a story she was absorbed by it. She has said that she used to sit fourteen hours a day at one time, eating little, and unable to stir until a certain amount was done. A passage in her diary telling of a 'turn' at her first novel, 'Moods,' is an illustration of this frenzy in writing: —

"'*February.* — Another turn at "Moods," which I remodeled. From the 2d to the 25th I sat writing, with a run at dusk; could not sleep, and for three days so full of it I could not stop to get up. . . . Mother wandered in and out with cordial cups of tea, worried because I couldn't eat. Father thought it fine, and brought his reddest apples and



FACSIMILE OF MISS ALCOTT'S WRITING.

hardest cider for my Pegasus to feed upon. All sorts of fun was going on; but I didn't care if the world returned to chaos if I and my inkstand only "lit" in the same place.'"

"That was 'plain living and high thinking' with a vengeance!" Percy exclaimed.

"True; happily it was not common even in those rigorous days. And she paid the penalty for it, as we have seen.

"The Alcotts came first to live in Concord in 1840, their advent being thus noted in Emerson's Journal: 'A. B. Alcott, who is a great man if he cannot write well, has come to Concord with his wife and three children, and taken a cottage and an acre of ground to get his living by the help of God and his own spade.' Mr. and Mrs. Alcott had then been married ten years. The Idealist had been through his hard experiences, — all ending dismally from a financial point of view, — as a schoolmaster with his philanthropic scheme of redeeming mankind by reforming the education of children, as Sanborn succinctly states it. Before his marriage he had taught his new system in several Connecticut towns, — in common and private schools, — and in Boston; after his marriage, in Germantown (then a suburb of Philadelphia), also in Philadelphia, and again in Boston. Finally he instituted in the latter city his famous 'Temple School,' where he had as assistants Elizabeth Peabody, who published its annals in her 'Record of a School,' — and, for a short time, Margaret Fuller. It was in this school that he carried his theories of spiritual culture to their extreme, and ultimately failed through the newspaper criticisms of his methods, especially the reports of his 'Conversations with Children on the Gospels,' and his subsequent admission of a colored pupil to the school. Meanwhile he had delved into metaphysics, and had begun his travels as a peripatetic philosopher; but with all he had retained no money in his purse. When they had determined upon the removal to the country, with what was left of their household goods after the Boston experience, brave Mrs. Alcott wrote in one of her letters to her

kindred, 'We go to Concord for another experiment in the art of living.'

"This first Concord home was the 'Hosmer Cottage,' on the west side of the village, overlooking the Concord River, with a garden and a big barn, which figure in 'Little Women.' The rental of the little estate was but fifty dollars a year. The Idealist began zealously to work upon his one-acre farm, and tried to let his spade to neighboring farmers. 'But,' says Sanborn, 'he toiled with a divided mind; his heart was still upon his true mission in the world, — to inspire thought, and to share the spiritual tasks of the time. He must still go to the Symposium, must take part in Non-Resistance meetings and Bible conventions. With a little capital and an unsolicited attention, he could have prospered; for he had bodily vigor, frugal habits, and an earnest purpose. Success in this two-fold allegiance could not befall him; and his eyes soon turned toward England, where for years he had been gaining friends.'

"These English friends were reformers who had been drawn to him through the story of his 'Temple School,' and his 'Conversations on the Gospels,' which had gone abroad; and some of them had established a similar school at Ham Common, near Richmond, to which they had given the name of 'Alcott House' in his honor. At length, largely through the generosity of his constant friend Emerson, passage was secured for him, and in May, 1842, 'with ten sovereigns in his red pocket-book and a bill of exchange for twenty pounds,' he sailed off, leaving the family at the Hosmer Cottage with his brother in charge. In October he returned accompanied by two of his English friends, enthusiastically intent upon planting in rugged New England a 'new Eden' where man might 'untempted by evil, dwell in harmony with his Creator, with himself, his fellows, and all external natures.' Then followed the tragic 'Fruitlands Community' experiment, the comic side of which was later on presented in Louisa's story of 'Transcendental Wild Oats.'

"This Utopian enterprise was at length begun in the early summer of 1843, when the Hosmer Cottage was abandoned and the family was removed to the 'New Paradise.' The spot selected was a hillside farm, amid rural surroundings, overlooking a river and distant mountains, in the country beyond the village of Harvard — where Emerson's father had been settled as minister at the close of the eighteenth century, — about twenty miles from Concord. The Community was to be 'rooted in a reliance on the succors of an ever-bountiful Providence, whose vital affinities being secured by this union with uncorrupted fields and unworldly persons, the cares and injuries of a life of gain' would be avoided. One of his English associates furnished the means to set it going, but Alcott was the head of the Community. A lively description of it, drawn from Alcott's own story to the narrator many years after, runs in this wise: —

"'Only a vegetable diet was allowed, for the rights of animals to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness formed a fundamental principle in their constitution. This not only cut them off from beef, but from milk and eggs. The milk belonged to the calf; the chicken had a right to its existence as well as the infant. Even the canker-worms that infested the apple-trees were not to be molested. They had as much right to the apples as man had. Unfortunately farm operations were not started until well into June, and the only crop raised that was of value as dependence was barley; but the philosophers did not flinch at the thought of an exclusively barley diet. Now and then they gave a thought as to what they should do for shoes when those they now had were gone, for depriving the cow of her skin was a crime not to be tolerated. The barley crop was injured in harvesting, and before long actual want was staring them in the face. This burden fell heaviest upon Mrs. Alcott, for, as housewife, it was her duty to prepare three meals a day. They remained at Fruitlands till midwinter in dire poverty, all the guests having taken their departure as provisions vanished.'

"Finally Mr. Alcott put his wife and their four little women on an ox-sled, and so reached a friendly shelter in the village. Thence they made their slow way back to Concord.

To the Idealist this failure, which even his Transcendental friends foresaw, was most bitter. As Louisa recounted in her story (in which only the names of the characters are fictitious), he had 'reveled in the Newness, firmly believing that his dream was to be beautifully realized, and in time not only little Fruitlands, but the whole earth be turned into a Happy Valley. He worked with every muscle of his body, for *he* was in earnest. He taught with his whole head and heart; planned and sacrificed, preached and prophesied, with a soul full of the purest aspirations, most unselfish purposes, and desires for a life devoted to God and man, too high and tender to bear the rough usage of this world.' The Community numbered at its fullest only about fifteen persons. Among them was Isaac T. Hecker of New York, afterward the widely famed Father Hecker, editor of the *Catholic World.*

"The recovery of the family from this disaster was painful. But after a season of grave illness and despair the Idealist wrote his little poem 'The Return,' and emerged again into the ordinary world. He tried to get one of the town schools to teach, but was unsuccessful, probably because of the Fruitlands affair, which remained for some time a subject of ridicule and discredited the enthusiast among 'practical' men. After a while, however, he was able to resume his public 'Conversations,' and henceforward, as Sanborn notes, he came to be known as the 'Socratic talker of his time.' Meanwhile he pursued horticulture, helped Thoreau build his hut by Walden, read much, wrote out his Orphic thoughts in his ponderous journal (which ultimately filled many volumes), and educated his children, 'in the wise way,' Louisa afterward wrote, 'which unfolds what lies in the child's nature, as a flower blooms, rather than crammed it, like a Strasburg goose, with more than it could digest.' He continued very poor, but 'full of high thoughts and cheerful hopes.'

"The home during this period was the place next beyond the Orchard House, which afterward became Hawthorne's

'Wayside.' When the Alcotts purchased it with means from a little legacy of Mrs. Alcott's, it was a rough place, embracing about thirty acres at the foot of the wooded hill, and a shabby little house with two peaked gables, a century or more old. Its previous occupant had been a 'pig driver,' who herded his stock in the front yard. Alcott, with skillful hand, refashioned the house, adding a central peak, a front porch, and piazzas at each end, and painted it a rusty olive hue. He also gave the grounds a quaint picturesqueness by the irregular planting of varieties of trees, the building of a terraced garden against the hillside, and the construction of arbors and summer houses out of rough stems, branches, and boughs, with a pleasaunce by the brookside for the girls. He called the place 'The Hillside.' It was here that much of the girlish life chronicled in 'Little Women' was passed. Here Louisa began her verse-making and story-writing. It was at this time that she kept her little school in Emerson's barn, and wrote the fairy stories, — 'Flower Fables.' She had the run of Emerson's library; browsing over it one day she fell upon Goethe's 'Correspondence with a Child,' which fired her imagination; then she chose Emerson for her 'Master,' and he remained ever after her idol.

"Though the life at 'The Hillside' was to a degree idyllic, Poverty lived with the family, and after four years, late in 1848, they gave up the house, and returned again to Boston in the hope of bettering their fortunes. There Mrs. Alcott got a position through friends as a visitor among the poor; Louisa toiled as we have seen; and Anna, the eldest daughter, taught school. Meanwhile the serene Idealist continued his 'Conversations,' first in the city at a 'Town and Country Club' of his own establishing, made up of other prophets and disciples of the 'Newness'; later 'on the road,' with various ups and downs, as is disclosed in that pathetic story which we have recalled of his home-coming from one of the 'downs.' The Boston experiences were succeeded by two years of country life on a farm of one of Mrs. Alcott's kinsmen in New Hampshire; and then,

ten years after their departure from The Hillside, they made their final return to Concord, and in the autumn of 1858 were permanently established here in the Orchard House.

"The Orchard House remained their home for twenty years. It was purchased by Mrs. Alcott and some of her friends, Emerson, ever the 'good angel' of the family, contributing the larger share. It was an old New England farmhouse which had stood for two centuries. In the spring before they occupied it the family suffered sore affliction in the death of the third daughter, Elizabeth, after a long illness at their temporary home in the village. Their incoming was thus chronicled in Louisa's diary: —

"'*July.* — Went into the new house and began to settle. Father is happy; Mother glad to be at rest; Anna is in bliss with her gentle John [John Pratt, her future husband, to whom she was then engaged]; and May busy over her pictures. I have plans simmering [for stories], but must sweep and dust and wash my dish-pans a while longer till I see my way.'

"The house was freshened and adorned by the united work of father and daughters. The girls papered the walls, and by degrees the nooks and corners were filled with panels upon which May had painted birds and flowers; over the fireplaces were also painted mottoes in ancient English characters, and on the chimney-piece of the study this epigram written by Ellery Channing: —

"'The hills are reared, the valleys scooped, in vain,
If Learning's altars vanish from the plain.'

"'Nan's' wedding, on May day in 1860, was an event in the quaint old house. There was a wedding feast to which the neighbors were invited; the old folk danced round the bridal pair on the lawn, in the German fashion; and Emerson kissed the bride, an honor which Louisa thought 'would make even matrimony endurable.' After the execution of John Brown of Ossawatomie, in whose cause Alcott was enlisted,

Brown's daughters came to board with the family for a time. The Concord home had been a haven for runaway slaves, and there is a tradition that one was once secreted in the big oven of the Hillside house.

"As things improved through Louisa's achievements, the placid seer occasionally gave his 'Conversations' to little gatherings in the library here. Continuing his western tours he found himself most heartily welcomed as 'the grandfather of the Little Women,' and talk about his daughter was more popular than his metaphysical discourses. On the strength of Louisa's successes he ventured again his own work in book form. In 1868, when 'Little Women' was bounding along its prosperous way, he brought out his 'Tablets.' In 1872, 'Concord Days' appeared; in 1877, 'Table Talk.' Then two years after, when he was eighty, came the realization of his dream of years in the establishment of the 'Concord Summer School of Philosophy and Literature.'

"Of this unique institution Alcott was the dean, and him it glorified above all others. It was started in his old library of the Orchard House, which was reopened for the purpose, the family home then being the Main-street 'Thoreau house' as we have seen. Later it occupied the little chapel which was built from a fund contributed by a friend of the school. It drew throngs to Concord from all parts of the country every summer through its nine years of existence. Some were drawn by curiosity, more by interest in the oral teachings of the philosophers and the formal lectures or conversations of others after the Alcott pattern. Some took it humorously, more most seriously.

"Louisa saw both its humorous and serious sides: and took a practical view of it. On the day before the opening she chronicled in her diary: 'The philosophers begin to swarm, and the buzz starts to-morrow. How much honey will be made is still doubtful, but the hive is ready and the drones also.' The day of the opening: 'Father has his dream realized

at last, and is in glory, with plenty of talk to swim in. People laugh, but will enjoy something new in this dull old town; and the fresh Westerners will show them that all the culture of the world is not in Concord.' A month later: 'The town swarms with budding philosophers, and they roost on our steps like hens waiting for corn. Father revels in it. . . . If they were philanthropists I should enjoy it; but speculation seems a waste of time when there is so much real work crying to be done. Why discuss the "unknowable" till our poor are fed and the wicked saved?' Later on, at the opening of the third year's session: 'School of Philosophy opens . . . in full force. I arrange flowers, oak branches, etc., and then fly before the reporters come. Father very happy. Westerners arrive, and the town is full with ideal speculators. Penny [driver of the "depot carriage"] has a new barge; we call it the "Blue Plato" (not the "Black Maria") and watch it rumble by with Margaret Fullers in white muslin and Hegels in straw hats, while stout Penny grins at the joke as he puts money in his purse. The first year Concord people stood aloof, and the strangers found it hard to get rooms. Now every one is eager to take them, and the School is pronounced a success because it brings money to the town. Even philosophers can't do without food, beds, and washing; so all rejoice, and the new craze flourishes. If all our guests paid we should be well off; several hundred a month is rather wearing.'

"When Alcott was eighty-one he made his last journey West, traveling over five thousand miles, and delivering 'Conversations,' or addresses, at the rate of more than one a day; and he returned none the worse, apparently, from the strain, with one thousand dollars in his purse as profit. His last book, 'Sonnets and Canzonets,' was brought out in his eighty-third year. He died in his eighty-ninth year, at Louisa's Boston home, — the Louisburg-Square house; and on the very day of his funeral she died, away from him (at the home of her physician in Roxbury), unaware of his death. Her last illness was

the result of exposure in the harsh March weather after an anxious call upon him a few days before. Both were brought to Concord for burial, Louisa's 'boys' attending her body to the grave as a 'guard of honor.' We saw their graves marked by the little white tablets, when we were here before,—in 'Sleepy Hollow,' in the lot opposite Hawthorne's. They are beside the others of the family, with the exception of 'Nan,' who lies at her husband's side in the Pratt family lot."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE IN MIDDLE LIFE.

The "Wayside" we found preserved much as in Hawthorne's time by its present owner, herself a woman of letters, pleasantly known to a world of young readers through her pen-name of "Margaret Sidney" (Mrs Margaret Lothrop). Percy revelled in the picturesque interior. The low-studded room, at the left of the little entrance hall, he was told had been Hawthorne's library. The secluded "tower-study" was the top room of the back wing of three stories, rising above the irregular roofs of the main structure, thus producing the tower effect. Had our visit been made in the romancer's lifetime and the good fortune been ours to have followed him up the narrow stairs into this sanctuary, we would have seen by the en-

trance, in either corner, the little bookcases with the mottoes above them: "Abandon Care All Ye Who Enter Here," and "There is no Joy but Calm"; and on the window-casing between the book-shelves the word "Olympus," in Greek letters. Our glance would have included a cheerful room finished in red-stained pine, with a vaulted plaster ceiling, with windows on all sides looking out upon the tree-tops and rural landscapes, with simple furnishings, a few pictures on the walls, and a few ornaments on the mantel-shelf. There was the plain writing-table of walnut wood, having a sloping desk on one side and some drawers on the other; upon it the Italian bronze inkstand surmounted by the little figure of "The Boy Strangling the Swan"; the gold pen; and the large, square manuscript bound in covers. Against the wall, near one of the windows, was the hinged shelf for use as a standing-desk. By the writing-table were two chairs, one a comfortable New England rocker.

In this study, Percy learned, Hawthorne wrote his last works after his final return from Europe, four years before his death. The writing included the English sketches collected in "Our Old Home"; "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," the first scheme of which appeared as "The Ancestral Footstep"; "Septimius Felton," into which "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" was merged; and the unfinished "Dolliver Romance," for which "Septimius Felton" was the preliminary study. "The manuscript of this fragmentary romance," I added, "lay upon Hawthorne's coffin during the funeral services in the historic old church in the village, when James Freeman Clarke, who had performed his marriage ceremony, conducted the simple service; and when Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Whipple, Hillard, and Agassiz were of the company who walked with heads bared in the procession to the grave at Sleepy Hollow. This manuscript was not buried with him, as some have said, but is preserved in the Concord Public Library."

Percy was also interested to learn that the scenes of "The

Dolliver Romance" and "Septimius Felton" were about The Wayside and Alcott's Orchard House. He was told that a tradition respecting The Wayside which Thoreau had related to Hawthorne when he first came to live here in 1852, — that it had been inhabited a generation or two before by a man who believed he should never die, - revived the idea of a deathless man which had long been in the romancer's mind; and it was this legendary person whom he embodied in Septimius Felton. It was at the foot of one of the large pines on the hilltop behind the house, which was Hawthorne's outdoor study when he was thinking out the tragedy, that Septimius Felton in the romance buried the young English officer.

HAWTHORNE'S WALK ON THE RIDGE.

We now mounted the hill to the "outdoor study." Hawthorne used to ascend it by various climbing paths under the larches and pines and scraggy apple-trees, and his tall form pacing up and down the long height could be seen through the trees from the house lawn. "His daughter Rose, who became the wife of the late George Parsons Lathrop (editor of the

Riverside Edition of Hawthorne's works)," I said, "has given the truest description of this 'study,' in her 'Memories of Hawthorne.'" And I read the passage as follows: —

"'We could catch sight of him going back and forth up there, with now and then a pale blue gleam of sky among the trees against which his figure passed clear. At one end of the hilltop path [made by his own steps only] was a thicket of birch and maple trees; and at the end toward the west and the village was the open brow of the hill, sloping rapidly to the Lexington road and overlooking meadows and distant wood-ranges, some of the cottages of humble folk, and the neighboring huge owlet-haunted elms of Alcott's lawn. Along this path in spring huddled pale blue violets, of a blue that held sunlight, pure as his own eyes. Masses also of sweetfern grew at the side of these abundant bordering violets, and spacious apartments of brown-floored pine groves flanked the sweetfern, or receded a little before heaps of blackberry branches and simple flowers. My father's violets were the wonder of the year to us. We never saw so many of these broad, pale-petaled ones anywhere else, until the year of his death, when they greeted him with their celestial color as he was borne into Sleepy Hollow, as if in remembrance of his long companionship on The Wayside hill.'"

"Was there any special reason for calling this place 'The Wayside?'" Percy asked, as we resumed our walk, now shaping our course in the direction of the "Old Manse."

"Hawthorne chose this name," I replied, "as more 'morally suggestive,' so he wrote in describing it, than Alcott's name of 'The Hillside,' because of its secluded situation amidst trees and shrubs, close upon the traveled high road. Lathrop has suggested that the name may also have recommended itself to him by some association of thought like that which appears in his preface to 'The Snow Image,' where, alluding to the years immediately following his college days, he says 'I sat down by the wayside of life like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprung up around me, and the bushes grew to saplings, and the saplings became trees until no exit appeared possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity.'

"When Hawthorne bought the place from Alcott, and came

here to live in the early summer of 1852, the rural embellishments which Alcott had made had fallen into picturesque decay. Against the hillside were the locust trees of his planting intermixed with young elms, white pines, and infant oaks, and in their shade Hawthorne wrote that he spent delectable hours 'stretched out at my lazy length, with a book in my hand and an unwritten book in my thoughts.' By degrees he readorned the grounds in accordance with his own taste, adding firs, Scotch larches, birches and other trees to the thicket, setting out the low hedge on the sidewalk line, and training rose-vines and

HAWTHORNE'S WEST NEWTON HOME.

woodbine over one end of the house. The larger part of this work was done after his return from Europe, when the enlargement of the ancient house, by the 'tower' addition, was made. He went abroad to take up the consulship at Liverpool in the summer of 1853, and was absent seven years. 'The Wayside' life, therefore, covered only five years. When he came here he had just published 'The Blithedale Romance,' which was written in the winter of 1851–'52 at West Newton, near Boston, in the home of his brother-in-law, Horace Mann, the educator, who was then abroad. Hawthorne had removed thither, temporarily from Lenox."

The Old Manse was of all the Concord literary landmarks most familiar to Percy, from his previous visit when he had been graciously shown over the ancient house by its occupant at that time. He thoroughly enjoyed, however, renewing his acquaintance with it. We sat again in the ground floor room which had been the study of the country parson, good Dr. Ezra Ripley; we looked again into the ten-foot-square apartment in the south gable where Emerson had written, and afterward Hawthorne; and peered into the garret where Hawthorne found a chestfull of Parson Ripley's sermons. Meanwhile our talk sped on. First was recalled Emerson's early association with the place; then the four years' life of the Hawthornes here in the forties, begun with their honeymoon.

Percy remembered what had been told him, when we were here before, of the history of the Manse and the relationship of the Emersons and the Ripleys, — that our Emerson's grandfather, William Emerson, the patriot minister in the Concord Fight, built the Manse in 1765, when he became the Concord minister and had married his predecessor's daughter, Phebe Bliss; and that Ezra Ripley, William Emerson's successor in the church and the parsonage, marrying his widow, became our Emerson's step-grandfather. But, although these facts were clear in Percy's mind, he did not realize how closely the Manse, as the ancestral home, was connected with Emerson, till he had absorbed more of the story of Emerson's boyhood and youth.

"Emerson first came here to live," I related, "when he was a boy of eight. His father, the Boston minister, died in the spring of 1813, leaving the mother with five little boys, the oldest but ten, to provide for. Toward the close of the next year the family, still living in Boston, began to feel the pinch of poverty. Then the good Dr. Ripley gathered them into the Manse, and this was their home for nearly a year. Ralph Waldo went to a public school, wrote boyish verses, and entertained his earliest Concord audiences with occasional recita-

tions of poetry, being set up on a sugar barrel for a platform, in the village grocery. When the family returned to Boston, and the mother took the little house on Beacon Hill to 'keep boarders,' Dr. Ripley sent them a Concord cow; and one of the 'chores' of the youthful Ralph Waldo was the driving of this cow over Beacon Street to her pasturage on Boston Common. Boston continued the family home through the next ten years, but the brothers were often in Concord on visits to their grand-parents. Ralph Waldo was wont to accompany his step-grandfather in the chaise on the minister's pastoral visits. So he came to learn 'the histories of the families who lived on the scattered farms of the river town, many of whom in the sixth generation still tilled the holdings originally granted their ancestors;' while at the parsonage he saw the leading townspeople who called there, for the old minister was 'both shepherd and judge of the people.'

ENTRY TO THE OLD MANSE.

"Emerson entered Harvard College at fourteen, following his elder brother William. As 'President's Freshman,' he carried official messages for the president to the students and officers, in return for a room in the president's house, — the old Wadsworth House on the college grounds. His way through college was helped along by earnings in teaching through the vacations, and in other ways. In his sophmore year he waited on the juniors' table at Commons, and so offset part of the price of his board. Winning the five dollars at the Boylston prize declamation, he sent the money home, hoping that his mother would buy a shawl with it; but the brother, William, then the head of the house, used it to pay off the family baker's bill. When he was in his senior year his younger brother, Edward, entered the college as freshman. So three sons were put through college by the noble mother, and a fourth, Charles, was bred for the law.

"After his graduation Ralph Waldo spent some years in teaching at intervals, — in his brother William's school for young women in Boston, where some of the pupils were of the same age as the shy assistant teacher, later at the academy in Chelmsford, at a subsequent period in his brother Edward's school in Roxbury, and lastly in a school of his own in Cambridge. Meanwhile he studied at the Divinity School at Cambridge, when able, but ill health repeatedly broke his studies and other occupations. He preached his first sermon in his Uncle Ripley's pulpit in Waltham while he was a divinity student; and after he was regularly 'appropriated to preach' he supplied the Concord pulpit for a brief season during a visit of his step-grandfather to Washington.

"His return to the Old Manse to live was in the autumn of 1834, two and a half years after the death of his first wife, Ellen Tucker, of Concord, New Hampshire, who died of consumption a short year and a half after their marriage. He had then finally withdrawn from the pulpit; and he came with his mother to board here, and to devote himself uninterruptedly

to literary work. He established his study in the south gable, from a window of which his grandmother had looked out upon the Fight at the Bridge; and there he wrote his 'Nature.' When finally settled he wrote in his journal: 'Hail to the quiet fields of my fathers. Not wholly unattended by supernatural friendship and favor let me come hither. Bless my purposes as they are simple and virtuous. . . . Henceforth I design not to utter any speech, poem, or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my work. I will say at public lectures and the like, those things which I have meditated for their own sake, and not for the first time with a view to that occasion.'"

HAWTHORNE AND HIS PUBLISHERS.

Turning to the Hawthornes, I remarked that their life in the Old Manse was most idylic. When Hawthorne first visited the place, a month before their marriage, with the purpose of hiring it for their home, the ancient house was empty, the aged minister having died a while before; and it showed all the "dust and disarray that might be supposed to have gathered about him in the course of sixty years of occupancy." The walls and panels of the rooms, and the huge cross-beams had a venerable tinge of brown. The furniture consisted of "high-backed, short-legged, rheumatic chairs, small, old tables, bedsteads with lofty posts,

stately chests of drawers, looking-glasses in antique black frames." Upon taking possession the Hawthornes transformed the interior into what the bride termed "Our Paradise," and shutting out the rougher world they gave themselves up to its enjoyment. The old minister's sleeping-room on the ground floor was converted into a parlor, and "by the aid of cheerful paint and paper, a gladsome carpet, pictures and engravings, new furniture, *bijouterie*, and a daily supply of flowers," Hawthorne noted in his journal, it became "one of the prettiest and pleasantest rooms in the whole world." "The shade of our departed host will never haunt it," he added, "for its aspect has been changed as completely as the scenery of a theater: probably the ghost gave one peep into it, uttered a groan, and vanished forever."

The ancient furniture, however, was not banished from the house. The guest chamber, on the second floor, contained the most presentable of it. Hawthorne makes the observation, which many of us to-day would echo, that "after all, the moderns have invented nothing better, as chamber furniture, than these chests of drawers which stand on four slender legs, and rear an absolute tower of mahogony to the ceiling, the whole terminating in a fantastically carved summit. Such a venerable structure adorns our guest chamber."

Into the study, which had been Emerson's, was brought the furniture of Hawthorne's bachelor-room in Boston; but with a happier disposal of things here than there. A vase of flowers on one of the bookcases betokened the woman's touch, and a larger bronze vase of graceful ferns surmounting the bureau. Hawthorne liked the smallness of this study, for he could never, he said, compress his thoughts sufficiently to write in a very spacious room. Two of its three windows were shaded by a large and beautiful willow tree which swept against the overhanging eaves. From these windows he had a view into the orchard at the back of the house, and, beyond, a glimpse of the river. The other window was the one from which Emerson's

grandmother looked out upon the Fight at the Bridge. Upon one of the western windows the Hawthornes cut these inscriptions with a diamond in their last spring here: "Nath[l] Hawthorne. This is his study. 1843." "Inscribed by my Husband at Sunset, April 3[d] 1843, in the Gold Light. S. A. H." "Man's Accidents are God's Purposes. Sophia A. Hawthorne, 1843."

These and other changes made by them in the interior of the house Hawthorne pronounced to be in perfectly good taste, though the heavy old beams and high wainscoting of the walls spoke of ages gone by. "The cheerful paper-hangings have the air of belonging to the old walls," he wrote; "and such modernisms as astral lamps, card-tables, gilded cologne-bottles, silver taper-stands, and bronze and alabaster flower-vases," did not seem "at all impertinent." "It is thus," he mused, "that an aged man may keep his heart warm for new things and new friends, and often furnish himself anew with ideas: though it would not be graceful for him to attempt to suit his exterior to the passing fashions of the day." So the exterior, with its sober, grayish hue, was left unchanged. To repaint its venerable face, he declared, would be a real sacrifice. "It would look like old Dr. Ripley in a brown wig."

EZRA RIPLEY.

How their life glided on in and about the old house Mrs. Hawthorne disclosed in her home letters; — and I read these picturesque extracts; —

"'December. . . . In the afternoon and evening I sit in the Study with him. It is the pleasantest niche in our temple. We watch the sun, together, descending in purple and gold, in every variety of magnificence, over the river. Lately, we go on the river, which is now frozen; my lord to skate, and I to run and slide, during the dolphin-death of day. I consider my husband a rare sight, gliding over the icy stream. For, wrapped in his cloak, he looks very graceful; perpetually darting from me in long, sweeping curves, and returning again — again to shoot away. . . . Often other skaters appear, — young men and boys, — who principally interest me as foils to my husband, who, in the presence of nature, loses all shyness, and moves regally like a king.

"'One afternoon Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau went with him down the river. Henry Thoreau is an experienced skater, and was figuring dithyrambic dances and Bacchic leaps on the ice — very remarkable, but very ugly, methought. Next him, followed Mr. Hawthorne who, wrapped in his cloak, moved like a self-impelled Greek statue, stately and grave. Mr. Emerson closed the line, evidently too weary to hold himself erect, pitching headforemost, half lying in the air.

. . . . . .

"'In the evening we are gathered together beneath our luminous star, in the Study, for we have a large hanging astral lamp, which beautifully illumines the room, with its walls of pale yellow paper, its Holy Mother over the fireplace, and pleasant books, and its pretty bronze vase, on one of the secretaries, filled with ferns. Except once Mr. Emerson, no one hunts us out in the evening. Then Mr. Hawthorne reads to me. . . . Mr. Hawthorne writes all the morning.

"'*August* Mr. Hawthorne has written a little, and cultivated his garden a great deal. . . . I planted flowers which grow pretty well. We have voyaged on the river constantly, harvesting water-lilies and lately cardinal-flowers, which enrich the borders with their superb scarlet mantles in great conclaves.'"

With the villagers Hawthorne had little or no intercourse, and in his walks he avoided the town as much as possible. Callers at the Manse were rare, except a chosen few who were welcomed across its threshold. Of one call by Emerson and Thoreau upon the shy and reserved recluse, I quoted this droll account given by Curtis: —

"They were shown into the little parlor upon the avenue and Hawthorne presently entered. Each of the guests sat upright in his chair like a Roman senator. To them Hawthorne seemed like a Dacian king.

The call went on, but in a most melancholy manner. The host sat perfectly still, or occasionally propounded a question which Thoreau answered accurately, and there the thread broke short off. Emerson delivered sentences that only needed the setting of an essay to charm the world. . . . Had they all been lying idly by the river-bank, or strolling in Thoreau's blackberry pastures the result would have been utterly different. But imprisoned in the proprieties of a parlor, each a wild man in his way, with a necessity of talking inherent in the nature of the occasion, there was only a waste of treasure."

The principal work of Hawthorne in this old house was the preparation for publication, of his "Mosses from an Old Manse," which appeared just before his removal back to Salem. Five or six of its sketches were also written here. They were first published in the *Democratic Review*, Hawthorne receiving only a pittance for them While here in 1844, upon the election of Polk to the Presidency, his thoughts were turned toward another government position, for the security which it would give him in a regular salary, as he had found in his earlier service of two years in the Boston Custom House. But it was not till 1846 that the place was finally obtained, in the surveyorship at the Salem Custom House of which we heard in our pilgrimage to "Hawthorne's Salem." Una, his first child, named from "The Faerie Queen," was born in the Manse.

It was dusk when we made our leisurely way to the station on the upper railroad near by the Old Manse, for our return journey through Lexington to Boston.

XX.

IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

Along the way from Boston to Springfield. — Landmarks on connecting lines. — Birthplace of Hannah Adams. — Story of the first native American woman to make books. — Kate Sanborn and her "Abandoned Farm." — Birthplace and early life of George Bancroft. — Longfellow's poem on "The Arsenal at Springfield." — Landmarks of Dr. Josiah G. Holland. — His "Timothy Titcomb" Letters and his popular poems. — Samuel Bowles, the early independent editor. — Edward Bellamy's home at Chicopee Falls. — His "Looking Backward" and later works. — Jonathan Edwards, the Puritan metaphysician. — Timothy Dwight and the Dwight family. — Smith College for Women. — The Round Hill School of Bancroft and Cogswell. — Bancroft's Northampton and later life. — George W. Cable at "Tarryawhile."

HAVING covered eastern New England according to our schedule, our course was now westward. Since Percy was not to return to Boston, but was to leave me at New Haven, where our pilgrimages were to end, he expressed his heavier baggage — "traps" was his word — to that city, and we started off for the longest continuous railroad ride of all our journeyings thus far, encumbered only with the few things we had carried on our shorter trips. This ride was from Boston to Springfield in the Connecticut Valley. Thence we were to proceed to Northampton, where, after our sight-seeing, we were to spend the night.

We took an early forenoon train on the Boston and Albany Railroad, and secured chairs in the parlor car that we might enjoy the lookout from the broad windows, and be as comfortable as possible, for the day was warm. For this journey of two and a half hours I took along a special note-book con-

taining data about the few literary landmarks in the region through which we should pass, but which we could not afford the time to visit, since that would involve "stopping over" at one or two stations.

Our train was "express" with few stops between Boston and Springfield. At South Framingham, the first stop, we were not far from two interesting landmarks reached by connecting railway lines. They were landmarks, I observed, a century apart, — one ancient, the other modern.

BIRTHPLACE OF HANNAH ADAMS, MEDFIELD.

The first one to which I referred was in the pastoral town of Medfield, within twenty miles of Boston. It was the birthplace of the first native American woman to publish a book under her own name, and the first, probably, to devote herself distinctly to a literary life. "She was Hannah Adams (born, 1775 — died in Brookline, near Boston, 1831)," I went on to give her story, "and her pioneer work was a sort of history or cyclopædia of religions, entitled 'A View of Religious Opinions.' Later and enlarged editions were subsequently published under different titles, and the work was reproduced in England. 'A History of New England' followed the first history by an

American woman; and later a ponderous 'History of the Jews.' Born in 'humble obscurity' in a remote country town, in part self-educated, living at a time when a learned woman in New England was a rarity, almost a thing unique, with ill-health and many cares, often poor and obliged to resort to various occupations for her sustenance, while doggedly pursuing her studies and diligently working her pen, what this woman accomplished was really astonishing. Though she left no permanent mark on our literature, she won a place close up to her best literary contemporaries, and the fellowship of learned men of her day.

"Her birthplace was an ancestral farm which came to her father from her grandfather, in his time one of the largest landholders in the township, of which his ancestor was one of the founders. The father was an educated man, a graduate of Harvard College, and more student than farmer. Yielding to his father's desire that he should remain on the farm, he appeased his disappointment by opening a shop in the village for the sale of English goods and books. Fortunately for his daughter, books constituted the larger part of his stock; and also fortunately for her, some young divinity students for a time boarded with the family. The books she devoured; while from the students, whose offer to teach her was eagerly grasped, she acquired Latin, Greek, geography and logic. Her father was her first teacher, and from him she learned the three R's, — reading, writing, and arithmetic. Her reading through her girlhood was of wide range, including history, biography, novels, and the English poets, — Milton, Thomson, and Young being her favorites, much of whose works she committed to memory. Of the novels, she afterward thought, gentle soul! she read more than was good for her, since they gave her 'a false idea of life,' the 'world which her imagination made being not what the real world was.'

"When she was eleven her mother died, leaving five children; and two years afterward her father failed in business.

Then she went to work to help support the family by sewing, knitting, spinning, and weaving bobbin lace. From the lace-making she derived the most profit, and when, after the Revolution, this resource failed, lace then being imported, she fell into narrow straits. Opportunity, however, soon came for her to apply her learning to advantage. She tutored three young men of her neighborhood in Latin and Greek; and so well was this work done that one of them afterward said that her tuition principally fitted him for college.

"Hannah Adams's first literary work was the result, as her autobiography indicates, of her dissatisfaction with the prejudice of most writers on the various religious sects. Her mind had been turned to the subject by reading a manuscript from Broughton's Dictionary giving an account of some of the most common of the sects. The publication of 'A View of Religious Opinions' was ventured in 1784, in accordance with the custom of the time, after subscriptions had been obtained to the 'proposal' of the work, sufficient in number to warrant its issue. It was fairly profitable, but owing to a bad bargain with the printer the author's returns were slight. A second edition with additions, secured by copyright, then newly established by law, was published in 1791, at the instance of influential Boston friends whom the first issue had made for her. This edition was dedicated to John Adams, then Vice-President of the United States, who had headed its list of subscribers, which included such leading

HANNAH ADAMS.

names as Samuel Adams, John Hancock, President Willard of Harvard College, Rt. Rev. John Carroll, D.D., the Roman Catholic Bishop of Baltimore, the Rev. Henry Ware, and the Rev. Adoniram Judson, father of the missionary. Her old father was a most enthusiastic seller of the book, traveling about the country on horseback with saddle-bags filled with the volumes. He must himself have been an interesting character. He had found solace in books through his ill fortunes, and was happiest when making trips to the Harvard College Library. Once upon entering the building, it is related, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed with great fervor, 'I'd rather be librarian of Harvard College than emperor of all the Russias!'

"Hannah Adams's second work, her 'Summary History of New England,' was written after an experience in country school-teaching, and was published in 1799. In 1801 a third edition of her first work, further enlarged, was brought out. Next she prepared a volume of selections from various authors under the title of 'Truth and Excellence of the Christian Religion,' working up her material in the Boston bookshops, since she was unable to purchase or borrow the books she desired to consult. In 1805 appeared an abridgment of the history of New England, which brought her into conflict with the Rev. Jedidiah Morse, author of the first geography of the United States (father, by the way, of Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the magnetic telegraph), who had published a similar work. A sharp controversy ensued in which the woman's side was championed by several friends, chief among them being William S. Shaw, one of the Anthology Club men of whom we talked when in Boston.

"The material for her 'History of the Jews' was largely gathered in the Boston Athenæum, liberty of which was given her by Mr. Shaw. She also found a friend and helper in young Mr. Buckminster, minister of the Brattle-Square Church, another of the Anthology Club group, who gave her the freedom of his study and library. President John Adams,

too, gave her the use of his library, then in his home in Quincy. While this history was progressing she was obliged to work at straw braiding for her support. But at length, through the energy of some Boston women of station, a small annuity was subscribed for her which rendered her closing years comfortable. A fourth edition of her first work, with further additions, appeared in 1817, under the broader title of 'A Dictionary of All Religions and Religious Denominations.' Jared Sparks gave it his stamp of approval. Her last book, 'Letters on the Gospels,' was written when she was seventy. She drifted cheerfully into old age. She entertained the friends who gathered in her little parlor with recitations of the poetry which she learned in girlhood. She could repeat these verses 'for three months together,' although she was 'troubled continually by forgetting where she had laid a pencil or a pen.' 'An interesting story this, of the first professional American woman of letters, is it not?'"

The other landmark in the neighborhood of South Framingham was "Breezy Meadows," the unique home of a literary woman of to-day — Katherine Abbott Sanborn (born in Hanover, N. H., 1839 —), or Kate Sanborn, as her pen-name is, "the literary woman who adopted an abandoned farm." "Breezy Meadows" lies within the precincts of the old town of Holliston, at Metcalf, distant about fifteen minutes by a branch railroad from the South Framingham station.

"Metcalf," I remarked, "is a rural place, 'with no telegraph office, and but one mail a day, which brings the letters of day before yesterday,' Miss Sanborn tells us. Here, from a forlorn abandoned farm, such as some country parts of New England to-day abound in, she has through her own efforts and cleverness produced a seat of beauty and of profit — in contentment. The house, a century old, has been furbished in colonial fashion. In tearing off the worn wall-papers, curious hand-painting was revealed; one paper, put on before the invention of rolls of paper and made in small squares, has been

preserved. The front hall has large chimney recesses. The great dining-room has a huge fireplace, burning logs four feet long in the twelve-foot chimney, with a steaming kettle suspended from an ancient crane. Above the fireplace you read the inscription: —

> 'To sit
> in the presence of my cottage fire and
> listen to the flapping of the flame or
> kettle whispering its faint Undersong.'

The library, with great easy-chairs and mahogany desk, is lined with books, and the stairway walls on either side are

THE ABANDONED FARM BEAUTIFIED.

covered with pictures and portraits. The deep attic is transformed into a billiard-room. All over the house are scattered antique treasures. In the barns and pastures are fine live stock, and on the place are a half-dozen magnificent dogs, splendid St. Bernards and handsome Yorkshire terriers.

"The farm has been intelligently worked by its mistress for all sorts of crops, with results equalling if not excelling

other farms in the vicinity. Every variety of farming has been entered into, testing both the capacity of women for such undertaking, and the profitableness of it; and the conclusion that Miss Sanborn has reached is that 'a woman must be sharper than a razor to farm and not become bankrupt.' There are compensations, she admits, which almost balance the hostile forces that a woman must meet, but they are only to be found by the genuine lover of country life.

"One practical outcome of her experiment and observations is her movement for reform in woman's life on the farm. She puts what exists yet to a large degree, and what might be, in this fashion: —

"'Women on the farms as I know them have too much work and too little recreation: a steady, treadmill grind, and few outings; few chances to exchange ideas and courtesies with women that are not on farms. . . . They should have horses to drive; should belong to granges and women's clubs, and take part in the exercises with voice and pen. They should be interested in the county fairs, the poultry shows, church sociables, and sewing societies; should have at least a yearly trip to some city; plenty of good papers and magazines, to be had now for almost nothing, considering their value; and should belong to a book club, to enjoy the newest publications. Neighborhood meetings of young and old should be held once a fortnight, to talk over what has been thus enjoyed. . . . As to women's work on the farm, I would aim to have it simplified. I would have dish-washing machines for the wives, as men have machines to simplify their labor. Laundry work should be done in some coöperative way that is feasible. . . . I should like to bring the city nearer the quiet country life, and would suggest an occasional long trip such as the teachers are now taking in their vacations — and they have less to spend than does the average farmer. I believe in women having time to adorn themselves and beautify their homes; and they will always do this unless crushed in spirit by never-ending toil.'"

"All that about the hardship of farm-life may be true of New England, but it isn't of the West," observed Percy, loyal to his own; "Miss Sanborn ought to take a trip among our Western farms."

"I dare say," I acquiesced, "in such a journey she would

find much to engage her vivacious pen, and would profit while entertaining her public.

"Investigation into farm-life, real and ideal, however," I chatted on, "has been only an incident in Kate Sanborn's literary career. That her abandoned farm experiment has carried her name so far afield is due, doubtless, to the novelty of it, together with the originality, humor, and sensibleness of the rambling essays which go to make up her books upon it. She has among other distinctions that of having been a pioneer woman lecturer on literary themes, discoursing to classes of women in drawing-rooms long before parlor lecturing by women to classes of women became common. For a number of years she held the professorship of literature in Smith College for Women at Northampton. She has written on many subjects and published numerous books of essays, a novel, and a system of labor saving literature lessons. Miss Sanborn is the daughter of a Dartmouth College professor, and granddaughter of Daniel Webster's brother Ezekiel, the school-teacher. Brought up in the fresh-water college town and in the literary atmosphere of her father's home, and loving books, she turned naturally to literary work as her avocation. I am told that she earned her first money from her pen before she had reached her teens."

At Worcester, as our train rolled into the station and came to a standstill for a few moments, I remarked that this city was interesting as the birthplace of George Bancroft, the historian (born 1800 died 1891, in his ninety-first year). "He was the son," I related, "of the first minister of the Second Parish of Worcester, the Rev. Dr. Aaron Bancroft, — who held this pastorate for more than half a century, till his death at eighty-four. The historian's Worcester life was only a boy's life, for he left home in his eleventh year to go to Phillips (Exeter) Academy, and remained there, through vacations as well as term time, till his entrance at Harvard College. Though never returning to his native place to live, he retained a love for it all through his eventful life, and in his latter

years in Washington selected it as his place of burial. The site of his birthplace, on Salisbury Street, is marked, and his grave in the Rural Cemetery is distinguished by a simple monument. His father, the minister, was a man of ripe scholarship, and Bancroft has been quoted as saying that he would have been an eminent historian if he had had material at his command. He published a Life of Washington, and a large number of volumes of sermons, one of which, 'On the Doctrines of the Gospels,' John Adams (who when a youth taught school and studied law in Worcester) commended in his old age with exuberant fancy as 'a chain of diamonds set in links of gold.'"

From Worcester to Springfield was a long pull, and we beguiled the time with much gazing at the country landscapes from the car windows, and with a little talk about Bancroft's life between his college days and his coming to Northampton, where he began his history-writing.

In this talk I spoke of Bancroft's determination to devote himself to historical pursuits, formed when he was a student in the University of Göttingen, under the influence of the historian Heeren, to whom, of all his instructors there, he was most drawn. This professor's "Politics of Ancient Greece" he afterward translated and published on this side of the water. "But before he began actually to write on his history," I observed, "he had indulged his poetic fancy, and had published a thin volume of poems. He had also made translations of poems of Goethe, Schiller, and other German poets; and had published philosophical essays.

"He graduated from Harvard when he was only seventeen, and was immediately sent abroad for further study in Germany, a friend of his father providing the means, with the purpose especially of qualifying him for a college professorship. He studied first in the University of Göttingen and received his degree of Ph.D. before he reached his twentieth birthday. Soon after he went to Berlin, where he was well

received by Wilhelm von Humboldt and other scholars, and attended lectures on Biblical interpretation and Oriental languages. Later, at Heidelberg, he studied some time with the German historian Schlosser. Then followed a season of extended travel on the continent, when he made the acquaintance of the Italian poet Manzoni, Alexander von Humboldt, and Byron, visiting the latter at Monte Nero. At Weimar he visited Goethe, with whom he had first become acquainted during his student days at Göttingen. Thus cultivated by wide study, travel, and contact with scholars, he returned to America, and took up the teaching of Greek as a tutor in Harvard College. A year later he removed to Northampton, and, in association with his friend Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell (afterward the distinguished superintendent of the Astor Library, New York), established the famous Round Hill School for boys, meanwhile getting his 'History of the United States' under way."

Arrived at Springfield, we dined at the old Massasoit House, although it was early, — hardly the luncheon hour, indeed, — in order to follow the custom of the old days, I explained to Percy, when "dinner at the Massasoit" was a feature of the journey over the railroad, looked forward to by "through passengers" with pleasant anticipations. Then we engaged a carriage and enjoyed a drive over the beautiful city, our route so planned as to include the United States Arsenal which inspired Longfellow's poem, "The Arsenal at Springfield," and the grave of Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland (born in Belchertown, Mass., 1819 — died in New York City, 1881), editor, poet, essayist, and novelist.

Along the way the story of Longfellow's poem was recalled. When on the wedding journey with his second wife, in the summer of 1843, they visited the Arsenal among other places of interest in this city. With them was Charles Sumner. While Mr. Sumner was endeavoring to impress upon the attendant who was showing them about that the money expended

upon the weapons of war here would have been better spent upon a great library, Mrs. Longfellow pleased her husband by remarking how like an organ the shining gun-barrels ranged against the walls looked, and suggesting what mournful music Death would bring from them. "We grew quite warlike against war," she afterward wrote, "and I urged H. to write a peace poem." The poem in which the ideas of Mrs. Longfellow and Sumner were blended was written some months later.

Holland's grave was seen in the Springfield Cemetery amid beautiful trees. The granite monument, which marks it, bears on its face a bronze medallion of him — an excellent likeness — and beneath this, his name and dates, with these words quoted from his will: "For the great hereafter, I trust in the Infinite Love as it is expressed to me in the life and death of my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." The paragraph from which the sentence is taken expressed his gratitude for the blessings he had enjoyed. "I am thankful," it ran, "for having enjoyed the privileges of labor and influence, thankful for wife and children, thankful for all my successes. I have intentionally and consciously wronged no man, and if I know my heart, I have forgiven all my enemies." Then follow the words quoted.

DR. JOSIAH G. HOLLAND.

"Holland," I said, "began his literary career in Springfield, and here met his first successes. He was educated for a doctor, and practiced a little, but the years before he took up the pen professionally were devoted largely to school-teaching, the latter part of the time in the South, in Richmond and Vicksburg.

His literary career really began with his connection with the *Springfield Republican*, as associate editor of that paper, being engaged by Samuel Bowles, its then young chief, upon his return from the South. He had previously sent the *Republican* some 'Sketches of Plantation Life,' which he had written while in Vicksburg, and had earlier edited a country paper.

"Two years after he joined Mr. Bowles, Holland bought an interest in the *Republican*, and his intimate association with it extended through seventeen years. During this period the work was done which made his name familiar in thousands of American homes. His earliest writings, which began to appear in book form in the mid-fifties, were first published in the columns of the *Republican*. The 'Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People,' familiar talk over the conduct of life and on home topics, sprang from a suggestion of his chief. Holland had been writing a series on social topics, when Mr. Bowles suggested trying his hand at other series in a similar vein. 'Without premeditation,' he afterward said, 'I made a dash at another line of subjects, and wrote that forenoon the first of the Timothy Titcomb Letters.' They ran through many issues of the paper, growing steadily in popularity; and when they were brought out between covers in 1858, they established Holland's reputation with the average American reader whom he particularly addressed. His first work of fiction, 'The Bay Path,' set in the time of colonial Springfield, also first ran through the *Republican* as a serial; then 'Gold Foil'; and later the second series of Titcomb papers, 'Letters to the Joneses.'

"Holland's editorial writings were often short lay sermons, and he has been called the pioneer in using the newspaper's power to serve the preacher's purpose. He was a writer rather than an editor. Bowles was a born editor. The two supplemented each other.

"'Bitter Sweet' was Holland's first extended poem. This, more, perhaps, than any of his other writings, gave him his lit-

erary rank. It appeared in 1858, the same year that the first 'Timothy Titcomb' book came out. Lowell called it as genuine a product of the New England soil as a golden rod or an aster. It was reproduced in succeeding years in illustrated editions, and had a long vogue. 'Miss Gilbert's Career,' his third novel, published in 1860, was written in his cottage on High Street. 'Kathrina,' his second narrative poem (1867), was written at 'Brightwood,' the later Springfield home that he built for himself as he was growing prosperous. This was pleasantly placed a mile north of the business center of the city. The house was fashioned after his own ideas, and set in rural grounds, picturesque with tall pines, lawns, a brook, and rustic bridges. 'Brightwood' is now a station on the Connecticut River railway line, by which we are to continue our journey to Northampton.

SAMUEL BOWLES, the Independent Editor.

"Holland's Springfield life practically closed in 1868, when he started off for his two years' travels abroad; for when he returned it was only to remove his home to New York, where he was engaged with Roswell Smith and the Messrs. Scribner in launching the first *Scribner's Magazine*. He was the editor of the first *Scribner's* throughout its career, for after his death it was transformed into the present *Century*. In its pages his later novels 'Seven Oaks,' 'Arthur Bonnicastle,' and 'Nicholas Minturn' ran successively as serials."

The grave of Samuel Bowles (born in Springfield, 1826 — died there, 1878), the pioneer, independent editor, was also seen in this cemetery; and "down town" we saw his best monument in the home of the still independent newspaper which he created.

On our way through the present business parts, the site of the Springfield home of George Bancroft was indicated. Here the historian lived from two to three years, moving over from Northampton in 1835. During this period he was engaged upon his history, and took part in politics on the Democratic side.

We left for Northampton by a mid-afternoon train. It was a little journey and a pleasant one, occupying about half an hour. At Chicopee Junction allusion was made to the home of Edward Bellamy (born in Chicopee Falls, 1850 — died there, 1898), in the Chicopee Falls section of the city of Chicopee. Here Bellamy wrote his Utopian "Looking Backward: 2000–1887," which carried his name round the world. Percy suggested a side-visit to this landmark, but I contented him with a photograph of it which I produced from my black bag. The house, I told him, was pleasantly situated on Church Street, one of the principal streets of Chicopee Falls. It had been the home of Bellamy's father before him, a Baptist clergyman long settled in the village.

Then we talked of Bellamy's personality and his work. "He was of clerical lineage on both sides," I remarked. "Among his paternal ancestors was Dr. Joseph Bellamy (born 1719 — died 1790), a native of Connecticut, minister for fifty years of the church in Bethlehem, that state, and author of several weighty theological works. His maternal grandfather was a minister settled many years in Springfield, — the Rev. Benjamin Putnam. The religious trait which he thus inherited marked his social views with a strongly anti-materialistic and spiritual cast, as his friend Sylvester Baxter notes in his tribute

to him, which prefaces the memorial edition of 'Looking Backward.' This cast appeared more conspicuously in his later work. His earlier productions consisted of romances and stories, written apparently in the vein of the author aiming rather to entertain than to reform the world.

"'Looking Backward,' too, was at first received as only the clever fancy of a clever writer. But when its scheme was once comprehended, and it was understood that, instead of a fanciful romance merely, it was, to quote Bellamy's own words, 'In-

HOME OF EDWARD BELLAMY.

tended in all seriousness as a forecast, in accordance with the principles of evolution, of the next stage in the industrial and social development of humanity, especially in this country,' it became the most popular book of its kind, bounding into a great circulation in a short time. Within ten years of its first appearance, in 1888, nearly a million copies had been sold in this country and in England, while translations had been brought out in French, German, Italian, Russian, Arabic, Bulgarian, and other languages and dialects. Through this book Bellamy became the recognized spokesman of 'nationalism.' His theories

were further advanced through *The New Nation*, a weekly journal which he started in Boston, and conducted for a few years, and in his last work, 'Equality.' Of his other books, 'Miss Ludington's Secret: a Romance of Immortality,' brought out before 'Looking Backward,' and 'Dr. Heidenhoff's Process,' had the largest popularity. Howells, in his prefatory notes to the posthumous volume of Bellamy's shorter stories, 'The Blindman's World,' concludes that 'one cannot acquaint one's self with his merely artistic work, and not be sensible that in Edward Bellamy we were rich in a romantic imagination surpassed only by that of Hawthorne.' The 'Duke of Stockbridge,' a romance of Shay's Rebellion of 1786, his later posthumous volume, published in 1900, displays the same touch that is observed in the book of stories. It is, moreover, as an historical novel, exceptional in that it follows the real facts of history. These were ascertained through careful research among the documents bearing on the episode, and family traditions of western Massachusetts, — the Berkshire hills country toward which we are bound, — the scene of the farmers' 'rebellion.' This romance was written before 'Looking Backward,' and published as a serial in a local newspaper, but Bellamy withheld it temporarily from book-form while 'Looking Backward' was performing its mission. Shortly before his death he had determined to bring it out.

EDWARD BELLAMY.

"Bellamy was trained for the law, and was admitted to the bar; but he never practiced. He chose instead literature for a vocation, with journalism as a way to it. He was educated in Union College, Schenectady, New York, and abroad, in Germany. Never robust, he died of consumption, after a season in Colorado vainly seeking cure of his malady. He was a gentle, lovable reformer, shrinking from notoriety or blatant leadership."

In the "Meadow City," as Northampton has picturesquely been called, the landmarks we had come to visit were all within

THE OLD JONATHAN EDWARDS HOUSE, NORTHAMPTON.

the compass of easy and charming walks. The little tree-embowered city itself, set upon the hill slopes and bluffs above the river, called forth expressions of admiration from Percy; and he declared that these authors selected well, when I observed that Henry Ward Beecher took it for "Norwood," the scene of his New England story, and Holland chose it for the opening scene of his "Kathrina": —

> "Queen village of the meads
> Fronting the sunrise and in beauty throned,
> With jeweled homes around her lifted brow
> And coronal of ancient trees:
> Northampton sits, and rules her pleasant realm."

First of all we visited the landmarks of Jonathan Edwards (born in East Windsor, Conn., 1703 — died in Princeton, N.J., 1758), the great eighteenth century metaphysician, who has been called "the last and finest product of the old Puritanism of America." On old King Street, but a short distance from the station, we saw the site of his home, under the shadow of the venerable survivor of the two elms which tradition says he planted. Then, entering the First Congregational Church, nearby on Main Street, the successor of the meeting-house in which he preached, his figure in relief on a bronze tablet framed in oak was seen, with this inscription:

"In memory of
Jonathan Edwards
minister of Northampton
From Feb. 15, 1727 to June 22, 1750.
The law of truth was in his mouth and
unrighteousness was not found in his lips.
He walked with me in peace and uprightness
And did turn many away from iniquity."

This memorial was placed only two years ago (in June, 1900) on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Edwards's dismissal from the Northampton church. Its erection was intended, we were told, not as a reflection upon that act, but as a tribute to the intellectual powers and the far-reaching moral influence of Edwards.

"He that would know the workings of the New England mind in the middle of the [eighteenth] century and the throbbings of its heart, must give his days and nights to the study of Jonathan Edwards," I quoted from Bancroft as we contemplated the fine, expressive face of the figure. Percy said with a smile that he couldn't give quite so much time as that to this one study, but he would endeavor to comprehend its significance if he could have an outline of Edwards's story. In furnishing this I could do no better than to paraphrase Oliver Wendell

Holmes's sketch of the divine, with some added notes of more detailed biography, in effect as follows.

"He came of a line of ministers, and his ancestors had 'fed on sermons so long that he must have been born with scriptural texts lying latent in his embryonic thinking-marrow like the undeveloped picture in a film of collodion.' His father, the Rev. Timothy Edwards, was minister of East Windsor, Connecticut, for sixty-four years, and noted as a scholar. His maternal grandfather, the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, was his predecessor in the Northampton church, and was also a scholar of standing. He was bred in the Connecticut minister's home, in a town where religious revivals were of remarkable frequency. During one of these, when he was a boy of seven or eight, he built a booth in a retired spot outdoors, for secret prayer with some of his little schoolmates. His mother, described as a woman of superior force of understanding and refinement, chiefly found him in brains.

MEMORIAL TABLET TO JONATHAN EDWARDS.

"At six he was studying Latin with his father. At thirteen he was a student at Yale College. He graduated with the highest honors, receiving almost the sole and accumulated honors awarded to his class. He remained at the college two years

longer to study theology. In his nineteenth year he began to preach. Before he was twenty he compiled a series of seventy resolutions as the guiding principles of his life, and it was his custom ever after to read these over once a day. Among them were resolves 'to live with all my might while I do live'; 'in narrations never to speak anything but the pure and simple verity'; 'that I will act so, in every respect, as I think I shall wish I had done, if I should at last be damned.' After a brief period of preaching, first in New York, he returned to Yale and spent two years more there as tutor. Then his Northampton ministry began, as colleague of his then venerable grandfather. Upon Mr. Stoddard's death in 1729, he became sole pastor.

"He was a constant student and a prodigious reader. It was his habit to read with pen in hand, to think and write as he read. It was not unusual for him to devote nearly two-thirds of the day to study. His favorite exercise was horseback riding. He always carried pen and paper with him, and often dismounted to write down the thoughts which came to him. He was by nature a poet and a philosopher. In his youthful 'meditations' was this passage: —

"'The soul of a true Christian appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun.'

"But the most exquisite thing from his pen was his description, when a youth of twenty, of the maid of thirteen who afterward became his wife, reminding the reader of Dante's when he first saw Beatrice: —

"'They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that Great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes

to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything, except to meditate on him — that she expects, after a while, to be received up where he is, to be raised up out of the world, and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him and to be ravished with his love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have someone invisible always conversing with her.'

"She was Sarah Pierrepont, daughter of a clergyman, one of the founders of Yale College. They were married in Edwards's first summer at Northampton, when she was eighteen, and it proved an ideal union.

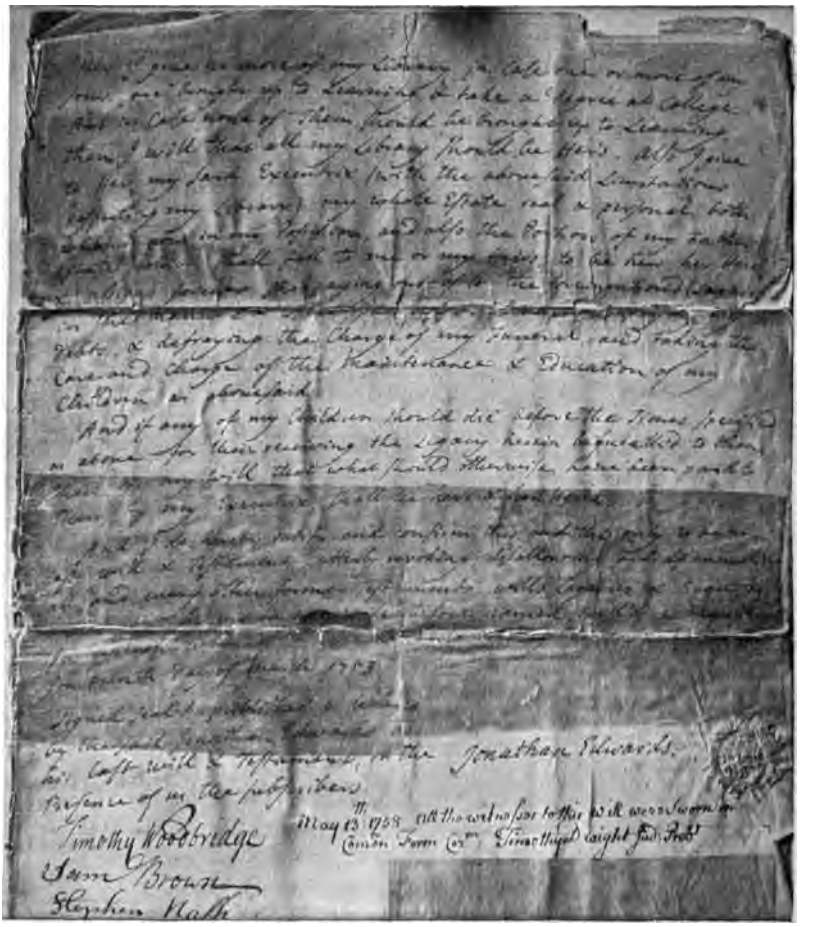
"Two great revivals happened during Edwards's ministry here, one in 1735, the other in 1740, of both of which he published accounts, written probably in his house on King Street. One of them, entitled, 'A Narrative of Surprising Conversions,' was reprinted in England with a preface by Dr. Watts. His preaching was largely devoted to an awakening of religious zeal and the highest standard of morals. His 'faith in the literal inspiration of the Old and the New Testaments was implicit; it was built on texts as Venice and Amsterdam are built on piles. He was surrounded with believers like himself who held the doctrines of Calvinism in all their rigor. But on the other hand, he saw the strongholds of his position threatened by the gradual approach or the actual invasion of laxer teachings and practices, so that he found himself, as he thought, forced into active hostilities, and soon learned his

strength as a combatant, and felt the stern delight of the warrior as champion of the church militant.'

"The catastrophe at length came, impelled by his efforts to discipline the young people of his flock, among whom evil ways had crept, and by the excitement occasioned by prominent families from fear of exposure. It culminated finally over the question of the admission of unconverted persons to the communion table, against which he declared himself, reversing the practice maintained by his predecessor. There was much controversial correspondence; public meetings were held by the townspeople; an ecclesiastical council deliberated on the issue and pronounced the minister's dismissal; and the church ratified it by an overwhelming vote.

THE EDWARDS ELM.

"Thus cast out after a service of twenty-four years, Jonathan Edwards went to Stockbridge, where he was minister of that town, and a missionary to the Indians for six years.



FACSIMILE OF JONATHAN EDWARDS'S WILL.

While living in Stockbridge he wrote his famous 'Essay on the Freedom of the Will,' published in 1754, through which came his widest reputation with metaphysicians. On the death of President Aaron Burr of Princeton College, his son-in-law and

father of Aaron Burr, he was chosen to succeed him. He was installed in January, 1758, and only a few months later he died from a fever following inoculation for the smallpox, then prevailing in the college town. Shortly before his father had died at the age of eighty-nine. A fortnight after his own death his daughter, the widow of President Burr, died; and about six months later his widow followed him to the grave.

"Dr. Holmes reminds us that of all the scholars and philosophers that America produced before the beginning of the nineteenth century, only Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards established a considerable and permanent reputation in the world of European thought.

"Jonathan and Sarah Pierrepont Edwards reared a family of ten children. One son, Pierrepont, became Judge of the United States Circuit Court for Connecticut, and his son became a governor of the state. Another of their sons, Jonathan Edwards 2d, was the second president of Union College, Schenectady, New York. One of their daughters, as we have seen, was the wife of a college president. Another was the mother of one, — Timothy Dwight (born in Northampton, 1752 — died in New Haven, 1817), eighth president of Yale College, 1797–1817. Timothy Dwight's father was a graduate of Yale, and afterward a merchant in this town. From his mother he received his early education at home. Like his grandfather Edwards, he entered Yale at thirteen, and a few years after his graduation became a tutor there. While a tutor he began his long poem of the 'Conquest of Canaan,' published after the Revolution, over which the critics made merry because of its 'epic failures.' His more famous Revolutionary song of 'Columbia,' with its opening lines —

> "'Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
> The queen of the world, and child of the skies!' —

was written when he was a chaplain in the army.

"Timothy Dwight was an uncle of Theodore Dwight Wool-

sey (born in New York, 1801 — died in New Haven, Conn., 1881), tenth president of Yale, 1846–1871, the latter's mother being President Dwight's sister. His son, Sereno Edwards Dwight (born in Greenfield Hill, Conn., 1786 — died in Philadelphia, Penn., 1850), the editor of Jonathan Edwards's works and his first biographer, was president of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York, 1833–1835. Timothy Dwight's brother, Theodore Dwight (born 1765 — died 1846), also a native of this town, was an essayist, political writer, and editor; and his son, Theodore Dwight, was the historian of Connecticut."

SOPHIA SMITH, FOUNDER OF SMITH COLLEGE.

In the Forbes Library, where we next called, we saw an interesting manuscript letter of Jonathan Edwards's, written in 1740 to the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, founder of Dartmouth College, but at that time minister of Lebanon, Connecticut. It refers to an approaching visit to Northampton of George Whitefield, the English revivalist.

The beautiful grounds of Smith College (dating from 1871) being close at hand, we strolled over the shaded paths, and by the building and "cottages" which constitute this fine institution established through the noble liberality of a single woman, — Miss Sophia Smith of the neighboring town of Hatfield, who

gave the bulk of her large fortune for its foundation. Then we bent our steps up Round Hill, where Bancroft and Cogswell had their ideal Round Hill School for boys three-quarters of a century ago. They were well-favored boys who found instruction here, mixed judiciously with recreation, — a novel feature then, for the Round Hill School was one of the earliest to include wholesome training of the body with the culture of the mind. The school was modeled after foreign boys' schools, particularly German, which the two literary principals had observed during their travels abroad; and it aimed, above all, to make true gentlemen. It continued for nearly ten years, 1823–1832. Although successful for the first half of its existence, it ended with a loss to its projectors. In the roll of Round Hill pupils were a number of boys whose names in after years became known in the world. They came from all parts of the country, many from the Southern States; and others were from Mexico, Brazil, and the West Indies. Like the boys of the famous English schools, they wore a uniform costume; and Percy imagined their appearance as they gamboled over the hill or strolled about the village, each clad in 'roundabout' and trousers of blue-gray broadcloth with bright buttons, and waistcoat of light blue kerseymere; or in the summer uniform of blue nankeen, or the holiday suit of blue silk or bombazine roundabout or coat, white jacket, and trousers of drill or marseilles.

Reverting to Bancroft, I remarked, "He withdrew from the school two years before the end, and devoted himself more sedulously to the writing of his history. He was enabled to see the first volume published in 1834, while Northampton was still his home. The year after his removal to Springfield he was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated at the polls. Two years later he removed to Boston, when Van Buren appointed him collector of that port. It was under him that Hawthorne held his place as weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House. Both went out with the incoming of the

A GLIMPSE OF SMITH COLLEGE.

Whigs in 1841. Bancroft, however, continued his political activity, and was returned to office with the opening of Polk's administration in 1845, meanwhile having stood the year before as the candidate of the Democratic minority in Massachusetts for governor. He was in Polk's cabinet as secretary of the navy till the autumn of 1846, when he was appointed minister to England, in which position he remained through Polk's administration. While in this service he prosecuted his historical researches in the government archives in London and Paris. Upon his return to this country he took up his residence in New York City, spending the summers and autumns at his country seat in Newport, where, as the years went on, his beautiful garden of roses developed. During the latter part of his long life his winter home was in Washington."

Our day now closing, we sought our hotel, and after a late supper and a quiet evening we retired, reserving for the next morning a stroll to the neighborhood of the home of George W. Cable (born in New Orleans, La., 1844 —), with which this pilgrimage was to finish.

The morning's walk to "Tarryawhile," as Cable hospitably calls his pleasant seat, was made before the sun had scarcely more than risen. It took us toward "Paradise," a region of woods and river winding for a mile from town to country, so named by Jenny Lind, who was moved by its beauty as she saw it when visiting Northampton years ago. The way lay down "Paradise Road," through "the Glen," and along "Dryad's Green" on the bluffs above Mile River.

"Tarryawhile" we found to be one of a succession of homes on the nearly level surface of the bluffs, "whose well-ordered lawns merge by pleasant gradations into the freer graces of the woods." The house in design and arrangement pleased Percy's eye. The broad entrance porch opens upon a hall of stately proportions, with tall pillars giving to it a Southern

air, and furnishings in bright hues. The library, the parlor, and the dining-room wear the same cheerful aspect. From the dining-room one may step out through the low French windows upon the beautiful grounds, stretching back to the bluff which slants abruptly to the river. Here are giant pines, fine oaks and elms, shrubs and flowers. Several of the younger trees were planted at various times by Mr. Cable's literary visitors, and each tree, we were told, is called by its planter's name. In the thick of a grove is the "den," Mr. Cable's retired study, a little house of rough stone and shingles, and attractively fashioned interior, with broad fireplace, deep window-seats, and the writing-table so placed as to receive the best light.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

Percy was interested to know which of Cable's novels were written at "Tarryawhile." All published during the past fifteen years were sent out from Northampton, he was told. Cable established his home here in 1886. From his mother, who was a New-Englander, he inherited a love for the Northern country, while through his father, a Southerner, he is devotedly attached to the South. Although he has planted himself so firmly in the North, fixing his home for the remainder of his life here; he is quite as much a Southerner to-day as he ever has been, "feeling with the South in most things, especially things artistic," he has been quoted as saying. "His place in our literature," I ventured, "is as the master writer of the purely Creole story.

"His reputation came instantaneously with his first novel,

'Old Creole Days.' When that was running as a serial in *Scribner's Monthly* — Dr. Holland's *Scribner's* — in 1879, his name was unknown in literature. He was then a clerk in a cotton house in New Orleans, and had written his story at odd moments in his leisure hours. He had been a New Orleans newspaper reporter for a few months; before that, a civil engineer, self-taught; earlier, a clerk in a mercantile house, having begun work at fourteen, when his father died leaving the family in narrow circumstances. He had served in the Confederate army as a private in a Mississippi cavalry company, during the Civil War. He got his education in New Orleans schools, and through studies which he pursued after he had begun to work. In camp, when a soldier, he studied Latin and mathematics. While a clerk he read English literature, composed somewhat, and studied various subjects.

"The success of 'Old Creole Days' determined him to abandon trade and take up writing as a profession. 'The Grandissimes' appeared soon after 'Old Creole Days'; then followed those masterpieces 'Madame Delphine,' 'Dr. Sevier,' and the rest. His 'History of New Orleans' and 'The Silent South' are among his few works outside the class of fiction. In his 'John March, Southerner' one or two of the scenes are set in the neighborhood of 'Tarryawhile.' He produces slowly and carefully, letting only his most finished work pass from his hands to the printer. He writes always in the forenoon hours."

Returned from "Paradise," and again at the railway station, we took train connecting with an early "express" on the Boston and Albany for Pittsfield.

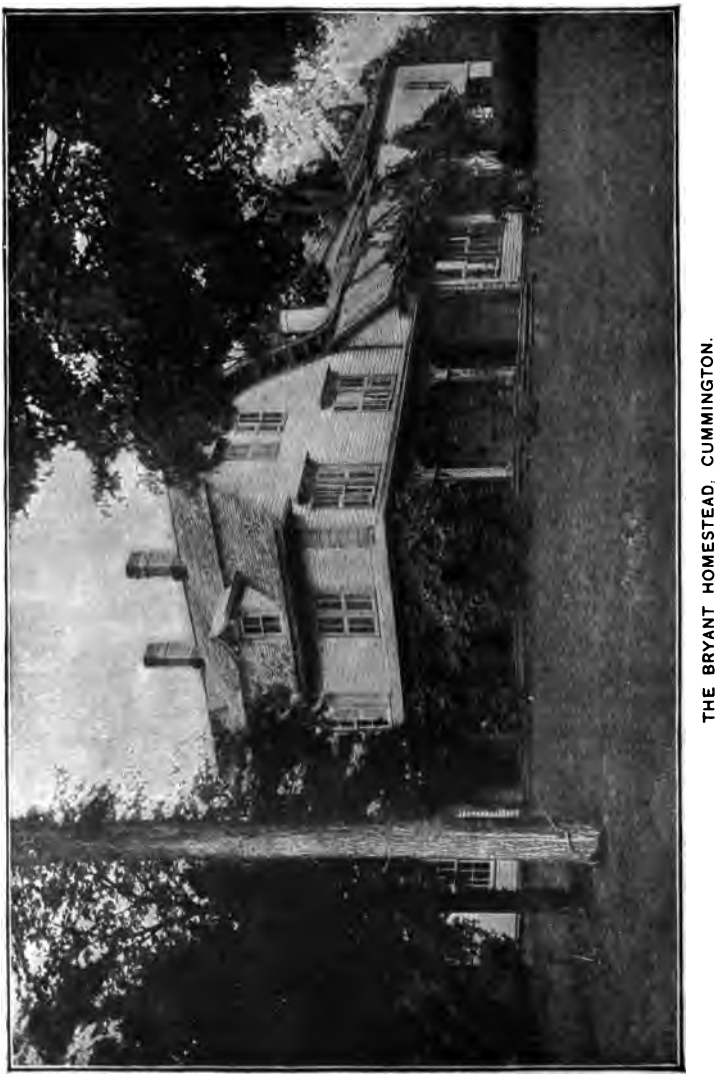
XXI.

AMONG THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

Pittsfield. — Birthplace of William Allen, maker of the first American biographical dictionary. — The former Gold mansion, scene of "The Old Clock on the Stairs." — Holmes's ancestral country seat. — Scenes of "Elsie Venner." — "The Plowman." — The original "One Hoss Shay." — "Broadhall." — The two Majors Melville. — Herman Melville and Hawthorne. — Melville's sea stories. — Lenox. — Catherine M. Sedgwick's stories. — Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's school and some of her pupils. — Maria Cummings, author of "The Lamplighter." — Frances Anne Kemble. — Hawthorne in the "little red cottage." — Stockbridge. — "Edwards Hall." — Jonathan Edwards's life here. — The Sedgwick mansion and the Sedgwick family. — The famous brothers Field. — Birthplace of Mark Hopkins. — Great Barrington. — Scenes of Bryant's favorite poems. — The poet's earlier life in Cummington. — A glance at Sheffield.

In Pittsfield we were in the heart of the Berkshires and of the region of their chief literary landmarks. Most of these, I remarked as we stepped from the train, are to be found in this beautiful hill city and within an afternoon or a day's ride from it over country roads. The route that we should follow would embrace Pittsfield, Lenox, Stockbridge, and Great Barrington.

I should have liked to include in our itinerary a visit to Cummington, the birthplace of William Cullen Bryant, but this would necessitate a special journey to a single point, taking us quite out of our course. The little town lies, indeed, as Percy saw by the map which we had with us, outside of Berkshire, though close against the eastern edge of the hill country. It may best be reached from Dalton, the station on the railroad below Pittsfield. I promised to recall the poet's



THE BRYANT HOMESTEAD, CUMMINGTON.

boyhood there when we should reach the Bryant homestead in Great Barrington, the place in which his young manhood was spent, and in and about which he found the inspiration and the themes for the poems which are counted among his best. Meanwhile I produced from my black bag a photograph of the Cummington homestead, showing its appearance on the occasion of the celebration of the poet's centenary in the summer of 1894.

Another interesting point beyond our reach, as our plans were arranged, was the town of Lanesborough, north of Pittsfield, whence came that philosophical humorist known as "Josh Billings," in private life Henry Wheeler Shaw (born 1818 — died at Monterey, Cal., 1885). There also in the early eighties, Horace E. Scudder had a literary workshop with Arthur Gilman, another author-editor of Cambridge, in a little schoolhouse near Constitution Hill, and there he wrote the Bodley Books.

We reached Pittsfield early in the afternoon, and luncheon at the Maplewood House first engaged us. That finished, we strolled about the pleasant, tree-lined streets of the neighborhood, visiting the nearest points of literary interest. In the Berkshire Athenæum we saw the desk upon which Hawthorne wrote "The House of the Seven Gables" while living in the "little red cottage" at Lenox. Near by the Athenæum was pointed out the birthplace of the Rev. William Allen (born 1784 — died in Northampton, 1868), compiler of the first biographical dictionary published in America, and president of Bowdoin College (1819–1839) when Longfellow, Hawthorne, and the Abbott brothers were students there. He was the assistant librarian of Harvard College when he began his dictionary and when the first edition was published in 1808. The second edition, much enlarged, came a quarter of a century after, during his presidency of Bowdoin.

Not far away we saw the house which was the scene of Longfellow's "The Old Clock on the Stairs," still standing

"somewhat back from the village street," with the "tall poplar-trees" throwing their shadows over it. The house is now the "Plunkett mansion," and within the ancient clock occupies its old station half-way up the hall stairs. At the time of the writing of the poem it was the "Gold house," homestead of Mrs. Longfellow's maternal grandfather. Thomas Gold was a leading lawyer in Pittsfield, and a man of wide influences. It was during his occupancy, as the poem relates, that —

> "In that mansion, used to be
> Free-hearted Hospitality;
> His great fires up the chimney roared;
> The stranger feasted at his board;
> But, like the skeleton at the feast,
> That warning timepiece never ceased, —
> 'Forever — never.
> Never — forever.'"

"You will recall," I reminded Percy, "that the wedding journey of the Longfellows in the summer of 1843, to which we alluded in Springfield, included a visit to Mrs. Longfellow's relatives here. The idea of the poem was evidently suggested to the poet at that time; but he did not write it till the early winter of 1845, when at home in Cambridge. In his diary appears this note, under date of Nov. 12, that year: 'Began a poem on a clock with the words "Forever, never" as the burden; suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity — "*C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux, — Toujours, jamais! Jamais, toujours! Et pendant ces effrayables révolutions, un réprouvé s'écrie, 'Quelle heure est-il?' et la voix d'un autre misérable lui répond, 'L'Eternité.'*"'"

Returning to the hotel we engaged a carriage for the drive over to Lenox, and thence to Stockbridge. To Lenox it is six miles by the direct road; but as we traveled, with occasional excursions into by-ways, it was somewhat longer.

First we drove to Oliver Wendell Holmes's ancestral country seat, "Canoe Meadow," where, and in the neighboring South Mountain, were laid scenes of "Elsie Venner." We had Dr. Holmes's own account of its history in this extract from a letter given by his biographer, Morse:

"The place in which I lived during seven summers, 1849–1856, was in Pittsfield on the road leading to Lenox. The place contained two hundred and eighty acres, and was the residue of a section six miles square bought of the State—or Province, more properly—by my great-grandfather, Jacob Wendell. The Province held it directly from the Indians. All of the present town of Pittsfield, except one thousand acres, was the property of my great-grandfather, whose deed used to hang in the entry of my house. It was dated in 1738."

Dr. Holmes built the house in which he passed those "seven blessed summers," which afterward stood in his memory "like the seven golden candlesticks in the beatific vision of the holy dreamer." The trees also about the place were almost all of his planting. "Look at them," he wrote a friend who had fixed his summer home in Pittsfield years after, "look at them as you pass my old place, and see how much better I have deserved the gratitude of posterity than the imbecile who only accomplished a single extra blade of grass!" In "Elsie Venner" he wrote, "From these windows at Canoe Meadow among the mountains we could see all summer long a lion rampant, a Shanghai chicken, and General Jackson on horseback, done by Nature in green leaves, each with a single tree." This tree was the "glorious Pine" still standing on the estate. The old place long ago passed into other hands, but its features are well preserved, while it retains a flavor of the Autocrat in its present name of "Holmesdale." During his first summer here Dr. Holmes wrote and read his poem "The Plowman," for the country cattle show. The following season he wrote the poem for the dedication of the Pittsfield Cemetery, in which is pictured the lovely scenery of the region:

Spirit of Beauty! let thy graces blend
With loveliest Nature all that Art can lend.

. . . . . .

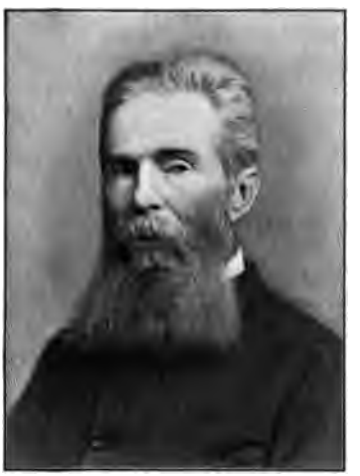
Come from the forest where the beech's screen
Bars the fierce noonbeam with its flakes of green;
Stay the rude axe that bares the shadowy plains,
Stanch the deep wound that dries the maple's veins.
Come with the stream whose silver-braided rills
Fling their unclasping bracelets from the hills,
Till in one gleam, beneath the forest's wings,
Melts the white glitter of a hundred springs.
Come from the steeps where look majestic forth
From their twin thrones the Giants of the North
On the huge shapes, that, crouching at their knees,
Stretch their broad shoulders, rough with shaggy trees.
Through the wide waste of ether, not in vain,
Their softened gaze shall reach our distant plain;
There, while the mourner turns his aching eyes
On the blue mounds that print the bluer skies,
Nature shall whisper that the fading view
Of mightiest grief may wear a heavenly hue."

The stream is the beautiful Housatonic; the Giants of the North are the double peaks of Graylock.

Judge Oliver Wendell, Dr. Holmes's grandfather, was a summer resident here before the Doctor, and his chaise was the original of "The Deacon's Masterpiece."

Some distance below was the old Melville Farm where Longfellow spent his summer vacation in 1848, and thought out "Kavanagh." Then, as he pictured the place in his diary, was here "a fine old house, with broad, echoing hall, built by a Dutchman, Henry Van Schaack of Kinderhook, some seventy or eighty years ago; . . . a quaint portico in front, and elms, and sycamores; and in the rear, a kind of stoop, or verandah, with blinds, for smoking." "This was 'Broadhall,'" I explained, "formerly the Major Melville place. The Dutchman who built the house, in 1781, was a loyalist, and came to Pittsfield when he was hurried out of New York, in Revolutionary

times. The Melville who gave it its later name, was Major Thomas Melville, Jr., a son of Major Melville of Boston, the original of Holmes's 'The Last Leaf.' This first Major Melville had been one of the 'Boston Tea Party,' and was a soldier of the Revolution. He was the last of the 'cocked hats' in Boston; that is, the last to adhere to the old fashion of small clothes, shoe buckles, and three-cornered hat. The second Major Melville came to Pittsfield during the War of 1812, assigned to the charge of the commissary department of the military station then established here. He purchased Broadhall shortly after the close of the war, and settled down to a peaceful agricultural life. Some years after the Major's day Broadhall became a summer boarding place, favored mostly by literary folk. Holmes spent one season here. Other guests included Charles Sumner, Catherine M. Sedgwick, and Herman Melville, nephew of the second and grandson of the first Major.



HERMAN MELVILLE.

"The later home of Herman Melville (born in New York, 1819 — died there, 1891) was about a quarter of a mile southwest of Broadhall. It was given the name of 'Arrowhead' from the numerous Indian relics found about the place. The site was chosen because of its beauty, commanding a fine view of Graylock Peak and the nearer hills.

"Melville came here to live," I continued, passing to his story, "in 1850, when his fame was fresh, 'Typee,' his first book, still being widely read, and 'White Jacket, or the World in a Man-of-War,' just out. Arrowhead remained his home for

thirteen years, the period of his best literary work. Here he wrote 'Moby Dick, or the White Whale,' 'Pierre,' 'Israel Potter,' the 'Piazza Tales,' written on his piazza looking out upon the hills, and 'October Mountain,' named for the neighboring hill.

"He became Hawthorne's most intimate friend while the romancer was at Lenox. To him is given the credit of having first discovered to the world the quality of the 'Mosses from an Old Manse.' Mrs. H. M. Plunkett, the Pittsfield author of to-day (the biographer of Dr. Holland, from whom we have quoted), has pleasantly recalled the circumstance. Melville read the book for the first time the year that Hawthorne came to Lenox, when it had been out four years; and thereupon, with the 'wild witch-voice' of the author ringing in him, he made it the subject of a fervid philosophical essay for the *Literary World* of New York, then the most authoritative literary journal of the country, published by the Duyckincks. Summing up with a commendation of Hawthorne to American readers as an excellent author of their own flesh and blood, 'an unimitating, and perhaps in his own way an inimitable, man,' in his enthusiasm he wrote: —

"'The smell of your beeches and hemlocks is upon him; your own broad prairies are in his soul. Give not over to future generations the glad duty of acknowledging him for what he is; and by confessing him you brace the whole brotherhood. For genius all over the world stands hand in hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round. There are things in the "Twice Told Tales" and "The Scarlet Letter" which had they been written in England a century ago, Hawthorne had utterly displaced many of the bright names we now revere on authority.'

The publication of this review in the acknowledged arbiter of literary claims created a profound sensation among discriminating readers, says Mrs. Plunkett, and straightway the 'Mosses' climbed to four thousand.

"Melville, like Hawthorne, was reserved and shy. Though

drawn to each other from their first introduction, the two came together intimately only through a chance close association. As J. E. A. Smith, 'the poet of Pittsfield' and its historian, has related, one day both were guests at a picnic excursion originated by some of the resident literati. A thunderstorm coming up, they were compelled to take shelter in a recess of Monument Mountain. This enforced proximity lasted more than two hours, and their intercourse, which grew familiar as the time wore on, did the work. An enduring friendship between them was thus laid. It lasted to the end of Hawthorne's life; and one of the most cherished treasures of the Melville family are several first editions of Hawthorne's books inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Melville by Hawthorne and his wife."

Reverting to Melville's career, I remarked, "Its beginning was romantic. When a boy the tales of adventure told him by his father, who was a merchant engaged in foreign trade, and by a sea-faring uncle, inspired in him a love for the sailor's life; and in his eighteenth year he shipped as cabin-boy on a Liverpool packet. Upon his return home he took up the more prosaic occupation of country school teaching. But the sea-fever was still on him, and this was heightened by reading Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast,' when that fascinating book first came out, in 1840. So he shipped again, this time on a New Bedford whaler bound for the Pacific whale-fishery.

"After a cruise of sixteen months the ship put in to the island of Noukahiva, in the Marquesas group of the South Pacific. Harsh treatment during the cruise tempted him and a shipmate, 'Toby,' to escape; they hid in a forest, and the ship sailed off without them. In attempting to reach the settlement of a peaceful tribe of natives they lost their way, and after three days of wandering in forest and over mountain range, they found themselves in the hostile Typee valley. Fortunately they had picked up a few words of the native language, and chancing to express friendly words, they were detained in 'indulgent captivity.' This lasted four months,

Melville meanwhile having lost sight of his mate. He had begun to despair of ever getting back to civilization, when a Sidney whaler appeared; and, after a brisk fight between the natives and a boat's crew which had come ashore, he was rescued. Taking a sailor's hand on this whaler, he was next landed at Tahiti of the Society Islands, on the very day that the French took possession of these islands. He tarried there awhile and then sailed for the Hawaiian group, where he remained several months, studying the islands and the people. In the autumn of 1843 he shipped as a seaman on the frigate *United States*, and started on his homeward way. A stay of some time was made by the frigate at one of the Peruvian ports, and finally, a year after the departure from the Sandwich Islands, Boston was reached.

"The book 'Typee: a Peep at Polynesian Life during a Four Months' Residence in a Valley of the Marquesas,' was a narrative of his adventure. It was told with such spirit and freshness and charm of style, and came at such an opportune time, when popular interest in the Pacific islands was first awakening, that it captivated the public. It was written during the winter following his return, in Lansingburg, New York, on the east bank of the Hudson, his boyhood home, where he had first taught school. Published simultaneously in New York and London, and receiving warm praise from both English and American critics, it established Melville's reputation instantly."

"Was the fate of his shipmate on the island ever known?"

"Yes. Curiously enough, Melville met him in New York, on Broadway, when 'Typee' was just out. He had escaped from the island in a no less dramatic way than Melville, after vain efforts to rejoin his mate. His story was made a supplementary chapter to a later edition of 'Typee.'

"'Omoo: a Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas,' giving a lively account of the experiences at Tahiti, followed the next year. Two years later 'Maidi, and a Voyage Thither,'

a philosophical romance, appeared; and the same year 'Redburn,' relating the 'sailor-boy confessions and reminiscences of the son of a gentleman in the merchant service.' Then followed 'White Jacket,' and the books written here in Pittsfield, of which 'Moby Dick' has been called the most dramatic and imaginative of all his works. In his later writings he was much given to speculative philosophy, and his popularity waned.

"The latter years of Melville's life were spent in New York, where he had a place in the Custom House which for a long time escaped the politicians. His retiring habits grew upon him as he advanced in years, and he fought shy of all publicity. Notwithstanding his remarkable adventures and his sea-faring life, there was nothing of the jovial, breezy air of the sailor about him. He had more the gentle carriage of the student, the manner of the man of books. He was more than Dana a pioneer of our sea-story writers, and in his best works set a pace not easy for his successors to follow. His picturesque style came through his excellent training in English composition, to which he showed an aptitude in his youth, and from his early reading of the masters of English literature. Melville married a daughter of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, the year following the appearance of 'Typee,' which he dedicated to the chief justice."

Now in Lenox, we sought first the Lenox home of the Sedgwicks, — the author, Catherine Maria Sedgwick (born in Stockbridge, 1739 -- died near Boston, 1869), her brother Charles, and Mrs. Charles. This home was a choice literary center in their day, bringing celebrity to the village long before it became renowned as a place of fashionable country seats. Their identification with Lenox, we were told, began in the twenties, when Charles and his wife moved over here from the Stockbridge home, Miss Sedgwick joining them in the early thirties. Here Miss Sedgwick wrote her later stories, "The

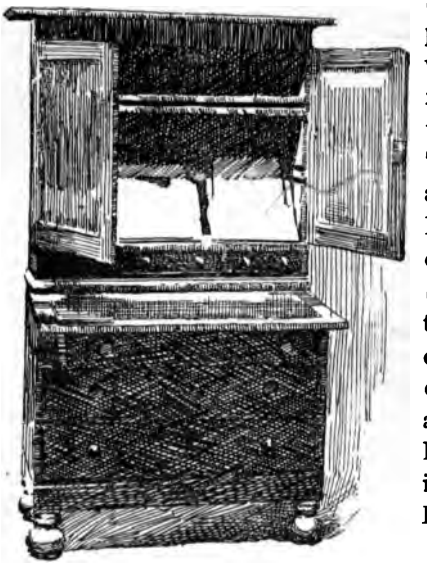
Linwoods," "The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man," "Live and Let Live," "The Morals of Manners," "The Boy of Mt. Rhigi," "Married and Single," — those homely tales, mostly of rural New England life, with the scenes often set in these Berkshire Hills, which had a grêat vogue sixty and more years ago.

"Here also," I added, "was Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's 'school for young ladies,' as famous in its way as the 'Round Hill School' at Northampton, and longer lived, continuing from the twenties to the sixties. Among the earlier pupils were Harriet G. Hosmer, the sculptor; Charlotte Cushman, the actress; and Maria Cummins, author of 'The Lamplighter,' a simple domestic tale published in 1854, which won the popular heart and ran through successive editions, a total of seventy thousand copies, in less than a year. Mrs. Sedgwick wrote much for children, and her 'The Beatitudes' was especially popular. She was a frequent contributor to Lydia Maria Child's *Juvenile Miscellany*, a pioneer juvenile magazine flourishing in the twenties and thirties."

Near the home of the Sedgwicks, it was remarked in passing, was the summer place of Frances Anne Kemble, the actress-author, between whom and Miss Sedgwick a life-long friendship existed. Her home was in Lenox for more than thirty years, and her best work in prose and verse was done here.

Hawthorne's "little red cottage" was off the main thoroughfare, on a winding by-road, now a street bearing his name, on the edge of Stockbridge. We could see only its site, for the house burned down some years ago. It was a story-and-a-half cottage, painted red, not prepossessing, indeed Hawthorne called it an "ugly little house," but comfortable; while its situation, on a slope north of Lake Mahkeenac, — or Stockbridge Bowl, as Miss Sedgwick called it, — overlooking the valley of the Housatonic and surrounded by mountains, was superb. "Poor as the place was," I quoted from Lathrop's

sketch of Hawthorne, "it soon became invested by its occupants with something of a poetic atmosphere." Mrs. Hawthorne brightened the interior, and among other touches "ornamented an entire set of plain furniture, painted a dull yellow, with copies from Flaxman's outlines, executed with great perfection." The study, I added, was, as usual, an upstairs room. Here after the completion of "The House of the Seven Gables," Hawthorne wrote the "Wonder Book," in the closing chapter of which fanciful allusion is made to his literary companions during the Lenox life; and I read this passage: —



HAWTHORNE'S DESK, USED IN THE "RED COTTAGE."

"'For my part, I wish I had Pegasus here, at this moment,' said the student. 'I would mount him forthwith, and gallop about the country, within a circumference of a few miles, making literary calls on my brother-authors. Dr. Dewey [the Rev. Orville Dewey] would be within my reach, at the foot of Taconic [Mountain]. In Stockbridge, yonder, is Mr. James [G. P. R. James, the English novelist], conspicuous to all the world on his mountain-pile of history and romance. Longfellow, I believe, is not yet at the Ox-bow, else the winged horse would neigh at the sight of him. But here in Lenox, I should find our most truthful novelist, who has made the scenery and life of Berkshire all her own [Miss Sedgwick]. On the hither side of Pittsfield sits Herman Melville, shaping out the gigantic conception of his "White Whale," while the gigantic shape of Graylock looms upon him from his study-

window. Another bound of my flying steed would bring me to the door of Holmes, whom I mention last, because Pegasus would certainly unseat me, the next minute, and claim the poet as his rider.'

"'Have we not an author for our next neighbor?' asked Primrose. 'That silent man who lives in the old red house, near Tanglewood Avenue, and whom we sometimes meet with two children at his side, in the woods or at the lake [himself]. I think I have heard of his having written a poem, or a romance, or an arithmetic, or a school-history, or some other kind of a book.'

"The Hawthornes lived here only a year and a half, — from the early summer of 1850 to December 1851," I remarked as we drove away from the picturesque spot. "They came to Lenox with two children, and left with three, for in May of the latter year the daughter Rose was born. She was the last of their children. She became the wife of George Parsons Lathrop (born in Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, 1851 — died in New York City, 1898), author, and the editor of Hawthorne's collected works. Her 'Memories of Hawthorne,' composed of the letters of her mother interspersed with delicate biographical notes of her own, gives clearer and more intimate glimpses of the life of the romancer and his wife, than the more formal biography can afford."

Again on the main road, I indicated in a general way, with a sweep of the hand in a southeasterly direction, the locality of Henry Ward Beecher's Lenox summer home, the scenery about which he sketched or discoursed upon in his "Star Papers." This was on a hill toward the town of Lee, which afterward was called Beecher Hill.

We drove into Stockbridge as the sun was about setting, and the beauty of the town, lying in the river valley, nearly surrounded by mountains, enchanted Percy. We found its natural attractions much as Bryant first saw them as he passed through the town when coming from Cummington to Great Barrington to live, eighty-six years ago: except that the

foliage was green instead of golden. "I well remember," Bryant wrote half a century after, "as I passed through Stockbridge, how much I was struck by the beauty of the smooth green meadows on the borders of the lovely river which winds near the Sedgwick mansion, the Housatonic, and whose gently flowing waters seemed tinged with the gold and crimson of the trees which overhung them. I admired no less the contrast between this soft scene, and the steep craggy hills that overlooked it, clothed with their many colored forests." The meadows, the winding river, the overhanging trees, the forest-clad hills above, were all here, while added charms were the bowery streets and pleasant mansions, round about the town center.

THE SEDGWICK MANSION HOUSE.

Our drive ended at the Red Lion Inn, which was to be our home for this night. After refreshing ourselves with a late dinner we strolled out into the soft night air, and enjoyed an evening view of the embowered town.

The next morning we again made an early start, since for this day we had also arranged an extensive schedule.

Of the village landmarks, mainly of interest to us were "Edwards Hall," the Stockbridge home of Jonathan Edwards, and the Sedgwick mansion. Edwards Hall, we learned, was originally the home of John Sergeant, the predecessor of Edwards as missionary to the Indians, having been built for him in 1737, when Stockbridge was a sparsely settled frontier

town. When Edwards came in 1751, he erected an addition to the already capacious house, to make room for his growing family. His study was a closet, six by fifteen feet, built against the huge chimney, with one little window looking toward the west. The desk at which he wrote here is still preserved.

It was in this closet-study, with his scant working library near at hand, that he wrote besides the "Freedom of the Will," his "God's End in Creation," and "The Nature of Virtue." At the same time his missionary labors were conscientiously performed, and his regular preaching went on in the Stockbridge church. In these metaphysical speculations and clerical labors the good man was completely absorbed, while his efficient wife skilfully managed the temporal affairs of the steadily increasing household. In illustration of his preoccupation, I quoted the following incident related by the local historian. At one time as he was riding on horseback, he came to a pasture, inclosed by a gate, which was opened by a boy who respectfully lifted his hat. Asking the lad whose son he was, and being told, he thanked him and rode on. He returned not long after, and the boy, still at the gate, repeated the favor. The good minister, roused from his meditations by the act, thanked him, and again asked whose son he was. "Why, sir," the astonished lad replied, "I am the same man's son I was fifteen minutes ago."

The Sedgwick mansion, shaded by ancient lindens, is of the pattern of the New England mansion house of the late eighteenth and early nineteeth centuries, — spacious, square-roofed, with broad hall running through the middle, large rooms, high ceilings, carved cornices and mantels. "This was Catherine M. Sedgwick's home," I observed, "till her removal to Lenox; and accordingly here were written those earlier tales which established her name in the young American literature of the time. Before she began to write she had received an unusual mental training for a woman in her day. To her school educa-

tion, rounded out in 'young ladies' finishing schools' away from her home, was added the instruction gained from reading standard literature in her father's library. Hers was an exceptionally cultivated home. Her father, Judge Theodore Sedgwick, was a justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court from 1802 till his death in 1813. Her eldest brother, Theodore, a Yale graduate of 1799, became an eminent member of the bar, and a writer on economics. Her second brother, Henry Dwight, graduating from Williams College, became a leading member of the New York bar, a frequent contributor to the *North American Review*, and a *littérateur* of note. The third brother, Charles, was also a man of letters. The elder brothers especially encouraged the development of her literary powers.

CATHERINE M SEDGWICK

"Miss Sedgwick's first story, 'A New England Tale,' was begun as a religious tract, and was expanded to the proportions of a novel at the earnest solicitation of her brothers and friends who saw possibilities in the sketch. It was published in 1822, anonymously, and its flattering reception induced her

to engage seriously in literary pursuits. 'Redwood,' a novel of the then conventional two-volume order, followed, also published anonymously. This met larger success than the first effort. It was reprinted in England, and translated into four foreign languages: quite remarkable, when you remember the time of its issue, the mid-twenties, when American writers were of small account in the book world. 'Hope Leslie,' her Indian story, and 'Clarence,' were the last of her books published while she was living here. 'Hope Leslie' brought her widest celebrity. Stockbridgians point out a neighboring mountain crag as the scene of the Indian maiden 'Magawisca's' sacrifice in the rescue of 'Everell'; and other places described in this tale are identified hereabouts. Miss Sedgwick's grave is in the village graveyard, marked by a plain monument simply inscribed."

In the old Stockbridge church are tablets to the memory of John Sergeant, Jonathan Edwards, and David Dudley Field. Dr. Field, who was minister of the church from 1819 to 1837, was the father of those eminent brothers, David Dudley Field, the jurist, Stephen Johnson Field, the justice of the United States Supreme bench, Cyrus West Field, promoter of ocean telegraphy, and Henry Martyn Field, clergyman, editor, and author; and their sister, Emelia (Field) Brewer, wife of an American missionary in Turkey, and mother of another United States Supreme Court justice. Cyrus and Henry were born here, the former in 1819, the latter in 1822; David and Stephen were born in Haddam, Conn., in 1805 and 1816 respectively, where the father was settled before coming to Stockbridge. Dr. Field himself was locally distinguished as an historical writer. Retiring from the ministry in the fifties, he spent his remaining years in literary occupations here. He died in 1867. We saw his old home on the site of the second home of John Sergeant, on Prospect Hill; and the former country seats of the sons David and Henry — "Eden Hall" and "Windermere" — commanding beautiful views,

The ride of eight miles to Great Barrington was full of beauty. The road crossed the river, skirted Monument Mountain, coursed through woods and along the open, revealing lovely vistas and far-spreading landscapes. About a mile out from Stockbridge center a side road was indicated which led toward "Cherry Cottage," birthplace of the learned Mark Hopkins (born 1802 — died in Williamstown, 1887), fourth presi-

THE OLD HOME OF BRYANT, GREAT BARRINGTON.

dent of Williams College, 1837 1872, whose treatises in the field of moral science gave him first rank among scholars of his theological tenets.

At the entrance to the village stood the old Bryant homestead on the broad main street. Here, it was remarked, the poet was married, in 1821, to Frances Fairchild of Great Barrington, whom he apostrophized in his verses, "Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids."

She became his "confidant, counselor, and partner" through nearly half a century; his best critic, whose approval the verses written after their union had first to receive before he would

permit them to meet the public eye. In the village the place of his law office was pointed out to us. In the town house were shown the records which he kept during his several years' service as town clerk; among them the record of his own marriage, and that of the birth of his first child.

As we moved among these landmarks, incidents of the poet's life in the town, extending from his twenty-second to his thirty-first year (1816–1825), were related to Percy. "During this period of nine years," he was told, "the poet practiced his profession as a lawyer with a fair degree of success, interested himself wholesomely in local affairs and somewhat in politics, and composed more than thirty poems. These verses included 'A Winter Piece,' 'The West Wind,' 'June,' 'The Rivulet,' 'Monument Mountain,' 'A Walk at Sunset,' 'The Hymn to Death,' 'Green River,' 'After a Tempest,' and 'A Forest Hymn,' — the poems upon which rests the fame which has been accorded him as the 'most American of our poets' and the skillfullest painter of the scenery of his native land. Most of these poems describe points in the region about this town and the poet's more rural birthplace of Cummington. Green River lies a mile west of Great Barrington village, with its waters

> "'. . . winding away from sight
> Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
> While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
> And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings.' —

It was in the poem on this theme that the poet expressed his longing to escape from the drudgery of his profession:

> "'Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
> And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
> And mingle among the jostling crowd,
> Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud —
> I often come to this quiet place,
> To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,

And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.'

"'The Rivulet' depicts a little stream which threads through the grounds of the homestead at Cummington. The scene of 'The Forest Hymn,' with that familiar opening line, 'The groves were God's first temples,' was also in Cummington. 'The Death of the Flowers,' beginning with the much-quoted 'The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,' was inspired here in Great Barrington."

Percy now asked for the promised story of Bryant's earlier life at his birthplace.

"Cummington," I accordingly related, "is one of those Massachusetts hill towns, remote from railways, which have retained their unchanging pastoral aspect through the changing years. Its rural features and its surrounding scenery, which have been immortalized by Bryant's pen, all remain. The region about his birthplace is to-day much as when he wrote: —

"'I stand upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky
With garniture of wavy grass and grain,
Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie,
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.'

"Bryant was as fortunate in his parentage as in the place of his birth. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, of a line of physicians, has been described as a genial, scholarly, poetic, broad-minded man; his mother, Sally Snell Bryant, as plodding, persistent, energetic, 'scrupulous as the laws of light.' She was of Pilgrim stock, being a descendant of John Alden, while Dr. Bryant was also of Old Colony ancestry. Her father, Squire Snell, moved up to Cummington with his family from Eastern

Massachusetts, and Dr. Bryant, of the same town, following, married Sally Snell there in 1792. William Cullen was their eldest son, born in November, 1794. He was named for Dr. William Cullen, a renowned Scotch physician and medical teacher, who had died four years before. His poetical aspirations developed very early, and were encouraged by his father, who directed his studies and guided his reading. 'Lying before the evening birch fire,' Parke Godwin, his son-in-law and biographer has said, 'he read the Bible and Shakspere, Homer as Pope gives him, and Cowper and Wordsworth. Out-of-doors, among the thickets, . . . he shouted to his brothers grand lines from the "Iliad" or the "Œdipus Tyrannus."'

"When only nine years old the boy began writing verses, and at twelve he first appeared in print. This first printed piece was a poem published in the county paper, the *Hampshire Gazette*, prefaced by an editor's note stating that it was 'composed by a lad twelve years old, to be exhibited at the close of the winter school, in presence of the master, the minister of the parish, and a number of private gentlemen.' The next year, stirred by the political spirit which he had absorbed at his father's hospitable fireside, and from the village Solons, he wrote a satire on Jefferson's embargo, with the title, 'The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times,' which was published in Boston. This elicited from the *Monthly Anthology* a flattering notice, the critic concluding that 'the young bard certainly bids fair, should he continue to cultivate his talent, to gain a respectable station on the Parnassian mount.' In his fifteenth year he had some patriotic verses in the *Hampshire Gazette* on 'The Genius of Columbia.' Early in his sixteenth year he was a student at Williams College. After two terms he withdrew, hoping to continue his studies at Yale; but his father could not afford the expense, and accordingly he turned to the study of law.

"Meanwhile he had written 'Thanatopsis,'—which he kept a secret; and it was only discovered after he had left the home-

stead to come here to Great Barrington, his father finding it among some papers left behind in the boy's room. You remember the story of its publication in the *North American Review*, which was told when we were talking about the elder Richard Henry Dana's career, during our walk in the West End of Boston. The circumstances under which the poem was written are found detailed in the 'Bryant Homestead Book" — and I read the following extract:

"It was here in Cummington while wandering in the primeval forests, over the floor of which were scattered the gigantic trunks of fallen trees, moldering for long years, and suggesting an indefinitely remote antiquity, and where silent rivulets crept along through the carpet of dead leaves, the spoil of thousands of summers, that the poem . . . was composed. The young poet had read the poems of Kirke White, which, edited by Southey, were published about that time; and a small volume of Southey's miscellaneous poems; and some lines of those authors had kindled his imagination, which, going forth over the face of the inhabitants of the globe, sought to bring under one broad and comprehensive view, the destinies of the human race in the present life, and the perpetual rising and passing away of generation after generation who are nourished by the fruits of its soil, and find a resting-place in its bosom."

"Under a somewhat similar mood," I suggested, "'To A Waterfowl,' which many regard as his best poem, was written. As Parke Godwin relates, the poet was on his walk to the neighboring town of Plainfield, having left home to open his first law office there. It was toward the close of a December day in 1815. His heart was despondent, and as he was climbing the hill into the hamlet he turned round and looked back over the darkening landscape. 'The sun had already set, leaving behind it one of those brilliant seas of chrysolite and opal which often flood the New England skies; and while he was looking at the rosy splendor, with rapt admiration, a solitary bird made wing along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lone wanderer until it was lost in the distance, asking himself whence it had come and to what far home it was flying. When he went to the house where he was to stop for the night

his mind was full of what he had seen and felt,' and the poem came easily from his pen."

Returning to Bryant in Great Barrington, I remarked that his first little volume of collected poems, published in 1821, was the means of drawing him from the law into editorial life. Henry D. Sedgwick, who had become his warm friend, and Gulian C. Verplanck, at the time a literary authority in New York, interested themselves in procuring an editorial position for him in that city. As a result he was appointed assistant editor of the *New York Review and Athenæum Magazine*, started in 1825, whereupon he closed his law office forever, and removed to the city. Thereafter he was identified with New York, and with journalism there. The *Review* was not profitable, though excellent in its matter, having as contributors, besides himself, the best among the little group of American writers of the time. Halleck's 'Marco Bozzaris' was published in an early number. After struggling for about a year it was merged in one of its rivals, which was in turn swallowed by another a few months later.

BRYANT AT THE AGE OF 40.

"Three years after his coming to New York Bryant became editor of the New York *Evening Post*, with which he continued

through the remainder of his long life, making it a power in the discussion of public questions, and a credit to American journalism. His second collection of verse, published in 1832, included the poems first printed in the periodicals with which he was connected, or in various 'Annuals.' The other volumes which make up his works appeared at intervals through the succeeding thirty or forty years. His translation of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' rounding out his work, appeared in 1870–1871. Bryant died in New York City in May, 1878, suddenly, after delivering an address at the unveiling of the statue to Mazzini in Central Park; and his grave is at 'Cedarmere,' his beautiful country seat for thirty-five years in Roslyn, Long Island.

BRYANT IN LATER LIFE.

"His striking appearance in his latter years has often been pictured, but by none with finer touch than Hawthorne has given in this outline: 'A long white beard, such as a palmer might have worn as the growth of his long pilgrimages; a brow almost entirely bald, and what hair he had, quite heavy; a forehead impending, yet not massive; dark, bushy eyebrows, and keen eyes, without much softness in them; a dark and sallow complexion; a slender figure bent a little with age, but at once alert and firm.'"

We now took a train on the picturesque Housatonic railway for Canaan, Connecticut, where we changed to another line along which we pursued our way to Hartford. Between Great Barrington and Canaan we passed through Sheffield, as beau-

tiful as the other Berkshire towns, the birthplace of Dr. Frederick A. P. Barnard (born 1809—died in New York City, 1889), president of Columbia College, 1864–1889; and of the Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey (born 1794—died in Sheffield, 1882), the early exponent of Unitarianism.

XXII

HARTFORD AND NEW HAVEN.

Writers identified with the "Charter Oak City." — From the "Hartford Wits" to the modern set. — The grouped homes of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, and "Mark Twain." — Clemens's unique apprenticeship to literature. — Warner's earlier home of "My Summer in a Garden." — Mrs. Sigourney. — Catherine Beecher's celebrated Academy. — Emma Willard. — The trio of Hartford literary editors: Brainard, Prentice, and Whittier. — Productions of the "Hartford Wits." — The "City of Elms." — Literary men as Yale students. — The Trumbull Gallery. — Distinguished graves in the Old Burying Ground. — The poets Hillhouse and Percival. — Theodore Winthrop. — Donald G. Mitchell at "Edgewood."

Upon arriving at Hartford we sought at once the landmarks which gave the "Charter Oak City" its distinction through a succession of years as the home of the later "Hartford group" of authors. The leaders of these were Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, and "Mark Twain."

Writers earlier identified with Hartford, as Percy had been informed, were Lydia Huntley Sigourney (born in Norwich, Conn., 1791 — died in Hartford, 1865), Emma Hart Willard (born in Berlin, Conn., 1787 — died in Troy, N. Y., 1870), George D. Prentice (born in Preston, Conn., 1802 — died in Louisville, Ky., 1870), John Gardner Calkins Brainard (born in New London, Conn., 1796 — died there, 1828), and John G. Whittier — the latter through his work of a few years as a newspaper editor. Before these flourished "The Hartford Wits," — John Trumbull (born in Watertown [then Westbury], Conn., 1750 — died in Detroit, Mich., 1831), Dr. Lemuel Hopkins (born in Waterbury, Conn., 1750 — died in Hartford,

1801), Joel Barlow (born in Reading, Conn., 1755 — died in Paris, France, 1812), Theodore Dwight, the elder (born in Northampton, Mass., 1764 — died in New York City, 1846), and Colonel David Humphreys (born in Derby, Conn., 1753 — died in New Haven, 1818). These men together formed a club of satirists, in literary association through a number of years following the Revolution, who, as Professor Henry A. Beers affirms in the "Memorial History of Hartford County," "represented a concentration of talent such as had not hitherto existed in any American town." Noah Webster (born in West Hartford, 1785 — died in New Haven, 1843), the lexicographer, also spent a few of his active years in Hartford, and here published, in 1783, his famous spelling book, the first part of the "Grammatical Institute of the English Language."

The homes of the later Hartford group were in close neighborhood, in the pleasantest of the residential parts of the city, occupying the hill to the west of the railroad round which winds the Park River. We reached the quarter by trolley car from the railroad station.

The vine-embowered house built for "Mark Twain," which Hartford visitors are wont first to seek because of its fame through repeated descriptions, stands on a knoll well back from the street, beside an oak grove. Like most of the residences of this quarter it is a brick house, but so constructed, of different colored bricks in fanciful courses, and so original in design, as to be unique among its neighbors, as is the author among his fellows. It was Clemens's second Hartford home, built for him a few years after he had made this city his permanent abiding-place. When he occupied it the beauty and comfortableness of its interior were much discoursed upon, and many imagined it to be an ideal working-place. The wide hall, with its carved furniture, easy-chairs, and cushioned recesses; the library, similarly furnished, with crowded bookshelves, closed at one end by the conservatory, and with its windows looking out upon the attractive grounds; the fully

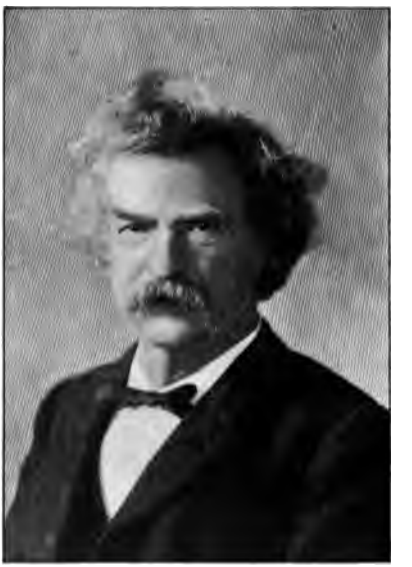
equipped study,—all seemed to the uninitiated to invite to literary labor under the most delightful conditions. But Clemens found it distracting, and when he had work in hand he went up to the billiard room at the top of the house and took his seat at a table so placed that he "could see nothing but the wall and a few shelves of working books before him." At other times, when particularly absorbed by a piece of work, he abandoned the house altogether, and locked himself into a

THE "MARK TWAIN HOUSE," HARTFORD.

little room in an office building down town. He has been quoted as saying that when he has once begun an extended work it is necessary to keep steadily at it from day to day without changing his surroundings.

"'Mark Twain' (born Samuel Langhorne Clemens, in Florida, Mo., 1835),"I remarked, "came to Hartford to live in 1871, after the publication of his 'Innocents Abroad,' and here were written some of his famous books. You know the origin of his *nom de plume*,—that it was reminiscent of his

life as a Mississippi River pilot, when the call 'mark twain!' in the navigation of the river became most familiar to his ears? Clemens's literary success, which has carried him to the head of his class of writers in this age, has been truly called one of the romances of American life and letters. He was nearing thirty before he had written a line for publication, or had seriously thought of authorship. His training, moreover, was quite foreign to letters. At twelve he was through with school, and working for his living. His father died at this time. Soon afterward the boy was apprenticed in a printing-office for three years. He became a pilot on the Mississippi at seventeen. This calling he pursued for seven years, sailing up and down the river between St. Louis and New Orleans, meeting many adventures, and coming in contact with the rough and ready characters encountered in the river traffic before the Civil War, all of which furnished him material for his after writings. At twenty-four he was in Nevada as private secretary for his brother, then the Territorial Secretary. Soon, however, this clerical work was dropped, and he became a miner. Two or three years were spent in the mines without profit except in experience. Then he became a newspaper reporter in Virginia City.



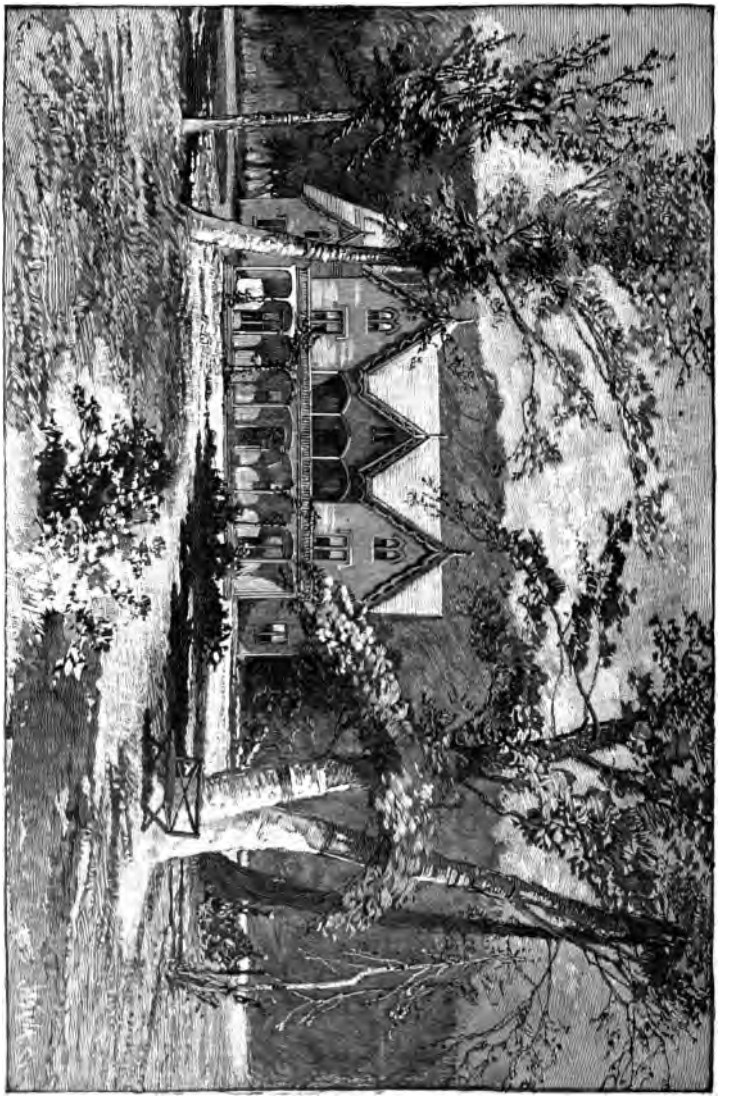
MARK TWAIN.

"With this work his first attempts at humorous writing

were made, and at the outset he adopted his signature of 'Mark Twain.' His paragraphs and sketches were copied in other journals, and after a while he got a better place on a San Francisco paper. In 1866 he was sent to the Sandwich Islands to write up the sugar industry for his paper. Upon his return he took to the lecture platform with a lecture on Hawaii. In this effort sober history and description of the islands and the people were so cheerfully interwoven with humorous note and comment, and the whole so phrased, in homely, rugged English, often with witty turns of gravely started sentences, that popular audiences were captured by it, and he found himself with a growing reputation on the Pacific coast. Coming East with this lecture he met similar success.

"When in New York, in 1867, he published his 'Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras,' and the same year he sailed on the Quaker City expedition to the Orient. From this journey came his 'Innocents Abroad,' written out in California after his return. Its publication made him instantly famous. He continued lecturing with increasing favor, wrote constantly, and in 1871, when Hartford became his permanent home, his next book, 'Roughing It,' appeared. Two years later came 'The Gilded Age,' written in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner, in which figures 'Colonel Sellers,' who stands for the optimistic American speculator proclaiming for every 'wild-cat' venture 'there's millions in it!' Then followed at intervals of a year or two the succession of productions including 'The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,' 'The Prince and the Pauper,' 'Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc,' 'Pudd'nhead Wilson,' 'The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,' and 'A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court,' which added luster to his fame.

"As his reputation was expanding, Clemens pursued a systematic course of study in English language, literature, and history, and acquainted himself with the works of the masters, his readings taking a wide range; thus grandly did he

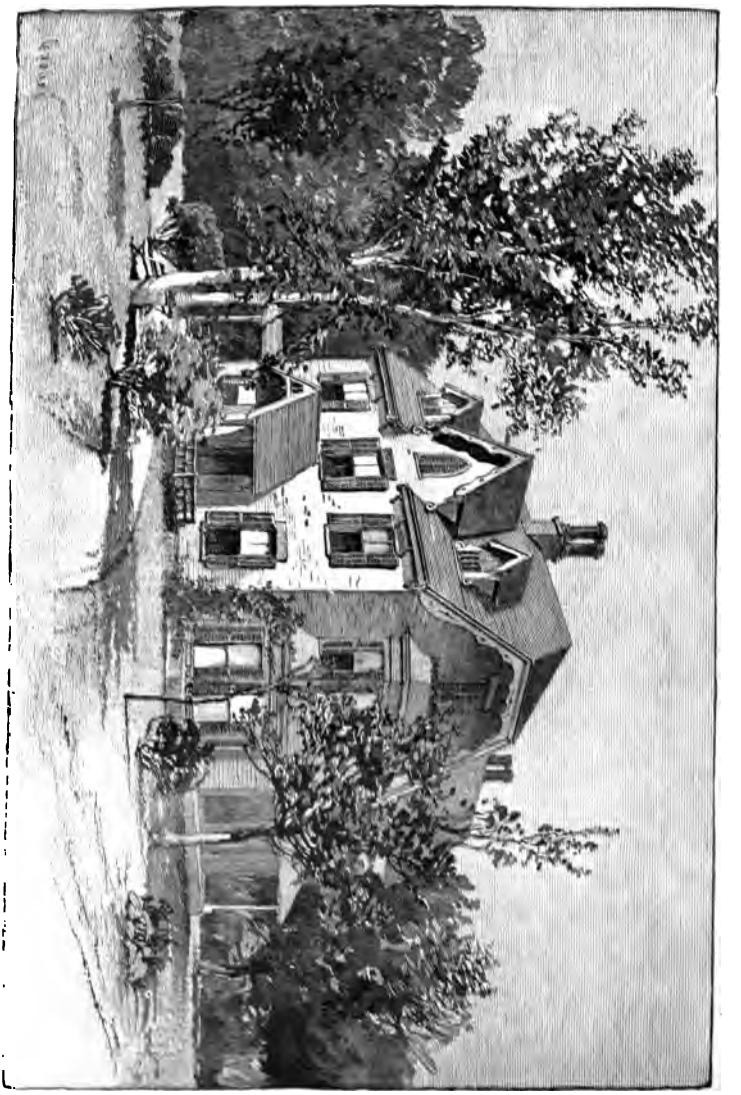


MRS. STOWE'S EARLIER HOME HARTFORD.

make up for his youthful shortcomings in literary culture. Then he set himself determinedly to the acquisition of the French and German languages, although he had passed the age when foreign languages are comfortably acquired, and the strange words and idioms tangled on his elderly tongue."

Mrs. Stowe, in her slate-colored cottage set among trees, back from a shrub and flower-bedecked lawn, was Mark Twain's next-door neighbor, their estates adjoining, though hers faced another street. The Stowe family came here to live in the early seventies, we were told, and the place remained their Northern home till Mrs. Stowe's death in 1896. This also was their second home in Hartford. The earlier house built for Mrs. Stowe, after her own plans, in 1865, was in the eastern part of the city. It stood in the midst of an extensive grove of oaks, which had been one of the favorite resorts of her girlhood, and on the spot where, early in her married life, she had declared that if she should ever be able to build a house of her own, it should be placed. The site was on another bank of Park River, near the junction of this wandering stream with the Connecticut, and it was then a beautiful situation beyond the business limits. In course of time, however, factories encroached upon the neighborhood, the city reached out to it, and its charm was dispelled. Then Mrs. Stowe bought this Forest-Street place, and the once picturesque gabled dwelling among the oaks degenerated, as the oaks were shorn, into a tenement for factory hands, and, in its last stage, into a factory storage place.

The Forest-Street estate was agreeably adorned, and the hospitable home became the Mecca of admirers who came from many quarters to pay homage to the author during her last quiet years here. The library, with its tall panels painted with flowers in the wall spaces between the windows, was also the family sitting-room, and here the more intimate guests were received. A feature of the parlor was a secretary filled with editions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and other popular works of



MRS STOWE'S LATER HARTFORD HOME

Mrs. Stowe, in various foreign languages. Mrs. Stowe had no special study in the house, but wrote sometimes in the library, more frequently in her own room over the parlor. Of her later works, written in Hartford, "We and Our Neighbors" was finished here. "Oldtown Folks" and "Pink and White Tyranny" were written in the other house.

Charles Dudley Warner (born in Plainfield, Mass., 1829 — died in Hartford, 1900) was the other next-door neighbor of Mark Twain, on the south side; and a foot-path well worn by

LATER HOME OF CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

the two friends passed between their places. The beautiful woodland estate was Warner's last home. His earlier home, the little red brick cottage embowered in green, with the garden at the back which inspired his first book, was near by. There also "Saunterings," "Backlog Studies," "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing," were written.

He bought this larger and architecturally handsomer house with its bays, verandas, gables, and dormers, and refashioned it to his taste, after his wide journeyings abroad, from which

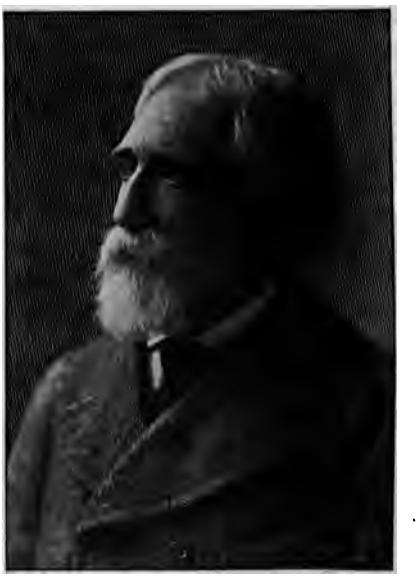
came "My Winter on the Nile" and "In the Levant." The interior a friendly and gracious hand has described as "full of light and comfort, and an easy informality both in its appearance and its atmosphere." On the walls hung "relics of the journeyings about the world, gathered in Nubia, Egypt, Northern Africa, Spain, and all over the continent of Europe." There were "portieres and rugs of interesting Oriental workmanship"; pictures, choice bits of china, porcelain, and much other bric-à-brac, each object having a history and associations of its own. Books were everywhere. The study was a room high up in a gable, plainly furnished, with a generous open fireplace, and an outlook over the tree tops to a mountain height. Here it was long Warner's custom to work and write through the forenoons; then in the afternoon he walked downtown to the *Courant* office to take up his editorial work. He wrote rapidly, never employing the typewriter, or dictating to a stenographer.

"Though literature was Warner's chosen vocation from the beginning," I continued, "he was not able definitely to devote himself to it till he was past forty. He was country bred, born on a farm in that Massachusetts hill town where Bryant first began to practice law, and he used to declaim 'Thanatopsis' while milking the cow. The apple orchard of his father's farm was in sight of the Bryant homestead in Cummington. When he was five his father died. Till he was thirteen he went to a district school in the neighboring town of Charlemont. The family then removing to Cazenovia, in central New York, he attended a seminary there. Afterward he entered Hamilton College, and was graduated in 1851. While he was a student he composed sketches which were accepted by the old *Knickerbocker*, and during his senior year he wrote the English prize essay. Subsequently his work occasionally appeared in *Putnam's Magazine*. Not long after leaving college he went west with the expectation of becoming connected with a projected monthly magazine in Detroit, Michigan. The pro-

ject falling through, he joined a surveying party on the Missouri frontier. After about a year of this experience he returned to the East, and took up the study of law. He received his diploma from the University of Pennsylvania, and was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia in 1856. Meanwhile he had supported himself mainly by writing for newspapers and periodicals. He practiced as a lawyer in Chicago for four years. Then, in 1860, he was induced by Joseph R. Hawley, afterward general, governor, and senator, with whom he had become acquainted in Cazenovia, to come to Hartford and join him in the editorship of the *Press*. So ended Warner's career at the bar. When he had got well into the editorial harness, Hawley enlisted in the army, leaving him alone in the conduct of the paper. Some time after the Civil War the owners of the *Press*, of whom Warner had become one, acquired the older *Courant*, and the two papers were united, the *Press* dropping its name. Warner continued his association with the *Courant* through the remainder of his life, gradually withdrawing, in his latter years, from active editorial service as he became engrossed in literary work and book-making.

"'My Summer in a Garden' was first published in the *Courant* as a series of light essays running through some months. They were originally written with no thought of ultimate issue 'between covers,' merely as pleasant 'copy' to lighten the pages of the sober newspaper; but their buoyancy, with their dashes of wit, philosophy, and gentle satire, evidently so charmed the newspaper readers that the making a book of them was urged by Warner's associates. When this was prepared, however, it languished for a publisher. Two Boston publishers in turn declined it. It was too slender, there was too little of it, they thought. When after its unhappy travels it had finally returned to the author, he happened one evening to meet Henry Ward Beecher at Mrs. Stowe's house. The little book and its fate became one of the subjects of their talk. Mr. Beecher was interested, and wanted to see it; so a

messenger was sent over to Warner's for the manuscript. Mr. Beecher skimmed through several of the sketches. Then he exclaimed, 'It shall be published; you have the real stuff in you.' He would write a preface to it, he said, and would himself take it to a publisher, who would not refuse him. The promise was kept, and before long the book was born. Its reception was immediate and flattering. Ten thousand copies were quickly sold, and it continued to sell. Warner's place was established, and he remained a favorite of the reading public to his last publication.



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

"The Garden essays appeared in 1870. Thereafter his books came at intervals of a year or two, while his pen was otherwise much employed, and his work as editor of series of publications was not inconsiderable. 'Saunterings,' which had vainly sought a publisher before the appearance of 'My Summer in a Garden,' followed, helped on by its popularity. Then came the sparkling 'Backlog Studies,' 'Baddeck, and That Sort of Thing'; the pleasant books on foreign travel; later, 'A Roundabout Journey,' 'The Pilgrimage,' 'A Little Journey in the World,' which the critics agree is his best work; 'Studies in the South and West,' 'As We were Saying,' and so on. Of his editing, the most elaborate work, as you are aware, is the standard 'Library of the World's Best Literature.'"

While we were thus chatting we had left the neighborhood, and were strolling by a roundabout way toward "down-town." At length in Main Street and the business center, we called at the Wadsworth Athenæum, where Percy saw some interesting literary relics. He also noticed here a bust of Mrs. Sigourney. Continuing our walk we sought the site of her home, the pillared mansion, ample and imposing, which stood northward of Main Street, while I discoursed lightly on her career.

"Mrs. Sigourney," this relation ran, "was a lady of fine qualities, cultivated mind, and talent, given through her life to good deeds in the community in which she lived. She was one of the most voluminous of the women writers of her time, and in the number of volumes issued made a record surpassing that of many of her contemporaries of the opposite sex. Her writings had a devout, often a definitely religious, always a pronounced moral tone, and she had a great vogue in her day, for which, we must agree with Professor Beers, the present generation finds it hard to account. All of her sixty odd volumes were widely circulated, and three volumes of her poems were published in London. Ardent admirers sometimes called her 'the Hemans of America.' Her first book, 'Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse,' was published in 1815; her last, 'Letters in Life,' appeared posthumously in 1866.

"She came to Hartford in 1814 when she was Miss Huntley, and opened a high grade seminary for young women, which she conducted till her marriage five years later. She had been gently reared, and had received a broader education than was at the time accorded girls; while her tendency to versification, which was displayed when she was in pinafores, was encouraged by her elders. The lines on the tablet near her pew in Christ Church were written by Whittier, long after her death:—

> "She sang alone, ere womanhood had known
> The gift of song which fills the air to-day;
> Tender and sweet, a music all her own
> May fitly linger where she knelt to pray.'"

In another part of the business section we came to the site of the girls' academy kept by Catherine Esther Beecher (born in East Hampton, L.I., 1800—died, in Elmira, N.Y., 1878) from 1822 to 1832, where her younger sister, Harriet (Mrs. Stowe), studied and afterward taught.

Other landmarks which we sought were vague or obliterated. We could find no trace of the home of that other learned Hartford woman and long-time school-teacher,— Emma Willard,— who wrote verses along with graver things. She came to Hartford in the late thirties, after she had passed middle life. She compiled numerous manuals on geography and history, and interested herself especially in the advancement of the education of women. As a poet she is chiefly to be remembered for her ocean hymn, the familiar "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." As a descendant of Thomas Hooker, the founder of Hartford, she belonged naturally to this town.

Traces only were to be found of the habitations or working places of that trio of Hartford literary editors, Brainard, Prentice, and Whittier, in the twenties and early thirties. "Brainard was the first of them in order of time," I remarked. "He came here in 1822 to edit the *Connecticut Mirror*, having tried the law unsuccessfully; an odd, over-sensitive, unambitious young man of twenty-seven. He made a poor editor, but a good poet. He was essentially the poet of the Connecticut valley. The few poems of his which have survived the longest are on themes of this region. His work was uneven and not extensive, for he wrote hastily, and died at thirty-three; but it endeared him to many readers of his time. Most of it was done for the weekly press, unstudied and without revision. Whittier, in his memoir of the poet accompanying his collected poems published shortly after his death, declared that the verses thus written from week to week 'would have done honor to the genius of Burns or Wordsworth.'

"Prentice's Hartford career was brief, covering only about two years, between 1828 and 1830. It was brilliant and dash-

ing, and paved the way for his success in Kentucky with the Louisville *Journal* (now the *Courier-Journal*), which he founded. He was not long out of college — he graduated from Brown University — when he took up the editor's work here. He made his Hartford paper, the *New England Literary Review*, popular on the literary side, and spirited on the political side. In its columns his earliest and some of his best poems first appeared. Whittier succeeded him in the editorial chair at his own suggestion, a friendship having sprung up between the two through correspondence resulting from Whittier's contributions to the paper from the Amesbury farm. Whittier's engagement was at first temporary, to serve during Prentice's absence in Kentucky, whither he went in the summer of 1830 to write the life of Henry Clay for the Presidential campaign of 1832. But although Prentice returned to Hartford and published his book here, he did not again take up the *Review*; and soon afterward he went back to Kentucky and started his Louisville *Journal*.

"The shy Quaker in homespun was in marked contrast to his worldly and elegant predecessor, but he performed quite as satisfactory, and, in its different way, as brilliant editorial work. Prentice in his farewell editorial introduced him to the readers of the *Review* in a gallant fashion: 'I cannot do less than congratulate my readers,' he wrote, 'on the prospect of the more familiar acquaintance with a gentleman of such powerful energies, and such exalted purity and sweetness of character.' Whittier was here for eighteen months, and we have seen how extensive and varied were his contributions to the *Review* during that time. Among his many poems first published in it was the 'Christ in the Tempest,' which became a favorite in the 'First Class Reader.' While here, too, as we have noted, he prepared his first book, 'Legends of New England in Prose and Verse,' and it was printed in the office of the *Review*. In his writings and letters he has given glimpses of his Hartford life. He has told us that he boarded first at

the 'Old Lunt Tavern,' and afterward in the family of Jonathan Law, sometime postmaster of Hartford, whose house was on Main Street, by the corner of Grove Street. It was his Hartford life that the poet recalled in the opening lines of the dedication of 'Miriam,' to his friend of those days, Frederick A. P. Barnard, who in his young manhood wrote for the *Review*: —

> "'The years are many since, in youth and hope
> Under the Charter-Oak, our horoscope
> We drew thick-studded with all favoring stars.'"

"By the way," Percy here interjected, "isn't some relic of the Charter Oak preserved?" Only its site is marked, by a tablet, he was told.

Of the Hartford Wits no definite landmarks were to be traced, while of their work, it was remarked, only the lines of Trumbull's "M'Fingal" —

> "No man e'er felt the halter draw
> With good opinion of the law" —

survive among our most "familiar quotations." Percy had heard this couplet quoted, but he knew nothing of "M'Fingal," he said. Accordingly this epic of the Revolution, after the manner of Hudibras, with its shafts of ridicule against the British and their Tory allies, was recalled for his benefit. Its object, he was told, was, as Trumbull himself stated it, to express "in a poetical manner a general account of the American contest, with a particular description of the character and manners of the times, interspersed with anecdotes, which no history could probably record or display; and with as much impartiality as possible, satirize the follies and extravagances of my countrymen as well as of their enemies." Its principal characters were "M'Fingal," a type of the old-time country squire, who stood for the Tory interests, and "Honorius," representing the Whigs. It was finished and published in Hartford in 1782, and its popularity was great. Several edi-

tions were published in England as well as in this country. Professor Beers classes it as the best of American political satires in verse "with the possible exception of the 'Biglow Papers.'"

Trumbull was the chief of the Hartford Wits. Of the others, Dr. Lemuel Hopkins was called the "bludgeon satirist." His verse mostly appeared in "The Anarchiad," a descriptive poem by the Wits, in a series of twenty-four numbers published in the newspapers. He also contributed to similar productions, "The Echo," and "The Political Green House," subsequently issued in book form. Theodore Dwight's work was largely in "The Echo." Joel Barlow's principal effort was "The Vision of Columbus," published in Hartford in 1787, and twenty years later expanded into "The Columbiad," brought out in Philadelphia. Colonel Humphreys's hand was in "The Anarchiad." Humphreys earlier wrote his picturesque life of General Israel Putnam, upon whose staff he served as major at the beginning of the Revolution. Later he was on Washington's staff, and became closely attached to the great captain, who inspired his animated battle-pieces and patriotic verse. He was the first American ambassador to Lisbon.

Our walk finished at the Allyn House, where we spent this night, going on to New Haven the next morning.

Arrived in the "City of Elms" we made our pleasant way along the leafy streets first of all to the Yale College buildings, west of the beautiful Green in the city's heart. We strolled about the elm-studded Campus; viewed the famous Fence, the gathering place of Yale men from the college's early days; and made a little tour of the buildings, including "South Middle," the one spared monument of the historic "Old Brick Row."

As we rambled from point to point, here and there was noted a room or a quarter identified with the college life of

after poets and authors, while Percy was told of their student days. The brilliant list began chronologically with James Fenimore Cooper (born in Burlington, N.J., 1789 — died in Cooperstown, N.Y., 1851), who entered the college at thirteen in 1802, and was rusticated before the end of his junior year, when he went to sea as a midshipman in the Navy. Next was James Abraham Hillhouse (born in New Haven, 1789 — died here, 1841), poet and orator, a college mate of Cooper's, entering at sixteen, who early won a reputation among college men from his Master's oration on "The Education of the Poet," and his subsequent Phi Beta Kappa poem, "The Judgment." To him Fitz-Greene Halleck alluded in his lines "To the Recorder" —

> "Hillhouse, whose music, like his themes,
> Lifts earth to heaven —"

Graduating as Hillhouse entered was John Pierpont, the poet and hymn writer (about whom we had heard when in Eastern Massachusetts, in Newburyport), a fine scholar in college, stimulated to high endeavor perhaps by reason of his descent from the minister, John Pierpont, one of the Yale founders; whose "Airs of Palestine," published a dozen years after his graduation, fixed his literary rank. Then came James Gates Percival (born in Berlin, Conn., 1795 — died in Hazel Green, Wis., 1856), poet and man of many talents — and idiosyncrasies, of the class of 1815, graduating at its head, with his tragedy of "Zamor" a part of the Commencement exercises. Ten years later N. P. Willis was here, in his senior year (1827) rooming on the third floor of Old North, in the same entry with Horace Bushnell, who was his classmate.

Donald G. Mitchell (born in Norwich, Conn., 1822 —), genial, philosophic "Ik Marvel," whose "Reveries of a Bachelor" retains perennial charm, was of the class of 1841. Three years after, in the class of 1848, entered the scholarly and heroic Theodore Winthrop (born in New Haven, 1828 — killed

in the Battle of Great Bethel, Va., 1861), novelist, story writer, and poet, a direct descendant from that second John Winthrop and first governor of Connecticut, whose career we had traced when in "The Heart of Essex;" on his mother's side in line from Jonathan Edwards, whose great-granddaughter she was, and through her connected with seven presidents of Yale; who himself, had his health permitted, would have followed in his ancestors' footsteps, and might have become a college president. Of the class of 1853 was our poet of to-day, Edmund Clarence Stedman, son of a poet, — Mrs. E. C. (Stedman) Kinney, — born in Hartford, 1833, but "brought up" from infancy in Norwich, who entered the college at fifteen, and at seventeen was suspended for some irregularities, though in later years restored to his class and given a master's degree.

Note also was made of some of the renowned eighteenth century students: among them Timothy Dwight, graduated in 1769; Jonathan Edwards, 1721; Noah Webster, 1778, in the same class with Joel Barlow of the Hartford Wits and Oliver Wolcott, their intimate, whose grandfather, Roger Wolcott, was the earliest Hartford poet; Jedidiah Morse, "the father of American Geography," of the class of 1783; and Benjamin Silliman, our "Nestor in Science," class of 1796. Thirty-three years after Noah Webster, the other dictionary maker, Joseph Emerson Worcester (born in Bedford, N.H., 1784 — died in Cambridge, Mass., 1865), was here — in the class of 1811. Shortly after his graduation he went to Salem, Mass., and set up his school, where, as we had learned, the boy Nathaniel Hawthorne was once a pupil. His "Dictionary of the English Language" made its first appearance in 1860, after several years had been devoted to its compilation.

In the School of Fine Arts building Percy found much enjoyment in looking over the historical paintings of Colonel John Trumbull, Connecticut's early and most distinguished painter, which constitute the "Trumbull Gallery." He made a copy of the inscription over Trumbull's tomb beneath the building,

which read: "Colonel John Trumbull, Patriot and Artist, Friend and Aid of Washington, lies beside his wife beneath this Gallery of Art. Lebanon [Conn.], 1750 — New York, 1843."

"Yes," I replied to Percy's question, "the poet John Trumbull was of the same family. The great-grandfathers of the poet and the artist were brothers. The artist was the son of the first Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, — Washington's close friend throughout the Revolution, — and brother of the second Governor Jonathan Trumbull, who served from 1798 till his death in 1809."

A short walk along High Street to Grove Street brought us to the old burying-ground, a quiet spot behind stone walls, "separating college halls on the one hand from the stir of business on the other," as a local writer pictures it, which Percy desired to visit when told that more distinguished persons are said to be here entombed than in any similar enclosure in the country.

Wandering along the serene paths we passed graves of presidents of the college; of Benjamin Silliman, and his son, the second Professor Silliman; of Noah Webster; of Jedidiah Morse; of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, father of the eminent Beecher family of brothers and sisters; of the Rev. Leonard Bacon (born in Detroit, Mich., 1802 — died in New Haven, 1881), the leading Congregationalist editor and writer in his day, and minister of the First Church of New Haven for fifty-seven years; and of his gifted sister Delia Bacon (born in Talmadge, Ohio, 1811 — died in Hartford, 1859), writer of historical tales, but wider known as the prophet of the Baconian theory of the authorship of the Shaksperian plays, disclosed in her "Philosophy of the Plays of Shakspere Unfolded," the publication of which in Boston and London in 1857, two years before her death, made a commotion which did not subside after it became known that the writer's mind in her later years was affected. Also were seen the tombs of

William Dwight Whitney (born in Northampton, Mass., 1827 — died in New Haven, 1894), the eminent philologist and Sanskrit scholar; of James Dwight Dana (born in Utica, N.Y., 1813 — died in New Haven, 1895), the geologist and writer of authoritative treatises on mineralogy; of the poet Hillhouse; and of Theodore Winthrop. The grave of the latter was marked by a plain granite cross, simply inscribed with names and dates only. A friend with us recalled that when Winthrop was buried he was followed to the grave by the students of the college in a body, by whom he was universally beloved.

The building of the Historical Society being near, opposite the opening of beautiful Hillhouse Avenue, we made a brief call there, and found much to interest us in its literary museum. Then we strolled up Hillhouse Avenue beneath the arching elms, toward the fine old pillared mansion at its head which was the latter home of the poet Hillhouse, in his time called "Sachem Wood." The place was built by his father, the statesman Hillhouse, member of both branches of the Federal Congress in periods following the Revolution. He also laid out the avenue through his ancestral farm, himself planting its lines of trees, helped in this admirable work by a young man who in after years had the satisfaction of walking beneath them as President Day of the college. And to the taste and public spirit of the elder Hillhouse is mainly due the planting of the older New Haven streets and The Green with elms, a century and more ago, from which the college city got its name of the "City of Elms." Of the poet's earlier compositions written in New Haven, the most important was his "Demetria, Percy's Masque." This he carried to London in 1819 and first published there; immediately after, however, it was reprinted in this country. His drama of "Hadad," which gained him most repute, was written at "Sachem Wood."

The birthplace of Theodore Winthrop was in another part of the city, some distance east of The Green, on Wooster Street. As described by Winthrop's sister, in her biography of him,

it was a roomy house of old-fashioned New England type, with hall running through the middle, four rooms on a floor, and a great garret. Winthrop here browsed in an excellent library, and had the good fortune of companionship with a scholarly father and lover of nature, who took long walks with him into the beautiful country around their home. "He wrote nothing of note here, however," I added, "beyond the theses which won him prizes during his college term. For some time after his graduation he was abroad in search of health, making pedestrian tours about Scotland, into France and Germany, in Switzerland, and in Italy and Greece.

THEODORE WINTHROP

"In Rome he made the acquaintance of William H. Aspinwall of New York, one of the founders of the Panama Railroad on the Isthmus, and was engaged as tutor of Aspinwall's boy. Later he was employed in the New York counting-house of Mr. Aspinwall. Soon afterward he went to Panama, in the interest of the Pacific Steamship Company, where he spent two years. The return was by a roundabout way overland. He traveled through California and Oregon, generally in the saddle, when traveling — it was in the early fifties — in those regions was more romantic and more difficult than now, and fuller of adventure. On the way he was smitten with smallpox. Before he had fully recovered he resumed his journey, and on the Plains

was taken ill again. He lay down to die; but his strength returning, he renewed the struggle and managed to pull through. Back in New York he took up his old work in the counting-house, but shortly was off again, having joined the expedition of the gallant Lieutenant Isaac G. Strain, of the Navy, to survey the Isthmus of Darien. In this undertaking he experienced many hardships. Again in New York he turned to the study of law, and in 1855 was admitted to the bar.

"At this time Winthrop's home was on Staten Island, where he was a near neighbor of George William Curtis. Between the two a warm friendship sprang up, and Curtis fostered his literary activity. He had written much, — sketches of travel, a novel or two, and numerous poems, — but had published nothing. In 1857 he went to St. Louis to practice law there; but his health was too precarious, and he soon returned East. His first publication was a glowing description of Church's great painting of 'The Heart of the Andes,' which he had watched develop on the canvas in the artist's studio. His novel of 'Cecil Dreeme' was offered first to one publisher, then to another in the spring of 1860. The second publisher accepted it, but put it aside because of the unsettled state of public affairs. 'Love and Skates,' his best short story, was sent to the *Atlantic Monthly* in the spring of 1861. It so captivated Lowell, then the editor, that, upon learning of Winthrop's enlistment in the Army, he engaged him to write a series of war sketches for the magazine.

"He enlisted in the artillery corps of the New York Seventh Regiment in April, 1861; and his graceful, dashing sketch of the 'March of the Seventh Regiment of New York to Washington,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* of the following June, made his reputation at once. His active military career covered three short months. At Fortress Monroe he was made acting military secretary and aid of General Benjamin F. Butler. He was killed in the disastrous affair at Great Bethel, while standing on a log nearest the Confederate battery, wav-

ing his sword and cheering his fellow soldiers to the advance. 'On the 19th of April,' wrote Curtis, 'he left the armory door of the Seventh with his hand upon a howitzer; on the 21st of June his body lay upon the same howitzer at the same door, wrapped in the flag for which he gladly died.'

"The works which have made Winthrop's reputation enduring—'Cecil Dreeme,' 'John Brent,' 'Edwin Brothertoft,' 'The Canoe and the Saddle,' 'Life in the Open Air'—were all published posthumously; and none except 'Love and Skates,' and the 'March of the Seventh,' received his final revision. His poems are collected in the 'Life and Poems' prepared by his sister twenty years after his death."

South of the Green, not far from the college, was the quarter in which the poet Percival lived in the forties a hermit's life in bachelor rooms. These rooms were in the upper story of the old State Hospital. Very few, even of his near friends, were admitted to them. If others came to see him, he would open his entry door by untying a rope which fastened the outer knob to the wall, and come out into the entry, where he would stand and talk for any length of time, or take his caller below to the reception-rooms of the hospital. One of his rooms contained his valuable library and collection of minerals, another was his study, the third his bedroom. His bed was a cot, and a block of wood placed under the mattress served for a pillow. The floors, evidently never swept, were covered with a thick mass of rolling lint, and through the lint was a beaten path from the bed to the stove, the writing table, the library, and the entry door. He had previously occupied two rooms over a bookstore in the busy part of Chapel Street, which were more crowded than these, with his books piled in double tiers against the walls, and in heaps about the floors, leaving scarce space for his sleeping-cot, his chair, and the writing-table. His dress was careless and of the simplest. One suit sufficed him through summer and winter, till worn threadbare. His only outer garment for years was a brown camlet cloak, scant and

thinly lined. Above this cloak peered his head covered with a shabby glazed cloth cap.

"Such are the pictures of the poet and his hermitage," I remarked, "which his biographer, Julius H. Ward, gives. Donald G. Mitchell remembers him, at the same period, as 'thin, haggard, and unkempt, with a wild look in his eye, scudding through the streets with an uneasy, swift pace, his shoes unblacked — untied perhaps, other garments dilapidated and rusty:' with his 'scant old camlet cloak in chilling weather drawn close around him.' He was 'a cantankerous man,' Mitchell says, 'taking life hard, taking everything hard except the minutiæ of learning, most contented and easy when writing till midnight on etymologies, and on recondite phrases and philologic puzzles.' Yet he wrote verses, lyrics, and songs which became household things.

"Percival was obliged to resort to various sorts of literary drudgery to get his living, since the practice of his profession of medicine was distasteful to him. He was much devoted to the pursuit of geology, botany, and other sciences, in which he was a master, but poetry was his best love. All of his poetical work was done easily and rapidly. When a boy of fourteen he wrote a mock-heroic poem on the times, which extended over two thousand lines, with a preface of nearly two hundred lines, in which he invited the Muse. In college he was repeatedly writing verses. In 1820, a few years after his graduation, he published his first volume of poems, more varied in character than had previously appeared from any other native poet. It included the first part of his 'Prometheus,' his longest and most elaborate poetical work, written in the Spenserian measure, which later on, when completed with the second part, Whittier so warmly praised in his Hartford paper. 'God pity the man,' this fellow poet exclaimed, 'who does not love the poetry of Percival! He is a genius of Nature's making!'

"In the spring of 1822 he published the first number of his 'Clio' series, after the fashion of Irving's 'Sketch Book,' and

Dana's 'Idle Man.' This was brought out in Charleston, South Carolina, whither he had gone the previous autumn as partner with a lecturer on botany. The partners soon separating, Percival was without resources. Putting out his doctor's sign, he devoted himself to verse-making for the *Courier*, then the first literary journal of the South, while waiting for patients. But very few came, — indeed, it is said only one came, troubled with sore lips, for whom he prescribed a dose of salts, gratis, — for his reputation as a poet had preceded him, and, as he explained, 'when a person is really ill, he will not send for a poet to cure him:'" which reminded Percy of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's early experience as a practitioner with the reputation of a wit.

"The second number of 'Clio' was brought out here in New Haven in the summer of 1822. Two years later Percival's collected poems in two volumes, upon which his reputation as a poet largely rests, were issued in New York and London, principally through the agency of Samuel G. Goodrich, who was one of his steadfast friends. The third and last 'Clio' appeared in 1827. His last poetical volume, 'The Dream of a Day, and Other Poems,' was published in 1843. His patriotic odes and campaign songs, the latter on the Whig side and most popular in the campaign of 1840, are ranked among the best of their kind; while his ballads long survived his day. His uplifting lines, 'O, it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending!' became one of the familiar and stirring battle songs of the Civil War.

"Percival's most important literary work outside of poetry was his scholarly assistance on Webster's Dictionary. His contributions to science included his reports upon the geology of Connecticut in 1842, and the later reports as state geologist of Wisconsin, which position he was holding at the time of his death in 1856."

A little journey to "Edgewood," the home of Donald G. Mitchell, was the finishing touch to these pilgrimages. This

lay to the west of the city, and southwestward of towering West Rock, in a yet semi-rural region, though not far removed from the city's life. We made the trip by carriage, preferring to drive out rather than to take the trolley car, that we might loiter by the way, if so minded, or turn aside from main thoroughfares to explore inviting street openings or seek picturesque views. The route we chose took us along shaded avenues, through Edgewood Park, across West River, and over the river plain to the old "Coddington road" on which is the Edgewood Ridge. We had with us a description of Edgewood which Professor Beers gave some years ago in the *Critic*, and from this we easily recognized the place, time's changes in its aspect having been comparatively slight.

"EDGEWOOD," HOME OF DONALD G. MITCHELL.

From the line of evergreen hedge along the roadway, sloped up the grassy bank upon which the picturesque vine-mantled house was set, with shrubs and flowers brightening the turf. Behind rose the steep hill, with overhanging woods, which gave the place its name. The house of stone and wood, with rustic porch and veranda, high-pitched roof and dormer win-

dows, was built by Mr. Mitchell after his own fancy, in place of the old farmhouse, — the "grayish-white farmhouse" standing behind "the great purple spikes of lilacs" as depicted in "My Farm at Edgewood," — which he first occupied when he came into possession of the place, back in the fifties. The stone for the lower story came mainly from old stone walls found on the farm. Within the house a comfortable spaciousness characterizes the rooms. On the south side of the generous entrance hall open double drawing-rooms, with French windows giving upon the veranda, which fronts a soft lawn framed in evergreen and other trees; on the north side of the hall is the library with broad fireplace, full-stocked bookshelves lining the walls, book-laden tables, and the genuine bookish atmosphere; at the rear is the dining-room, extending across the house from north to south, with family portraits gazing down from the walls, the windows looking out upon the hillside. North of the house is a vegetable and old-fashioned flower garden, with box-edged paths, back of a hemlock hedge.

Here Mr. Mitchell has lived his serene life of a literary country gentleman, with occasional excursions into the world, for nearly half a century. "He was only a few years past thirty when he purchased Edgewood, and settled down to country life," I related, "but he had already made 'Ik Marvel's' reputation secure. He had published his 'Reveries of a Bachelor'; 'The Battle Summer,' being vivid notes from his observations in Paris during the revolution days of 1848; 'Dream Life'; and 'Fresh Gleanings'; — all marked by a delicate touch, a light fancy, dashes of gentle satire, kindly philosophy, and much sentiment, which captivated the leisurely thoughtful reader. 'Fresh Gleanings,' treating in a light vein of foreign scenes and experiences, was his first book, brought out in 1847, after his return from long journeyings in Europe. He had gone abroad for his health, which was delicate all through his earlier years, and had spent half a winter in Jersey, the other half in tramping about England visiting every county, and a

year and a half on the Continent. Meanwhile he wrote letters to the *Albany Cultivator*, afterward the *Country Gentleman*, which formed the basis of his book. The 'Reveries of a Bachelor' had its beginnings in an essay contributed to the *Southern Literary Messenger*. This was ultimately expanded into the little book which, first published in 1850, possessed a fascination that none of its numerous imitators has attained. Its revival a generation after the first issue found its charm undimmed.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

"'Ik Marvel's' second foreign trip, which resulted in 'The Battle Summer,' was also taken in part for his health, which had been impaired by the confinement of a New York office in which he had been studying law. Upon his return he began in New York under an assumed name the periodical publication of 'The Lorgnette: or Studies of the Town by an Opera-Goer,' composed of freehand satirical sketches of men and things about the city, the authorship of which piqued curiosity, as the matter provoked much comment. It was later acknowledged, when published in book form in 1850.

"Before he came to Edgewood Mr. Mitchell had spent two years in Venice as the American consul (1853–1854), during which service he collected material for a contemplated history

of the Venetian republic. This plan was not carried out, but the notes were to some extent utilized in his later works. His airy Edgewood books, — 'My Farm at Edgewood,' and 'Wet Days at Edgewood,' — first appeared in the sixties. His 'Dr. Johns' was also of this period. The 'English Lands, Letters, and Kings,' and 'American Lands and Letters,' the reminiscent works of his latter years, have the old charm and touch, and have found their place among the lighter literary histories.

"In what may perhaps be termed his specialty — landscape gardening, the refinement of farming, and the æsthetic aspects of rural life, — Mr. Mitchell's work has been that of a sort of pioneer. It began in his youth, when, while working on his grandfather's farm near Norwich after his graduation from college, he won a silver cup from the New York Agricultural Society as a prize for a plan of farm buildings. His 'Rural Studies,' published in 1867, and reissued seventeen years after in his 'Out of Town Places, with Hints for their Improvement,' became a standard book of its class. His interest in art has been constant, pen and speech being employed in its behalf. He has been a member of the council of the Yale Art School since its establishment, and has occasionally given lectures there. At one time he had a plan fully formed for establishing a critical literary journal to be called *The Examiner*, but, for some reason, it was abandoned; in later years, however, his editorial hand was shown in the conduct of *Hearth and Home*, a magazine of a more popular order. He is a genuine New Englander, being the son of a long time Connecticut Congregational minister, and grandson of a Connecticut chief justice."

Back in town we dined at the New Haven House, after which we rode to the railway station, where Percy found his "traps" forwarded from Boston, awaiting his order; and we parted, he taking a train for New York whence he was to

journey homeward to the West, I returning Eastward. As we were exchanging good-byes, I expressed my regret that our itinerary could not have been so arranged as to embrace the entire range of New England literary landmarks, the homes of the few other writers whom we had been obliged to pass by unnoticed, or places celebrated by them; but this would have involved more time than Percy had at his disposal, and tangled our routes. My buoyant friend, however, cheered me with his hearty assurance that he was going back with a multitude of pleasant impressions and a pretty fair idea, he thought, of the hand which New England had had in the development of our American literature.

"Come again," I cried, as with a final hand-grasp he sprang up the Pullman steps; "come again, and perhaps we'll concoct another scheme of pilgrimages into broader fields."

"Depend upon it, I shall," the fine fellow responded, and the train was off.

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